ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1972 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

A REVEALING HISTORY OF LINGERIE

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Adam's Apple, 1972

(A do-it-yourself temptation)

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PLAYBILL Last November, when people in other lines of work were preoccupied with more seasonal concerns, the editorial staff of PLAYBOY locked itself in a room to discuss coverage of the Democratic Convention in Miami Beach this month. Assistant Editor Laura Longley Babb recalls: "The problem was that Ed Muskie looked like a dull shoo-in, and we didn't want to play the game of sending one more big-name writer to observe one more predictable convention." Her off-the-wall idea was to compile an unserious how-to guide for the dark-horse candidate. It started out as a put-on, but as the primary season progressed—while Research Editor Barbara Nellis was checking the latest price quotations on such delegate-wooing giveaways as engraved toenail clippers, Senior Editor Michael Laurence and Staff Writer Craig Vetter were adding their own thoughts and Assistant Art Director Roy Moody was giving the concept visual form—the winds of politics changed. Suddenly, with front-runners unhorsing one another right and left, the specter of a dozen, a hundred, a thousand aspirants—even a winning unknown—doesn't seem at all absurd. Like to try for the big prize yourself? PLAYBOY shows you how to steal the nomination in *The Democratic Party Needs You*.

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NELSON

POPE

The priestly tradition of celibacy is losing ground these days. Garry Wills, himself the product of a Jesuit education, examines the problem in *Sex and the Single Priest*, which will appear in his book *Bare Ruined Choirs*, a study of the state of Catholicism in America. It's due from Doubleday in October.

Sex is cropping up as a popular topic in other areas once considered unmentionable: We think you'll enjoy Tom Tomc's cover and the lighthearted essay it represents—William Iversen's *An Overview of Ladies' Underwear* (with photographs by Frank Laffitte and Richard Fegley)—as well as cartoonist John Dempsey's *Passion in Senior City!*

Two views of sport are offered by Associate Editor Douglas Bauer's football-training-camp report, *No Place to Be Nobody*, and Contributing Editor Ken W. Purdy's informative rundown on off-road vehicles, *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Bauer's article, he says, "started out to be a profile of New England Patriots quarterback Jim Plunkett. But I quickly became much more interested in how the rookie's presence affected others, especially Mike Taliaferro, his competition for quarterback."

This month's lead fiction, *Rapture of the Deep*, is John Knowles's second PLAYBOY story. Two newcomers to the magazine this month are James Alan McPherson (*The Silver Bullet*), who is combining work on a novel with teaching fiction at Harvard summer school, and Peter L. Sandberg (*The Old Bull Moose of the Woods*), an experienced mountaineer who's also teaching fiction writing—at Northeastern University in Boston.

For those who weary of having oenophile friends disparage their taste for pop wines, Emanuel Greenberg provides consolation in *"Sommelier! Another Well-Chilled Bottle of Château Apple Dapple, S'il Vous Plait!,"* illustrated with a construction by artist Ronald Stein. A pair of PLAYBOY favorites, Paulas Kelly and Pritchett, return in *Two Much*—with photos by Ralph Nelson, Jr., and Mario Casilli. There's a lot more, of course, including Staff Writer Reg Potterton's visit to Hong Kong and an introduction to Miss July, Playboy receptionist Carol O'Neal—who's just one of the reasons we like to hang around the office.

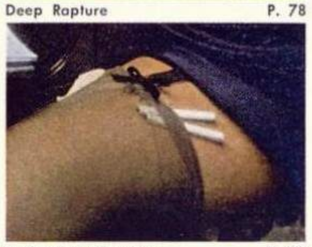
• • •

As we were going to press, we learned that Arthur Hadley had won the Sigma Delta Chi Distinguished Service Award in the field of magazine reporting for his August 1971 PLAYBOY article, *Goodbye to the Blind Slash Dead Kid's Hooch*. Needless to say, we're proud.

vol. 19, no. 7—july, 1972

PLAYBOY

Deep Rapture P. 78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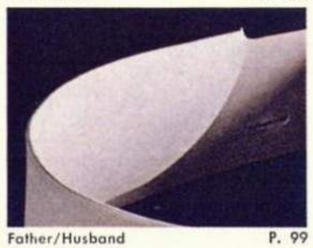
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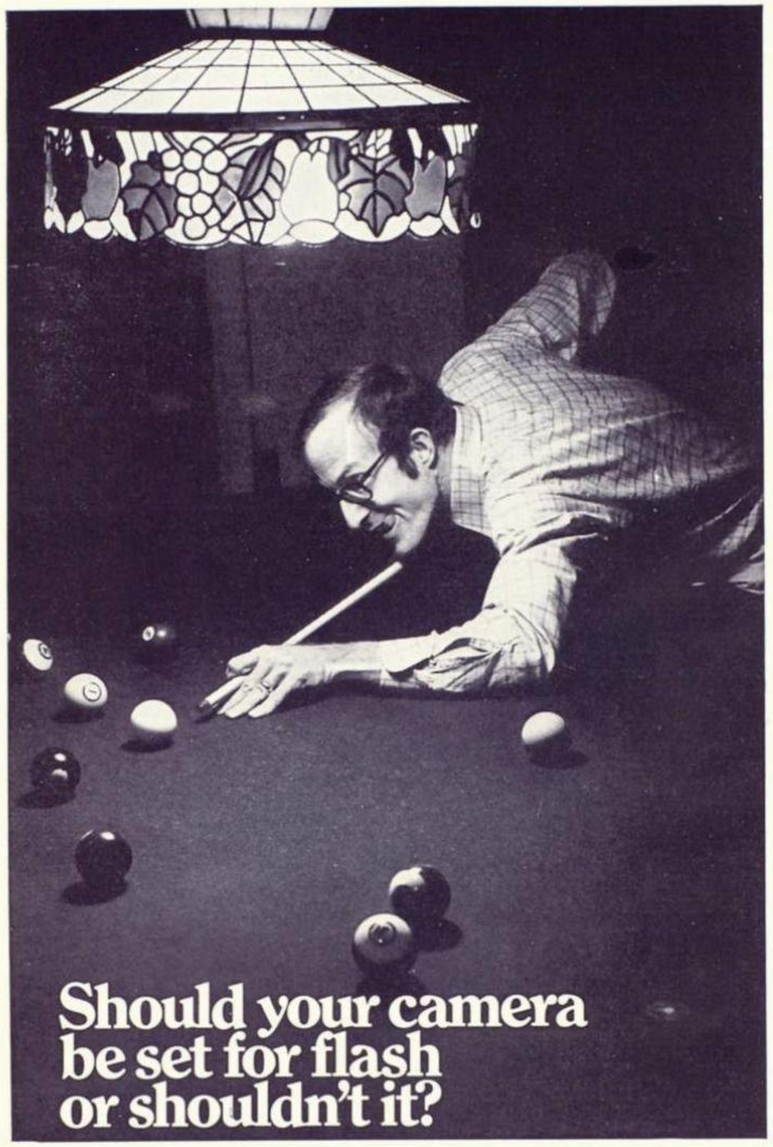

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1972 Ford Mustang SportsRoof shown with Sprint Decor Option.

1972 Ford Mustang Hardtop shown with Sprint Decor Option.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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HAMBURGER *VS. HAUTE CUISINE*

The tandem articles on food, *Have I Found the Greatest Restaurant in the World?* by Roy Andries de Groot and *No!* by Calvin Trillin (PLAYBOY, April), were a joy to read. De Groot's awesome sensitivity was nicely balanced by Trillin's amiable klutziness. I intend to sample the Troisgros restaurant on my next trip to France; in the meantime, I'll heed Trillin's advice and drive over to Kansas City for a burger.

Bob Nagle
St. Louis, Missouri

Kansas City may be a fine place, but I'm sick and tired of Calvin Trillin claiming that Winstead's serves the country's greatest burger. Trillin will not rest until he has celebrated the joint in every English-language magazine. To which I say phooey. The tip-off to Trillin's lack of credentials is his modest denial of any lingering pride in Kansas City and its food simply because he happened to grow up there. As proof, he thunders, he has tasted a Bob's Big Boy and found it wanting. Some proof. Trillin has set up the old straw-burger dodge (*argumentum ad burgorum*), which is like road-testing a recent Toyota and proclaiming it a great car because it outperforms a '54 Plymouth.

The only standard of comparison in hamburgers is Cassell's Patio in Los Angeles. I will not attempt to match Trillin's garish prose in describing Cassell's. Simply put, Al Cassell grinds the day's ration of meat from U. S. D. A. *prime* chuck beef. Each patty weighs half a pound and is served on a suitable bun. Unlike Winstead, Cassell also makes his own mayonnaise and Roquefort dressing, as well as his own lemonade (squeezed, of course, from the best of the three grades of lemons). I would expect that if Trillin were indeed interested in the art of the burger, and not just in rediscovering his childhood, he would at least try Cassell's on his next journey to L. A.

Lawrence Dietz
Los Angeles, California

Trillin's article on dining establishments in Kansas City was true for the most part, but I must reprove his selection of Winstead's as *the* place to get a hamburger. Ninety percent of the time, their burgers are so greasy that the bun falls apart in your hand. I nominate Hardee's for the blue ribbon. They have a Deluxe Huskee that makes your balls tighten with ecstasy.

Bud Elliott
Kansas City, Missouri

As beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, so does a good meal lie in the stomach of the eater. Following this logic, the greatest restaurant in the world is the one whose cuisine appeals to each individual's stomach. Now, at the risk of betraying my peasant background (though I've traveled and eaten around the world), I agree with Trillin: The American hamburger today is a gourmet delight.

D. F. Rosenberg
San Diego, California

De Groot knows, as few of us do, what things taste good, when and why. He also understands the kind of uncommon character required to make the decisions that create a first-class restaurant. It was almost as great a pleasure to read his narrative as it would have been to dine with him.

Murray McCain
New York, New York

Have I Found the Greatest Restaurant in the World? was a reflection not only of Roy de Groot's understanding of food but also of his understanding of people and his sensitivity to the true personality of a restaurant. His charmingly written piece reminded me most strongly of my last visit to Troisgros. Certainly De Groot justifies the conclusion he has reached.

Harry G. Serlis
San Francisco, California

I thoroughly enjoyed De Groot's article, but it was not until I read Trillin's *No!* that the rueful truth became apparent. So intent are the French on procurement and preparation of food that they just never learned how to eat it.

Ed Perry
Nanaimo, British Columbia

TRACKING JACK

To say your April interview with Jack Nicholson was good would be an injustice. It was spectacular. Here is a 35-year-old man who considers personal

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integrity more important than his screen image. It was both exciting and enlightening to find a person of another generation who believes everyone is entitled to his own approach to life.

M. Gottschalk, Jr.
Syracuse, New York

I found your interview with Jack Nicholson interesting in a sick sort of way. I realize that a man's personal beliefs and actions have little to do with his professional ability, but I feel Nicholson is lost if, at 35, he feels his greatest introspective moments come from dropping acid, re-experiencing his own birth, and climbing a tree and watching a rock turn into a horse.

Jan Siskoff
Soquel, California

On the subject of drugs, Nicholson is right when he says it's insane to make criminals out of marijuana users, and he's correct when he says there is no proof that pot use leads to heroin. He is wrong, however, when he accuses the Federal Bureau of Narcotics of "putting out the most misleading kind of propaganda." The pamphlet of which he so knowingly speaks was produced years ago. The present bureau is very careful and scientific about any information it produces.

John Finlator
Arlington, Virginia

Until recently, Finlator was deputy director of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs.

I was intrigued to learn from your interview with Jack Nicholson that I was once a lover of André Gide's. Regretfully, I decline the honor. When I knew Gide, I was not yet 17—and in those days, one was not allowed to make it, with either sex, until one was over 21 and (preferably) married. However, for the sake of my memoirs, please correct the spelling of my name. This might enable me to hear from friends with whom I have lost contact. Maybe I'll also find out what happened to my little white Pekingese, who disappeared in St. Petersburg, Florida, in the winter of 1941.

Samson de Brier
Los Angeles, California

COVER CHARGE

Your April cover photo of Rosie Holotik has to be one of your best ever. Congratulations.

Smith Ribble
FPO San Francisco, California

Many thanks to photographer Dwight Hooker and model Rosie Holotik for the enchanting April cover. Everything about the photograph, from the green of the plants to the pose of the model to the expression on her face, conveys a sense of naturalness—a lovely woman captured in an unguarded moment. The brilliant sunshine falling softly over her shoulders creates, for me, the feeling of a glorious spring day.

L. Andrew Ruff
San Francisco, California

FAIR *GAMES*

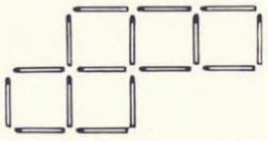
James F. Fixx's *Games for the Superintelligent* (PLAYBOY, April) was most informative and entertaining. The requirement that one make a logical leap in order to solve each of the items made the quiz all the more appealing. A group of friends and I stayed up half the night working on it.

Christopher A. Wolter
Lafayette, California

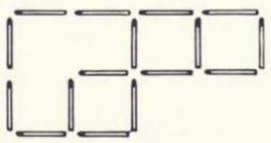
In *Games for the Superintelligent*, Fixx poses the question "What word contains all five vowels in alphabetical order?" His answer, facetious, is correct, but I think that Fixx shouldn't abstain from abstemious.

Donald Taggart
San Francisco, California

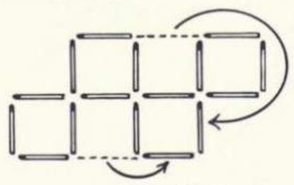
There's another solution to the matchstick puzzle in Fixx's entertaining quiz. The problem presented an array of matchsticks that looked like this:



The challenge was: Move two matches and make four squares. Fixx's solution (of which there are variants) was ingenious, because it involved squares of two different sizes:



However, there's a much more elegant solution, which produces four squares of the same size, thus:



Randall Court
Boston, Massachusetts

LET 100 FLOWERS BLOOM

In *Seven Poems by Mao Tse-tung* (PLAYBOY, April), Mao masterfully constructs an autobiography that is not merely a history of his actions and a sensitive reminiscence of his youth's greatest dreams but a conveyance of the sublime ecstasy so few men feel as their dreams become manifest. I marveled at the poems' beautiful totality.

Gerald Patronite
Cleveland, Ohio

I think the poem *Snow* is the one your translators, Nieh Hua-ling and Paul Engle, had in mind when they remarked that versions of some of Mao's poetry were circulated in the West as early as 1946. The last lines of the version published at that time, following Mao's references to ancient hunters, warriors and emperors, and intended to describe the present worker and peasant, were:

At last a cultured man
Stands on Chinese soil.

Nieh and Engle, however, give these lines as:

For heroes,
Now is the time.

No doubt they feel they have justification for this translation, but the loss of poetry is considerable.

Despite this and other probable errors, if the poems you published are read with patience, the classic image of Mao's work comes through. Perhaps this is all that should be asked. The piece as a whole—poems and accompanying commentary—gives some inkling of the way in which poetry is deeply involved in a politics that is radical enough to ask questions of purposes and desires. You are to be applauded for publishing *Seven Poems*. Maybe human voices will wake us before we drown.

George Oppen
San Francisco, California

Oppen is a Pulitzer Prize–winning poet whose latest collection is "Of Being Numerous."

With the publication of *Seven Poems by Mao Tse-tung*, your magazine has reached a new apex of taste and sophistication. I would like to suggest that you make this kind of feature a regular, with the next installment entitled *The Paintings of Adolf Hitler*.

J. M. Dickey
Newark, Delaware

PSYCHIC PERCEPTIONS

The Anthony Burgess article, *Precognition* (PLAYBOY, April), is certainly well done and to the point. I agree with Burgess that precognition is a rather hit-or-miss affair. When asked a direct question about the future, even my favorite tarot cards balk at giving straight yes or no answers. They prefer to philosophize. My quarrel with Burgess is his omission of any reference to *Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain*, by Ostrander

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Shortster. another outperformer from Harley-Davidson.

and Schroeder, which tells of some amazing Russians with a full line of psychic abilities, including precognition.

Eden Gray
Vero Beach, Florida

Miss Gray's latest work is "Mastering the Tarot."

One supportable conclusion that can be reached from Burgess' article is that if precognition does occur, future events may be unchangeable and free will may be merely an illusion. Burgess cites scientific support for precognitive phenomena. Free will, however, lacks scientific support: in fact, much scientific experimentation provides evidence against it. Hence, it can be argued that humans, instead of being governed by free will, may be programed by genes and past experiences, and that the human actor may not exercise any will at all, except as a passive observer of unfolding events.

Carroll B. Nash, Director
Parapsychology Laboratory
Saint Joseph's College
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I think precognition is one of a number of man's psychic faculties. Such abilities appear to some degree in almost everyone—and to an exceptional degree in specific individuals. These powers are signs of man's complexity. Thus, it is necessary to understand something of man's true nature to make any sense of psychic phenomena.

Edgar E. Cayce
Virginia Beach, Virginia

Cayce, son of the famed psychic, recently co-authored "The Outer Limits of Edgar Cayce's Power."

Precognition is simple use of the fifth dimension, in which poets and advanced mathematicians are already at home.

Robert Graves
Majorca, Spain

ALL FOR *ALCOCK*

Lawrence Sanders' *The Adventures of Chauncey Alcock* (PLAYBOY, April) is one of the funniest stories I've read in a long time. As a reviewer, I've welcomed Sanders' two fine novels. Finding his story in PLAYBOY was a pleasant surprise.

William G. Harrington
Columbus, Ohio

I wish to protest your publication of such stories as *The Adventures of Chauncey Alcock*. I pride myself on my lack of sexual inhibitions, and when—after reading your story—my husband wished to try its detailed sexual position, I willingly agreed. However, the story did not say which entrance to use, and the result was damned painful. In future, please be certain your stories are more explicit.

Jane Gordon
New York, New York

BURGER QUEEN

I enjoyed seeing Mel Ramos' pop-erotic paintings in PLAYBOY (*Pop's Girls*, April). Many of his works were shown at a well-attended one-man exhibition at the French & Company gallery in New York last year. When I went to the exhibition, one of Ramos' paintings, *Virnaburger*, left me with a strong feeling of *déjà vu*. Finding it reproduced in PLAYBOY reinforced that feeling, and now I've puzzled out the mystery. About his *Virnaburger*, which shows actress Virna Lisi sitting on a huge cheeseburger, you quote Ramos as saying: "I just saw her in a magazine and thought hers was a good frontal face. And, to be honest, the body isn't Virna's." Well, to be really honest, the body belongs to none other

than one of your Playmates, Terre Tucker, from a pose that appeared in the 1965 Playmate Calendar.

Thomas Stillman
Newark, New Jersey

For many years now, I have been an admirer of pop art. It strikes me as exceedingly sad, however, to see PLAYBOY extol the virtues of a would-be artist who is really nothing more than a second-rate draftsman. Mel Ramos has added no new dimension to the world of art. He has simply combined existing nudes and famous faces and set the resulting products in odd contexts. I am well acquainted with the ease with which photographs can be redrafted. I think only an unimaginative artist would resort to this derivative technique.

W. E. Fleming
Dallas, Texas

POT LUCK

In *The Thirty-Caliber Roach Clip* (PLAYBOY, April), Donn Pearce does a wonderful job of showing up the idiocy of our narcotics laws. His descriptions of the interactions of drug smugglers and narcs hammered home three points. The first is the evil of lumping together all psychoactive drugs. The crime of smuggling heroin and cocaine is legally equated with the crime of smuggling relatively harmless marijuana. The second point is that most of the kids engaged in smuggling are also users of drugs. While some confine their use to pot, many others do not. In my own research, I've found that even among those who consider themselves sophisticated, there is often a profound ignorance of the relative dangers of various drugs. The third point Pearce elucidates is the futility of government antidrug operations. Around the Florida coast, narcs, FBI agents, Customs officials and local police swarm the sea, the beaches, the airstrips and the air itself, wasting untold millions of taxpayer dollars, while the smugglers dart hither and yon. One agent estimates that only ten percent of all drugs intended for the mainland gets waylaid. Pearce has done a fine job of dramatizing the Government's untenable position.

Dorothy V. Whipple, M. D.
Arlington, Virginia

Dr. Whipple, an educator and drug authority, wrote "Is the Grass Greener? Answers to Questions About Drugs."

Donn Pearce sure gets it on in *The Thirty-Caliber Roach Clip*. Ooh, he's so good. I can't help wondering if he hasn't had any near misses with the law, the nature of which he chronicles so well.

Ben Block
Harvard, Illinois

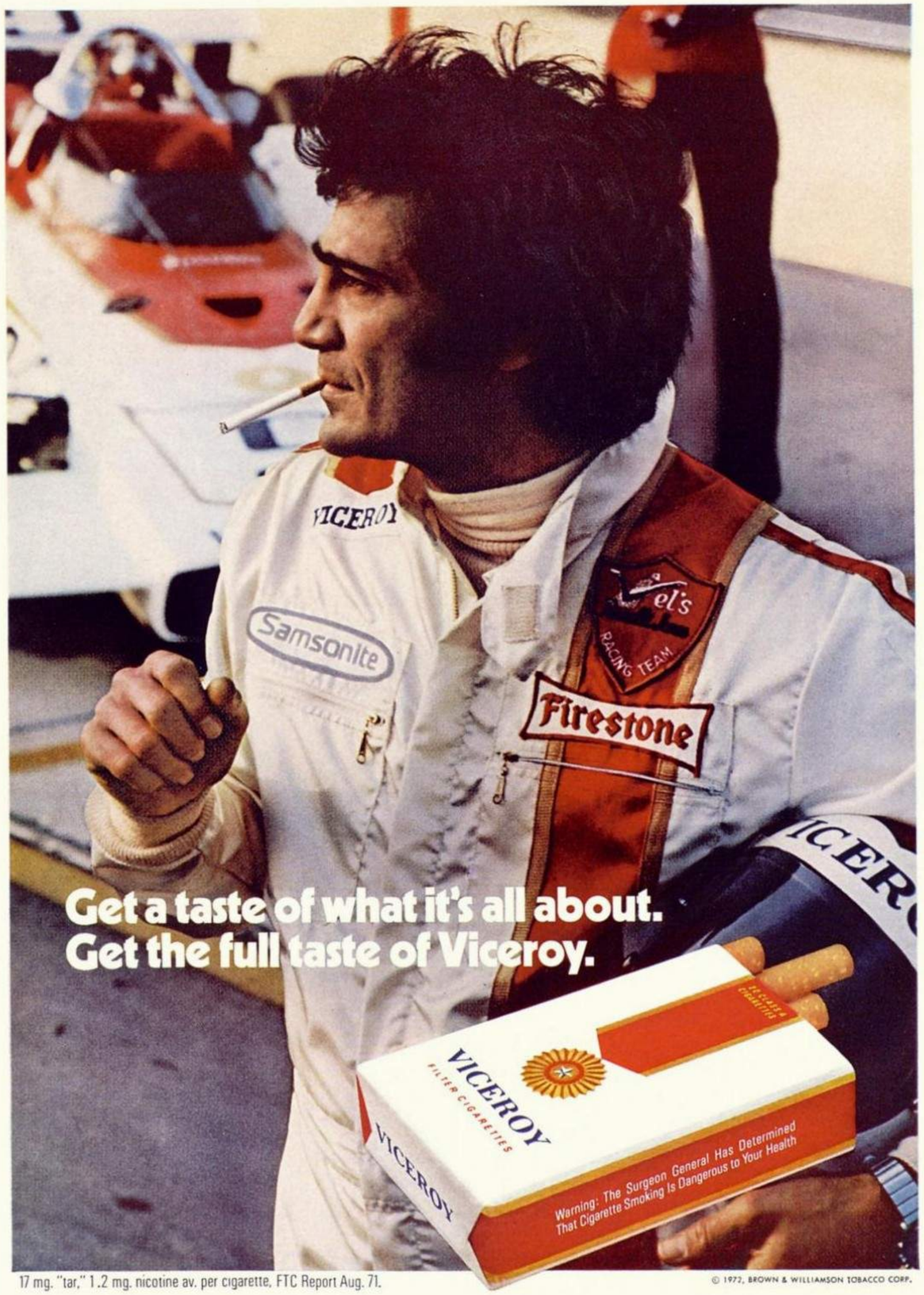
Until a while ago, Pearce's life was a series of direct hits with the law. He served two of five for safecracking.

ETHAN ALLEN LIVES

As a 23-year-old conservative activist, I read with interest and amusement Richard Pollak's *Taking Over Vermont* (PLAYBOY, April). But Pollak's proposal of a New Left take-over of a small state, via a mass migration of under-30s, naïvely assumes that all under-30s think alike. My own experience is that the only thing young people have in common is their youth.

James A. Moyers, Chairman
Franklin County Republican Party
Winnsboro, Texas

Taking Over Vermont is more truly in the American tradition than its author imagines. It represents a counterculture version of at least three venerable American delusions: one, that because a thing *can* be done, it *should* be done (building the atomic bomb or going to the moon are salient examples); two, that underpopulated areas with relatively defenseless inhabitants constitute a frontier that it is one's manifest destiny to occupy; and three, that all alien societies hunger, even if unconsciously, for our superior way of life. That Vermont, or some other small state, is to be "liberated" by long-haired, grass-blowing freaks seeking lebensraum rather than by crewcut, beer-swilling copter jockeys (as was attempted in Vietnam) makes the whole idea no less American, no less imperialist, no less—in all seriousness—racist. The Yankee gets to looking suspiciously like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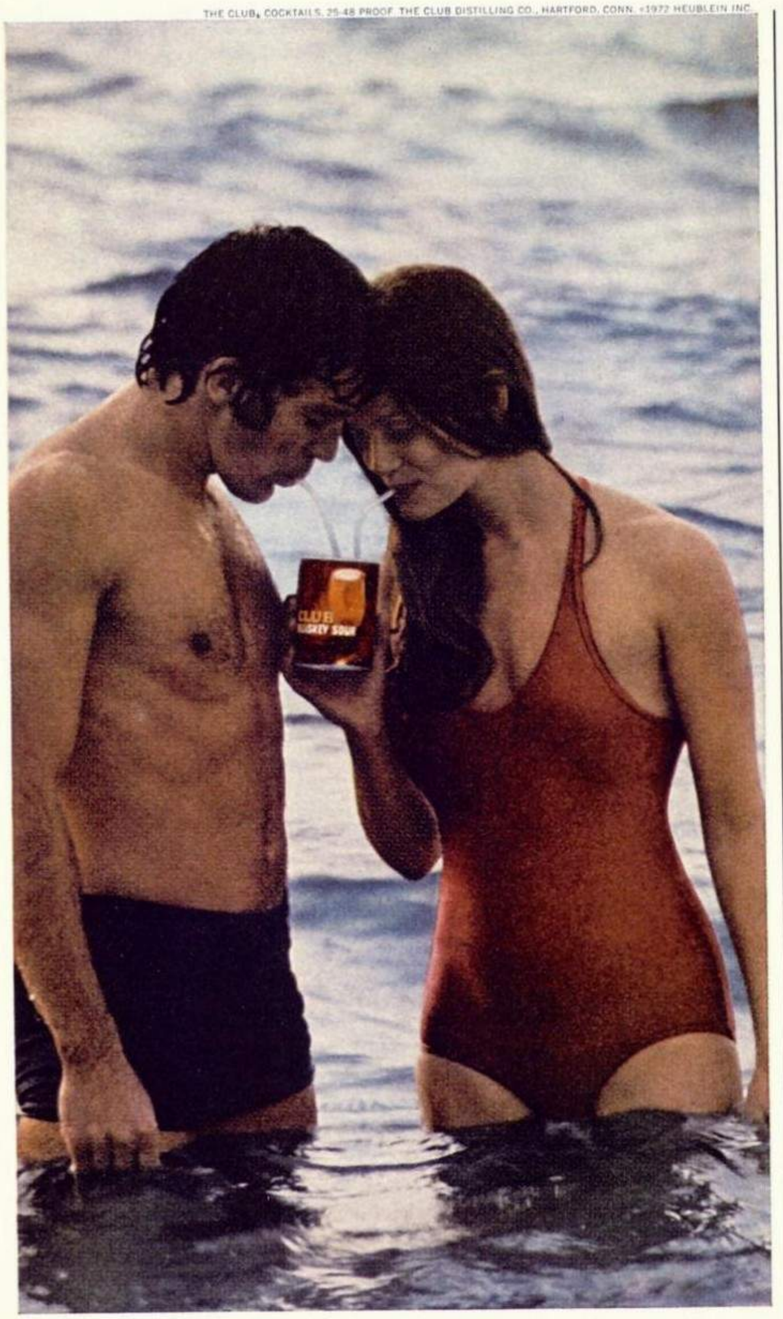

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the gook. Significantly enough, neither Pollak nor the theoreticians he cites have reckoned with the probable emergence of a Vermont Cong, operating from bases in New York and moving supplies in along the Calvin Coolidge Trail (formerly U.S. Route 4). Best let Vermont radicals take care of their own, and everybody else do the same.

Robert A. Briggs
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Taking Over Vermont is not a big deal. I am myself a citizen of the north country and my experience is that hereabouts, we traditionally let other people do their thing—as long as they don't become damned missionaries about it. What's all this zeal to take over government? The orthodox politics of our part of the country is already characterized by a modest anarchism and plenty of decentralization. And why does Pollak encourage the chief vice of the young, namely, that they have to move in hordes, which suggests that individuals or friend groups aren't enough for them?

Paul Goodman
North Stratford, New Hampshire

Goodman's most recent book is "Speaking and Language: Defense of Poetry."

The idea of 225,000 "alienated" Americans moving to Vermont in order to seize it politically strikes me as silly. Vermont isn't worth the effort. In industrialized countries, revolutions (no matter how you define them) always occur in major cities. The struggle will not be won or lost in Montana or Vermont, but in New York, San Francisco, Chicago and other urban centers. Moreover, the attitude expressed in Pollak's piece is essentially elitist. The task for radicals is not to encourage separatist, subculturalist solutions to American sociopolitical crises. Rather, it is to democratize and humanize existing American institutions—or to overthrow them. It is to actualize constitutional guarantees of life and liberty for all, not simply for those with the skills, bread and mobility to play at reform democracy in the Green Mountain State. It may be romantic to cop out in Woodstock while the war continues and the poor languish, but it is hardly radical. The power is not in Vermont. The war is not decided there. Oppression and injustice don't end by smoking grass in the governor's chair. If Pollak and his friends want to do something effective, why not try ending the war by ending the political career of the President who is currently waging it? Life hangs on that.

Dotson Rader
New York, New York

Rader is the author of "I Ain't Marchin' Anymore" and "Gov't Inspected Meat and Other Fun Summer Things."

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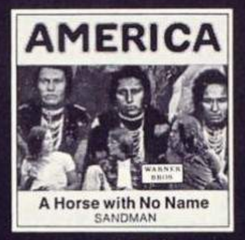

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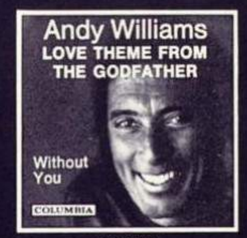

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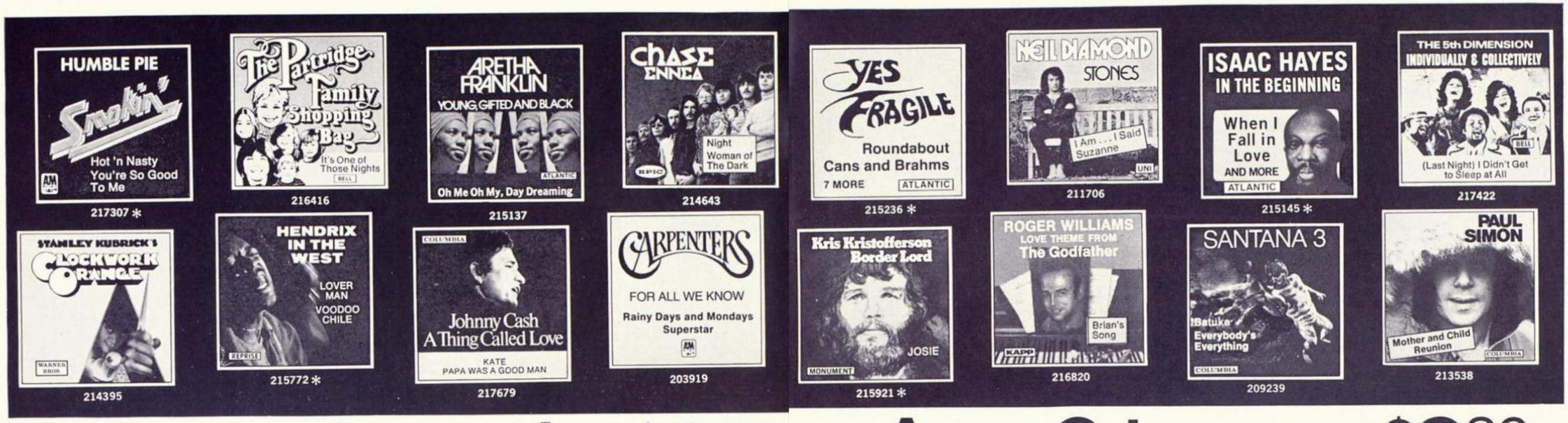

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has to be one of the most impressive vehicles ever offered here at *any* price.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Can a captain in U. S. Military Intelligence, formerly employed as a deputy sheriff guarding the premises of the Angela Davis trial, find true happiness as the producer and promoter of sex movies? Can two beautiful girls, one stud, one Marine Corps nonstud and a vibrator find happiness in one another's parts? Will they? Do they?

For the answers to these and other burning (and/or itchy) questions of our time, tune in on *What About Jane?*, billed as the first erotic soap opera by its makers, three young gentlemen from (natch) San Francisco. If you combine *Flash Gordon, Lucky Pierre* and *Just Plain Bill*, you get something of the tone of this rather slickly made (that is, well-lit) film. There are organs. There are also Hammond organs. There are people saying, "Trust me, Jane, you've got to trust me."

The answer to the questions above, concerning happiness, as applied to both the real-life captain and the fictional malcontent bride, took about 90 minutes during the film's premiere at San Francisco's chic upstairs countercultural porn palace, the Sutter Cinema. And that answer is a lubricious yes.

In an effort to find out why the film was made, we sent our intrepid San Francisco reporter to interview the producer-director, Tom Hanley. The 30-year-old entrepreneur, captain, 353rd Psychological Operations Battalion, in command of the graphics section, former Marin County deputy sheriff and real-estate salesman, Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of California at Berkeley, said he sincerely wants to be rich. He and his associates spent "thirteen-five" making *What About Jane?* and would like to earn back "about four mill." But money is only a by-product, he assured us. Tom also has this idea of a 42-sequence dirty soap opera—*More Jane, Daughter of Jane, Jane Strikes Back*—that will help the women's liberation movement, because it deals with women's problems, and help the erotic-film movement, because it deals with real-life emotion, and help the human-sexuality movement, because it deals with human sexuality; and he earnestly prays, with all the sincerity of an establishmentarian young businessman, that "the word of mouth" is good. He hopes that sociologists, psychologists, "the military, the police and my friends, the district attorneys," will go to see it with the wives and girlfriends of their choice. "My interests," he points out, "are in a combination of law enforcement and erotic materials."

The first wave of crude erotic-film makers is rapidly fading into court injunctions and artistic retirement. The second and hipper wave is represented by Tom Hanley and his colleagues, and, as John Wasserman, critic for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, remarked, messianic Hanley is walking on that wave. He uses words such as organizational event and contextualization. He learned to speak sociology, bureaucratese and bombast at Berkeley and through selling real estate. "I planned to play the lead in the film," he admitted winningly, "but what with my produsorial duties, I wasn't sure I could get it up."

His partners, Richard Hoyt (College of Marin, commercial photographer, deep interest in the human form) and Peter Tar-Sian (teacher at San Francisco State, documentaries about Appalachia), don't mind letting Captain Hanley speak for them. After all, they say, he's into "dirty-old-manism and power," a combination that can't be beat, while they busy themselves with the artistic problems of getting actors to speak lines convincingly while having orgasms. They worry about shooting ratios and blocking the composition, and Tom takes care of casting. Picking performers from the immense pool of Bay Area talent, he tries to avoid out-and-out hookers, junkies, the starving, the ugly. He wants people seriously concerned with a future in the 41 episodes to come, and so used a magazine pinup girl, a 19-year-old mystery lady named Martha Strawberry, in addition to a veteran male sex star and a well-muscled drummer who is definitely (and literally) an up-and-comer.

"We're not exploiters," declared Captain Hanley. "We found that our actors had trouble relating to not being fucked by the producers and backers. They were confused. We fed them and took care of them, and now they understand. Insecurity is an American dilemma. We're also into solving women's image. We want to convince our girls—and the ladies in our audience—that they have mental attributes while they're fucking. We have to work with them a lot to get what we want. It's not just shoot, print and sell with us. We hope to break into standard theaters all over the state . . . the country . . . the *world*!"

A review of *What About Jane?* might have to point out that it's as explicit as any other stag film, but the color and the sound are superior, the girls are really young and fresh-looking, the boys seem a bit bleary but willing, and the vibrator hums along without a hitch. The basic humor of the *Peyton Place, Just Plain Bill* camp parody is sacrificed for Captain Hanley's missionary sex trip. People tend to laugh at missionaries, but a survey of the audience at the Sutter Cinema showed that 11.6 percent of the viewers kept hats in their laps.

Captain Hanley tugged at his new sideburns and fiddled idly with his press kit. "I'm a reformed sexual chauvinist," he stated. "*Mea culpa*. Now I just want to be known as a maker of erotographic films and an official, clean-cut millionaire."

•

That's telling 'em: A sign near a pond on Long Island reads, KEEP OFF—CHURCH PROPERTY. NO FISHING AND NO SWIMMING. And somebody's added, AND NO WALKING ON THE WATER.

•

Speak softly but carry a big stick? A Salt Lake City man was accused of raping an 18-year-old girl. The defendant's attorney asked the girl to describe the man who attacked her. She said it was so dark she couldn't see him. "But," she added, "he had a very small organ." The defense attorney thereupon asked for a recess to examine the defendant. When

court resumed, he introduced incontrovertible evidence of his client's innocence. His organ measured nine and a half inches when erect. Case dismissed.

•

According to *The Wall Street Journal*, a pub in Sausalito, California, offers its patrons a wine list with an elegant gold cover. Inside, the list reads, "1. Red. 2. White. Please order by number."

•

Seen on the Associated Press news wire: "Shouting waitresses apparently were more than a holdup man could take at a Cincinnati restaurant today. A man reportedly carrying a 'big black gun' entered the restaurant during the breakfast hour. The waitresses began creaming, and the man fled."

•

Our Peerless Logic Citation goes to Eugene, Oregon's Condon Elementary School. During an assembly to honor a student organization called I Quit Littering, ten-year-old Danny Owens, cofounder of the group, was presented with a nonbiodegradable plastic cooler —filled with nonreturnable cans of Coke.

•

The latest in laborsaving devices, you'll all be happy to hear, is an electrically powered douche.

•

It's only his nighttime job, but Ray Higgins says he may tell Canadian tax officials that his occupation is "nude chef." Higgins pads around the kitchen of the Mynah Bird, a strip house in Toronto's Yorkville district, in nothing more than a chef's hat. Health laws in Ontario insist that chefs wear hats to keep their hair from falling into the food but make no mention of what else they have to wear.

•

The Syracuse, New York, *Herald-Journal* ended a story about a gas-station holdup this way: "Police described the thief as a Negro male in his early 20s, slim build, wearing a long dark coat, brown hat and a white face." And we suppose he was singing *Mammy*, too.

•

In South Benfleet, England, a fellow gave his wife an antique chastity belt, which she tried on for a laugh. It seemed like a cute idea until their three-year-old son threw the key out the window and firemen had to cut her out of the thing.

•

We've long had our doubts about how diligently the IRS searches for taxpayers who are due refunds. Last year, when the Albuquerque, New Mexico, IRS office gave an "unable to locate" list to the local newspapers for publication, an editor spotted the name of Robert W. McCoy, a U. S. magistrate whose court is across the street from the IRS office.

•

A women's-wear shop in Tokyo sports a sign in English advertising SHOES TO MAKE YOUR STREET-WALKING MORE RELAXED.

•

Our Most Aptly Yclept Business Award goes unhesitatingly to the Posthumus Funeral Home of Grandville, Michigan.

•

PLAYBOY's persistent correspondent, Dr. Horace Naismith, claims he has been unfairly labeled an antifeminist for having founded MACHO, the MAle CHauvinist Organization. To show his good faith, he now says he understands some women's desire to be addressed as Ms. rather than the more revealing Miss or Mrs., since men have the catchall Mr. to hide behind. But, suggests Naismith, this may be the wrong way to go about remedying inequality. Why not, instead, give men titles to show who is or isn't single?

Under Naismith's new scheme of things, Mister or Mr. would become the proper form only for addressing a married man. Unmarried men would be addressed as Mt., an abbreviation of Master. Anticipating feminist reluctance to address any man as Master, and noting that the feminist Ms. is generally pronounced Mizz, Naismith proposes that the pronunciation of Mt. be either Marse, as in *Uncle Remus*, or Massa, as in *Gone With the Wind*.

Our feeling is that Naismith should have quit while he had only one movement gunning for his hide.

•

It's no wonder that public aid to parochial schools is such an issue these days, if one can believe this headline in the *Chicago Daily News*: "60% LAY TEACHERS IN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS."

•

Here's one election ploy that our numerous candidates haven't tried yet: In New Guinea, a legislative hopeful said his opponent cheated by quoting the Bible and telling native voters they would go to hell unless they voted for him.

•

A new form of curb service is available in Aspen, Colorado. Girls are wearing folded-up mattresses and bed frames on their backs with signs reading MASSAGES—$10.

•

From Cupertino, California, comes the news that all narcotics officers, FBI agents and members of the CIA will get a cash discount on the admission price to student activities at DeAnza College. The student council unanimously approved the 20 percent reduction for agents who show proper identification.

•

This ad, spotted in San Francisco city buses, should win some industry award for the medium and message it uses to reach its target group: "Illiterate? Write Today for Free Help. EOC, Washington, D. C."

BOOKS

The mystery of human evolution, perhaps the greatest detective story ever told, may never be solved. But it won't be for lack of trying. In a stunning tour de force titled ***The Descent of Woman*** (Stein and Day), Oxford graduate Elaine Morgan points out what should have been obvious long ago: that when man came down from the trees, woman came down with him—and that much of the speculation about evolution is in error because it fails to take the female into full account. The male scientist has fallen into the semantic trap of confusing the generic term man with the male individual and thus "sees himself quite unconsciously as the main line of evolution, with a female satellite revolving around him as the moon revolves around the earth." In clear, graceful and humorous prose, Morgan attacks such evolutionary theoreticians as Robert Ardrey, Desmond Morris, Lionel Tiger and Robin Fox, and undermines Konrad Lorenz' position on the nature of human aggression. Even the most militant male chauvinist will find it difficult to cling to all his prior convictions in the face of the evidence marshaled here. By a publishing coincidence, a second book has come along that (a) is written by a woman, (b) theorizes about human evolution and (c) is highly controversial. ***The Nature and Evolution of Female Sexuality*** (Random House), by Dr. Maryjane Sherfey, a New York psychiatrist, first appeared six years ago in the *Journal of the American Psychoanalytic Association*. Extrapolating a theory of female sexuality from the laboratory work of Masters and Johnson, and from her extensive knowledge of embryology and comparative anatomy, Dr. Sherfey argues that the female is no less sexually responsive than the male. In fact, Dr. Sherfey says, she is more than a match for him, and therefore he has suppressed her drive by brainwashing and legislation. He fears her because "the more orgasms a woman has, the stronger they become; the more orgasms she has, the more she *can* have"—and no single male can meet her demands. Over the years, Dr. Sherfey's entirely hypothetical conclusions have come to be viewed as distortions of

A Bacardi party to go.

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biological potentialities. Only the least rational of the women's lib advocates still cling to her notion of the female as sex incarnate—a notion no less romantic than the myth of the male as a cave man at heart. By comparison with these two books, Barbara Seaman's ***Free and Female*** (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan) is a pastiche that wouldn't be worth noting except as an example of current efforts by writers to capitalize on the women's lib movement by scapegoating the male sex. Seaman's book leans heavily on Masters and Johnson as well as on Sherfey, but it reports on their work without adding a single dimension of understanding. She would do well to read Elaine Morgan, who understands that the human race is shaped by forces that transcend the individual and that, socially and biologically, if a man and woman want to make it, they either make it together or they don't make it at all.

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Marshall McLuhan is at it again. In collaboration with Barrington Nevitt, he urges us, in ***Take Today: The Executive as Dropout*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), to abandon our rearview mirrors and to program fate by understanding the processes of the present. The sizable text is in the form of a barrage of questions, challenges, intimations of prophecy from distant history, recent press clippings and quotations from economists, poets and futurists as well as from past works of the master scenarist himself. Beneath the pyrotechnics and the puns ("Should Old Aquinas Be Forgot?"), the McLuhan message is more of the same: We have moved from "the industrial world of assembly-line 'hardware' and visual space into the electrical world of orchestrated programing." But the focus of the new book is on the executive, who will be able to avoid his own obsolescence only by becoming a comprehensivist and by moving his action "from the manipulation of things to the anticipation of processes by understanding their causes." Toward that end, today's young people, we are told, "finished with both job goals and market values," have programed themselves "for a totally different range of satisfactions than those of their parents and teachers." So what else is new?

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Merle Miller has been in the public eye for more than 20 years: His first novel, *That Winter*, summed up the post–World War Two feelings of many; he helped found Americans for Democratic Action; he wrote serious nonfiction books about our dropping of the A-bomb and black-listing; and he did a Kafka-kookie best seller about his experiences in writing for TV, *Only You, Dick Daring*. Then, last year, at the age of 49, he came out of the closet with an elegant, unshrill piece of autobiographical writing, *What It Means to Be a Homosexual*. Now, in a further act of literary liberation, he has produced a novel in which homosexuality is an overt element. ***What Happened*** (Harper & Row) consists of the jangled, discontinuous memories of George Lionel, an aging concert pianist from a small Midwestern town in which he was early labeled both a prodigy and a "sis." He had a gentle father who was a financial failure, a pushy and obsessively talkative mother and two childhood friends, Charley and Lily, whose paths crossed his at various times in life. And there were the hundreds, possibly thousands of young men with whom George shared his bed; only a few shared more than that. So we come upon George, alone in a sanitarium, writing or taping his memories, bickering with doctors and attendants and concluding that "life happened to all of us." It takes a while to get used to the nonsequential mosaic of George's memories, but the impressive thing about this novel is the quality of acceptance and forgiveness—of others as well as of the protagonist. Actually, *What Happened* is something of a replay of a good 1961 Merle Miller novel, *A Gay and Melancholy Sound*, which used the same autobiographical material to fashion a savage, sick-cynical cartoon. This time around, without glossing over the many injustices done George Lionel (including an exposé in *Confidential* and an appearance in Washington before The Committee), Miller shows what made others do what they did and how it all has touched his principal character; Lionel's vulnerability becomes the reader's. The ending section is sad, but it is the random sadness of life, and that is something Miller has never put between hard covers before. Now he has had the toughness to open himself to hurt, and that, for a writer, is a triumph.

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On the other hand, in the new libertarianism of our time, the homosexual writer is often patronized and overpraised; the act of bravely revealing what he is earns golden reviews. Perhaps no writer enjoys as inflated a reputation as James Purdy, a grim, gay novelist with a grisly sense of humor, who with each succeeding work seems to be embracing an even darker, more misanthropic side of the homosexual experience. Of late, the pleasures of castration and cannibalism have become his concern, and the machinations of a cruel heterosexual out to thwart such joys have provided him with his plots. In ***I Am Elijah Thrush*** (Doubleday), the narrator is an exotic, erotic black whose "habit" is the ecstasy of having a pet eagle peck at his vitals. The hero is an old fairy queen in love with his beautiful but dumb great-grandson. And the villainess is a 100-year-old semen-sipping harridan. It all reads like a homosexual wet dream. Purdy's highly vaunted prose style twitters rather than glitters; he tends to expose the waning energies of a flagging imagination by repeatedly having a character display his penis in order to curtain a chapter; and his recurrent theme, the indomitability of homosexuality, is sounded so shrilly that one almost yearns for the innocent days of the "love that would dare not whisper its name."

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The Nixon Administration's attempt to stop publication of the Pentagon papers became at least as engrossing a story as what those documents revealed about the ways in which previous Administrations deceived the citizenry about American involvement in Vietnam. The first comprehensive exploration of this domestic war between the press and the Justice Department is Sanford J. Ungar's ***The Papers & the Papers*** (Dutton), subtitled "An Account of the Legal and Political Battle Over the Pentagon Papers." Ungar, a knowledgeable reporter for *The Washington Post*, interviewed most of the principals, and his fast-moving narrative provides fascinating revelations about the inner workings of the two key newspapers involved (*The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*) as well as fresh information on how the Pentagon papers were originally assembled and how they came to constitute the biggest leak of classified information in American history. In addition, the book deepens our understanding of how the Federal Court system works, especially in an emergency, and of how Nixon's Justice Department, with whatever intent, is systematically trying to erode the Bill of Rights. Ungar has constructed a compelling narrative. Among the memorable vignettes: the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court opening the door of his home to reporters late at night with a gun in his hand. Nor does Ungar neglect the fundamental legal and political issues that remain unresolved. Since the majority of the Supreme Court left open the possibility of prior restraint on the press, the famous victory of the *Times* and the *Post* was more limited than it first appeared; and by encouraging criminal prosecution of those who took part in the distribution of the papers, the Court further narrowed the significance of this seeming triumph for the First Amendment. Though the battle over the Pentagon papers is over, the adversary relationship between the press and the Government has seldom been more pronounced.

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When Henry Miller boarded the ovarian trolley in *Tropic of Capricorn*, his destination was determined by the musings of a whole generation of writers who wondered what would happen if

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coitus, which is one way of putting it, were really as blissfully all-engulfing as the poets have so often claimed. Miller spent a lifetime on that particular vehicle, and his jaunt into the female depths had its jolts and jounces. A smoother—and more fanciful—version of Miller's journey has now been turned out by a young French writer, Maurice Pons. In his novel ***Rosa*** (Dial), Pons gives us a late–19th Century, comic-opera republic whose army, one by one, is being drained of its vital bodily fluids by an omnivorous and highly sexed lady. We see Rosa from a strictly ovarian viewpoint; it's a complicated joke, rather neatly executed, but it's not quite clear at whose expense—Rosa's, society's or simply the extravagant imaginings of earlier erotic writers.

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Jackie Stewart is a Mod Scotsman who swings with Roman Polanski, backgammon hustlers and the other Beautiful People; an entrepreneur who pleads his case for sponsorship before giant tire companies and travels the world to close business deals; a devoted family man, remorseful because he doesn't get to see his children enough and worried because he knows of his wife's rising anxiety about his profession. The profession, of course, is to be the best driver on the Formula I Grand Prix circuit today. All these elements boil up in ***Faster!*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), a diary written with Peter Manso during the 1970 racing season. Thirty-one-year-old Stewart had won his first Grand Prix championship the year before and he was trying to repeat (he failed but did win again in 1971). Enlarging on the insights and observations he confided in last month's *Playboy Interview*, he tells in the book of beginning to experience intimations of mortality following the deaths of two fellow drivers, Piers Courage and Jochen Rindt, his closest friends on the circuit. Stewart describes Rindt's death in vivid detail, with clearheaded rage (he feels that with proper emergency care, Rindt's life could have been saved) and a restrained emotion that conveys the fragility of his profession. Elsewhere, he speaks feelingly and ironically of "the good life in the morning . . . the horror of it in the afternoon." Stewart is on an ego trip that must be tempered by the commandments of his occupation—caution, self-discipline and the intelligence not to push too hard. All of this makes *Faster!* a fascinating book.

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How do you learn to live with the fact that you have an autistic child? You don't. You live around it, under it, over it, but never *with* it, as Josh Greenfeld demonstrates in his excruciating and cathartic memoir, ***A Child Called Noah*** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston). Greenfeld is a talented novelist-journalist-critic. His Japanese wife, Foumi, is a painter. Their first child, Karl Taro, was born a healthy, normal boy. Their second son, Noah Jiro, seemed to be as normal as the first—but he wasn't, and Greenfeld's book is the almost day-by-day account of that discovery and of the life of hope and despair that followed. The parents were ready to try anything, including suicide, except that suicide would have left unrevealed the one great mystery that came to obsess them: the child who was hiding within the strange, blank, terrifying shell that was autism. So there was the depleting round of doctors and institutions and friends-who-know-of-someone and old methods and new theories, and each day, each night, the inescapable cycle of despair and hope. The amalgam of a volatile New York Jew, an artistic Japanese girl and their strange, tragic life style gives the book a special quality, with never a taint of bathos or special pleading. All the little and big things, from toilet training to anger against God, make *A Child Called Noah* a remarkable human document.

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Though they're not usually on speaking terms, Wall Street and Washington tend to come together in times of stress. The 1929 crash produced the Securities and Exchange Commission, an ostensibly regulatory body which, like most, soon became captive of the industry it was created to oversee. The stock-market blowout of 1970 produced an equally innocuous solution: the Securities Investor Protection Act, a billion-dollar credit line extended by Congress to save the brokerage community from its own ineptitude. This debacle and the incredible scenario of fast money, slow paperwork, mismanagement and downright culpability that led up to it, are discussed from two complementary viewpoints in Donald T. Regan's ***A View from the Street*** (New American Library) and Lewis A. Bracker's ***The Trouble with Wall Street*** (Prentice-Hall). Regan is board chairman of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, the nation's largest brokerage house and a firm that frequently champions the rights of small investors. Regan bases his book on those three portentous days in May when tight money and plummeting stocks forced many of the nation's fattest brokerage firms to the brink of collapse. In somewhat technical prose, Regan explores the roots of the disaster (20th Century sales techniques backed by 19th Century business practices and 18th Century capitalization) and offers some familiar solutions: punch-card stock certificates, mechanized trading and computerized office work. Author Bracker is a Californian who quit his job as a life-insurance salesman, wandered into the securities business and, in less than a decade, found himself making $1,200,000 a year in commissions, largely because of his novel practice of investing clients' money only in companies he had personally investigated. He was a West Coast superbroker with the late-lamented securities firm of McDonnell & Company, and minces no words in his dissection of the archaic management practices and clannish old-school snobbism that brought McDonnel down. Much of Bracker's brokerage success might have been due to simple good fortune; he was in the right place (Los Angeles) at the right time (the birth and evolution of the conglomerates). Still, it's not easy to ignore the words of a man with a seven-figure income, especially when he has a breezy writing style, a pocketful of anecdotes about chemical-toilet stocks zooming from eight dollars to $240 a share and an acerbic repertory of inside criticism for the New York Stock Exchange, the SEC and the securities industry in general. But, alas, Bracker's suggested reforms essentially duplicate Regan's: computerization of exchanges and brokerage houses and unannounced inspection of brokers' books. One suspects that real suggestions for securities reform will have to come from sources outside the industry.

In ***Confessions of a Wall Street Insider*** (Playboy Press), author C. C. Hazard (pen name for a longtime stockbroker) advances the charming theory that stock-market success is largely a matter of luck. This is a nicely egalitarian notion, since, if our so-called rational markets are actually no more than roulette wheels, then every investor, small or large, has an equal chance of winning—after the house takes its cut (and assuming the house stays solvent).

•

If one is to believe former lobbyist Robert N. Winter-Berger, venality among Government officials and the lower judiciary is more rampant than even Jack Anderson could imagine. By way of profitable penance for his own role in the brothel of public affairs, Winter-Berger has written ***The Washington Pay-Off*** (Lyle Stuart). Presumably, the publisher has excellent libel lawyers. Among those accused by Winter-Berger of engaging in a diversity of sleazy practices are Richard Nixon, Lyndon Johnson, the late Sam Rayburn, former House Speaker John McCormack, former Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark (when he was U. S. Attorney General), House Minority Leader Gerald Ford, and a host of others—in Congress, in the military-industrial complex, wherever the right official word can provide some people with more equal protection of the laws than others. A large part of the book is devoted to the intricate affairs of the late master fixer, Nathan Voloshen, with whom the author was associated and on whom he eventually

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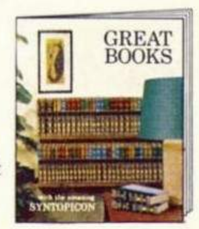

spied for the Government. In detailing Voloshen's enveloping web of influence —from Capitol Hill to the suzerains of the underworld—Winter-Berger has constructed a classic case history of the kind of subversion of democratic government that is far more destructive than any conspiracies by revolutionaries. An intriguing motif throughout the book is the author's charge that even when corruption is exposed, the authorities (of whatever political party) often succeed in cutting off an investigation before it gets to the highest levels of Governmental involvement. Some of the material in this handbook of illicit influence is familiar—the selling of ambassadorships, the incestuous relationship between the Defense Department and some of its contractors and suppliers. But Winter-Berger does give specifics: names, dates and even, on occasion, incriminating dialog. As for reform, the author sees no hope for its coming from within our Governmental institutions. Only a probing press and an aroused citizenry can purge our official agencies of corruption. Meantime, the payoffs go on.

MOVIES

Since *McCabe & Mrs. Miller* and *M*A*S*H*, moviegoers have been conditioned to expect the unexpected from director Robert Altman, who delivers another original cinematic jolt in ***Images.*** Altman demands the best and gets it from his ace cinematographer, Vilmos Zsigmond, his editor, Graeme Clifford, and especially his star, Susannah York, acting up a storm replete with fearsome lightning and distant thunder. Susannah's complex role—as a childless married woman well on her way to a total emotional crack-up—is developed ultrasubjectively in the form of a dazzling psychological horror story. The screenplay, written by Altman himself, consists of theme and variations on a nightmare unfolding deep within the mind of the disturbed heroine, a lady author at work on a book for children and experiencing fantasies that make her prose pallid by comparison. Plagued by real or imaginary crank calls in town, she flees to an isolated country house with her husband (Broadway's Rene Auberjonois, playing a square very shrewdly), only to find matters worse. She takes long walks, or hides in her room, and sees a mirror image of herself observing every move from a far-off hill. She kisses her husband and his lips are suddenly those of a former lover (Marcel Bozzuffi), a Frenchman she has supposed dead for several years. Soon everyone's identity is a question mark, part of the darkening enigma. When another lover, or would-be lover, shows up as an unwelcome guest, her circle of sureness and sanity grows smaller and her erotic fancies become a shade more violent. *Images* finds the virtuoso Altman exploring the eerie half-world inhabited by Rosemary's baby, discovering demons not through witchcraft but by tapping subterranean hot springs of guilt and frustration.

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The late James Thurber might have had some caustic things to say about the treatment of himself as a semifictional humorist and cartoonist who is going blind, getting married and trying to keep his habitual misanthropy untouched by sentiment in ***The War Between Men and Women,*** a comedy based—just barely—on Thurber's life and work. Fortunately, many of Thurber's own martini-dry lines are incorporated by writer-director Melville Shavelson and his collaborator, Danny Arnold (who used another Thurber title for their defunct TV series, *My World and Welcome to It*). Better yet, Jack Lemmon returns to top form as the Thurberesque author who is charmingly wooed and won by Barbara Harris, as an irresistible divorcee with three precocious kids. How the author conquers his celebrated aversion to women, children and dogs is described in a manner that occasionally smacks less of Thurber's world than of televisionland's formula fun making. But only dedicated Thurberites should let the flaws deter them from a brisk comedy prodigiously littered with yoks. "Are you dilated? I'm dilated," says Barbara, when the battling twosome first stumble over each other in the eye doctor's reception room. Droll turns are contributed by little Lisa Gerritsen, as the least offensive of the hero's inherited children, and Jason Robards, as their natural father, a globe-trotting photographer who appears to relish his role as odd man out ("Come to bed . . . one of you," bellows Barbara at a low point in her conflict with both male-chauvinist pigs). When all else fails, Thurber's male and female cartoon figures leap right off the walls and prove themselves among the funniest low comedians ever achieved by special effects.

•

With Peter Ustinov directing himself, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton and Beau Bridges in a mad modern version of the Faust legend, can a movie be all bad? The answer is no—not *all*. ***Hammersmith Is Out*** is poorly written, long-winded and often ludicrous, but just as often entertaining—especially for showbiz buffs who consider it fun to watch the Burtons slumming. Burton, in the title role, plays a fiendish criminal genius who offers power and riches to a nose-picking asylum guard named Billy Breedlove (Bridges, nearly stealing the show against formidable competition) for assisting his escape. Liz plays the bird Billy brings along—a dumb, drawling roadhouse waitress with lots of purple paint on her eyelids. Social satire is presumably intended as the trio rises in the world, progressing from petty theft to proprietorship of a mob-controlled night club (Burton takes over the joint by throwing George Raft out a window), then onward and upward to executive status in major industries. But satire frequently gives way to snickers of high camp—witness Richard tapping Liz for a stick of tutti-frutti in his most grandiloquent classic manner or Liz doing a deft take when her beloved Billy tries to convince her he is a man of the world by boasting, "I had the clap twice." The quality of *Hammersmith's* broad humor is summed up in a bistro scene, where the featured act is a topless all-girl combo billed simply as The Tits. Heedless of any possible confusion between his role as director of the lunatic asylum and of the picture itself, the portly Ustinov pursues his stars everywhere, savoring good and bad gags alike and having such a fine time that a moviegoer may find himself succumbing to the outrageous self-indulgence.

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Broadway's Diana Sands brings her own electricity to the title role of ***Georgia, Georgia,*** playing "the most popular American singer in Europe." To spell out the dilemma of a girl whose racial identity is in conflict with her rampant ego and basic female needs, Diana collides with some painfully self-conscious dialog ("I'm a *woman* . . . not black, not famous!") by Maya Angelou, author of *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* and, as far as we know, the first black woman to write an American screenplay. *Georgia* is a very bad movie, but never a dull one, and militant black audiences may well respond to its ethnic prejudice against a soul sister who falls in love with an American honkie photographer (played by movie newcomer Dirk Benedict) in Stockholm. Georgia's dreadful punishment for crossing the color barrier reeks of racial supremacy in reverse, and Miss Angelou shows great tolerance toward the kind of hate formerly associated with Mississippi red-necks. Ironically, this mindless animosity toward the white world injects some vitality into *Georgia* almost in spite of Swedish director Stig Bjorkman, who films an agreeable Cook's tour of Stockholm but cannot for the life of him handle actors. The only totally believable characters on view are black deserters from the American Armed Forces in Vietnam, whose hang-ups convey a flash of bitter truth that reduces the rest of the film to soap opera.

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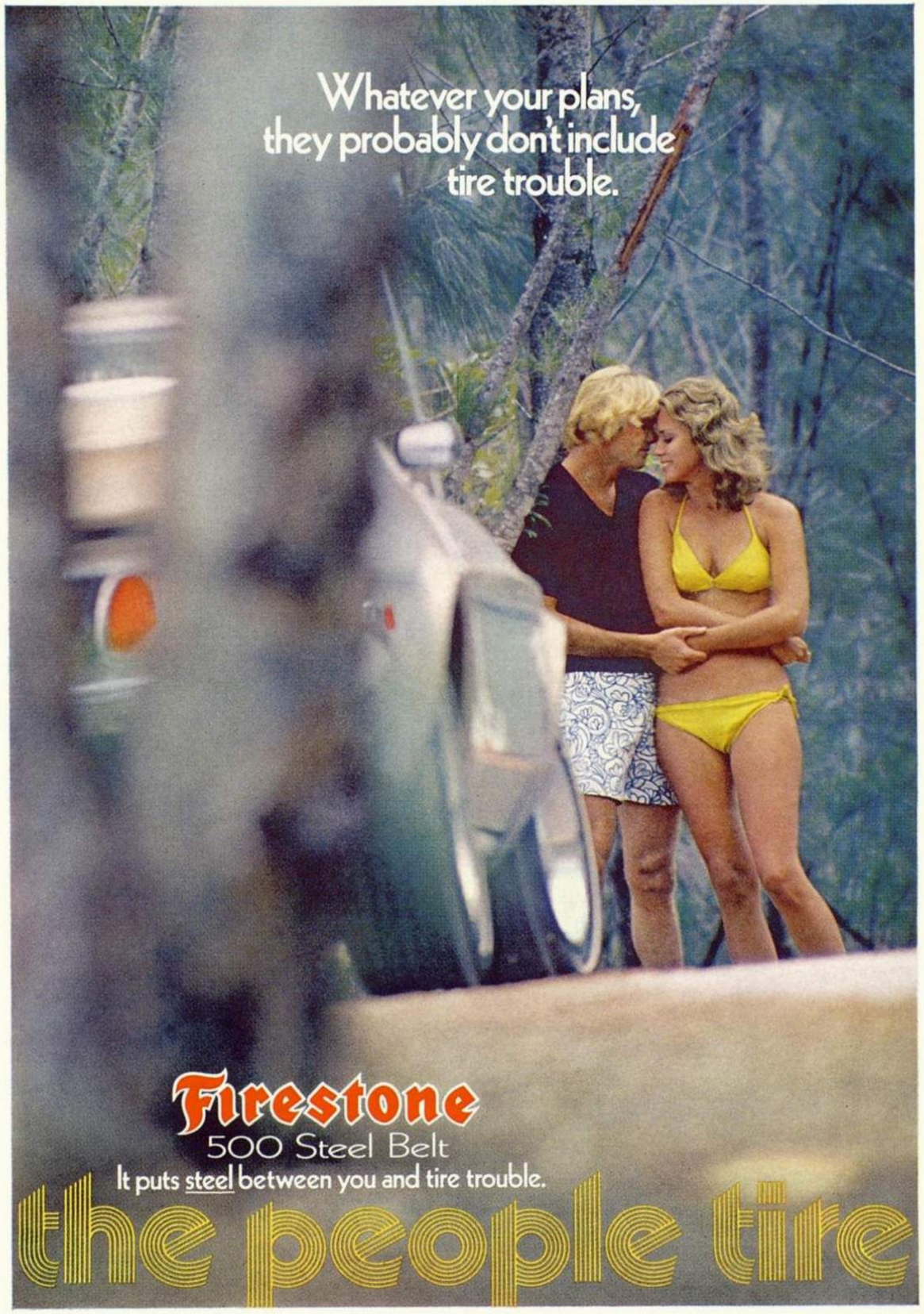
Woody Allen finally makes it as a sex symbol in ***Play It Again, Sam,*** the movie version of the Broadway hit he wrote for himself—all about a dropout from the



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sexual revolution, a born loser whose wife (Susan Anspach) has left him because she finds him dull and physically unattractive. "Don't take it personally," says she. Whereupon the sad-sack hero, a film buff and critic for an undoubtedly obscure quarterly, decides to become a swinging bachelor—a plan that misfires only because he is rejected by every bird he meets, including a renowned nymphomaniac (Viva) and an underground-movie starlet (Jennifer Salt) who has co-starred with nine guys in an epic called *Gang Bang*. Under director Herbert Ross, *Sam* turns out to be the perfect screen vehicle for speeding Woody along in his familiar role as an insecure, overanalyzed and underdeveloped embodiment of American male sex fantasies. The fantasies are made palpable by the hero's furtive dialogs with a shadowy, trench-coated incarnation of his hero Humphrey Bogart (played here, as on Broadway, by Jerry Lacy, who is Bogey to the life). For obvious reasons, the gag plays better on film —from the opening excerpt of Bogart and Ingrid Bergman in *Casablanca* to the fade-out in which Woody re-enacts that film's famous farewell scene at the airport, with his best friend's wife (played winningly by Diane Keaton) in the Bergman part. Tony Roberts portrays the cuckolded chum with gusto, while Suzanne Zenor, Diana Davila and Mari Fletcher flash by engagingly among the girls who say no.

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A tribe of primitive, half-clad Mud People find a croquet ball and trace it back to a country manor house. There they discover doors, windows, clothing, art, table manners and radios, and soon begin to discuss world affairs and high finance at posh dinner parties. It's only another small downward step into outright decadence and the natives ultimately shed their finery to return to a state of innocent ignorance in the wild. ***Savages*** (previewed in PLAYBOY's March issue, in a pictorial featuring Kathleen Widdoes, Salome Jens, Ultra Violet, exotic Asha Puthli and model Susie Blakely) is an anthropological allegory dressed up in the decor of the Thirties. Even the photography by Walter (*Zorba the Greek* and *Tom Jones*) Lassally reflects a vintage film style, with liberal use of the iris lens and other corny tricks of the period. The movie is clever but at times a little too clever to be comprehensible. Narrators on the sound track speak German without subtitles, while an attractive company of actors—when they acquire the power of speech, as a deadly weapon—express themselves mostly in ringingly theatrical *non sequiturs*. Though incisive at best, the film falls short of its large ambitions, and at worst becomes irritatingly smart-ass. Thus their first all-American movie is a daring try but hardly a triumph for director James Ivory and Indian-born

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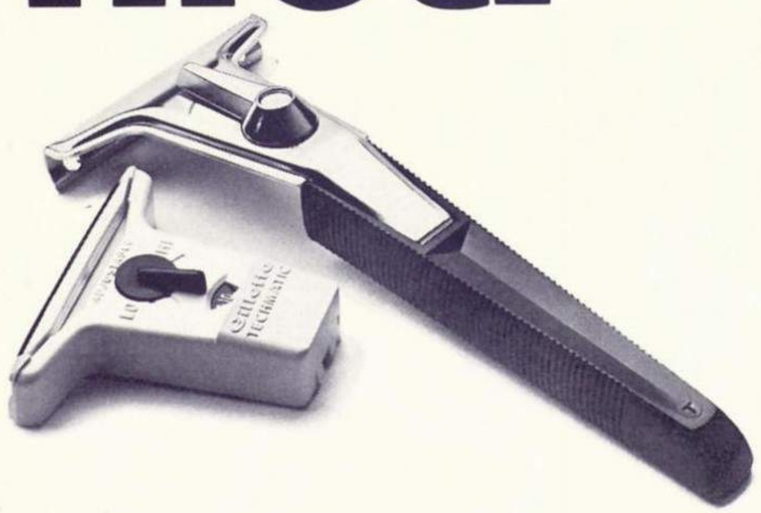

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producer Ismail Merchant, whose previous collaborations (notably *Shakespeare Wallah* and *The Householder*) were small jewels, made in India with more imagination than means.

•

Collecting a mixed international cast to turn out a quasi-Hollywood Western in Spain has become established practice for moviemakers, but director Terence Young (whose credits include the cream of the James Bond series) evidently chose the actors for ***Red Sun*** as a kind of prank. France's Alain Delon plays the bad guy, a treacherous bandit named Gauche. Capucine plays the very Continental proprietress of a bordello, with Swiss-born Ursula Andress as her top girl. If you believe that much, you should have no trouble whatever accepting Europe's favorite Yank actor, Charles Bronson, as a train robber. But how about Japanese superstar Toshiro Mifune, adding a touch of samurai style to a tale reportedly based on an actual historical incident—the theft of a bejeweled golden sword, in 1870, when highjackers swarmed over a train carrying the Japanese ambassador across the Southwest with his priceless gift to the U. S. President? *Red Sun*'s solid base is the relationship developed between Mifune, as the samurai guard whose ancient code of honor decrees that he retrieve the sword within seven days or commit hara-kiri, and Bronson, as a free-enterprising outlaw who simply wants to get back the bags of gold stolen by his crooked partner. Although the glittering company provides passable high-geared entertainment, the curious dignity of Mifune's performance persistently suggests that *Red Sun* might have been something more, and measurably better. Even at his most outlandish—striding through Comanche territory in full battle regalia or cutting down mosquitoes in mid-air with his sword—Mifune is a wonder to behold.

•

The gritty, gutsy realism of *The French Connection* and *The Godfather* amounts to damaging evidence against a hollow gangland drama like ***Prime Cut.*** Co-starring Lee Marvin and Gene Hackman as adversaries in a cloudy dispute between the Chicago mob and some Kansas City thugs whose meat-packing firm is a front for peddling dope and female flesh, the movie takes pains to stress that its gangsters are Irish, not Italian. A cursory glance at the supporting cast also suggests that most Kansas City hoodlums are blond, blue-eyed farm boys in coveralls. The moviemakers also seem to believe that there is still no law west of the Mississippi, or maybe the K. C. police were on strike, for no cops interfere with the contrived shoot-outs in golden wheat fields, in sunflower meadows or at the county fair. Marvin plays a tough guy in

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an expensive suit, with a fondness for women. Movie newcomer Sissy Spacek plays an incredibly chic orphan he rescues from white slavery, and Angel Tompkins is Hackman's no-good blonde moll. Angel was introduced in a PLAYBOY pictorial. And the film itself was previewed in last month's issue. For the finale, after the bad guys have spilled their blood and guts—and just before Marvin liberates the orphanage where tomorrow's prostitutes are held captive—*Prime Cut* delivers a brief message about the dignity of man as a creature infinitely superior to dumb beasts. Maybe so, but a movie at this level of perception can make you wonder.

•

The ordinary feat of growing up in a Quebec mining town several decades ago generates extraordinary appeal in ***My Uncle Antoine,*** a beautiful Canadian film based on scenarist Clement Perron's memories of his French-Canadian boyhood. Filmed in and around Black Lake, Quebec, with abundant local color supplied by natives of the region, *My Uncle* strikes a rich lode of nostalgia and conscientiously avoids becoming patronizing or sentimental. A young actor named Jacques Gagnon, who plays the 14-year-old hero, Benoit, is a natural charmer who makes the uncluttered perceptions of youth seem as spontaneous as his smile. Benoit works in his uncle's general store, one of those vanishing centers of community life and death where bridal veils, coffins and Christmas ornaments are sold along with appropriate congratulations or condolences. Uncle Antoine drinks too much because he loathes the climate and secretly dreads his responsibilities as provincial undertaker, while Benoit's vivacious aunt finds an outlet for her frustrations in an affair with a burly shop assistant. The boy hero is a reticent but eloquent witness of the grown-up world around him, and director Claude Jutra turns what the lad sees into vignettes full of sharp humor and poignancy—from the modest excitement created when a small-town store unveils its Christmas windows to Benoit's numb incredulity when he and his drunken uncle drive horse and sleigh out in a blizzard to collect the body of a dead boy, only to lose their pathetic cargo in the snow.

•

In 1876, Cole Younger and Jesse James were nearly granted amnesty by the state of Missouri; when the legislation failed, they reluctantly rode off to rob a bank in Minnesota. Anyway, that's how history is written in ***The Great Northfield, Minnesota Raid,*** an offbeat Western by writer-director Philip Kaufman, a film maker whose works, good or bad, bear an unmistakable personal signature. A bit lax at the controls here, Kaufman sees Younger and James as peace-loving

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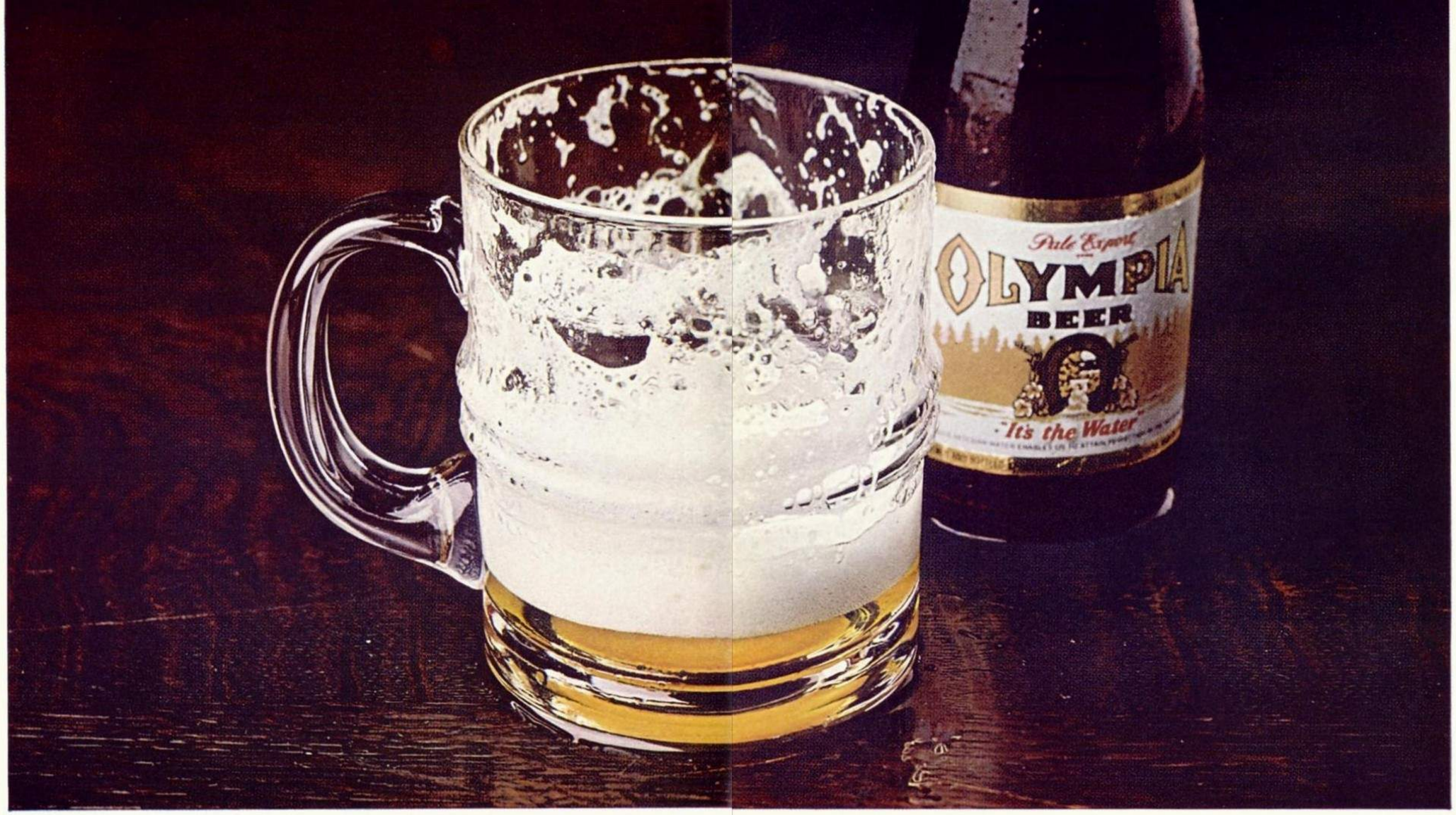

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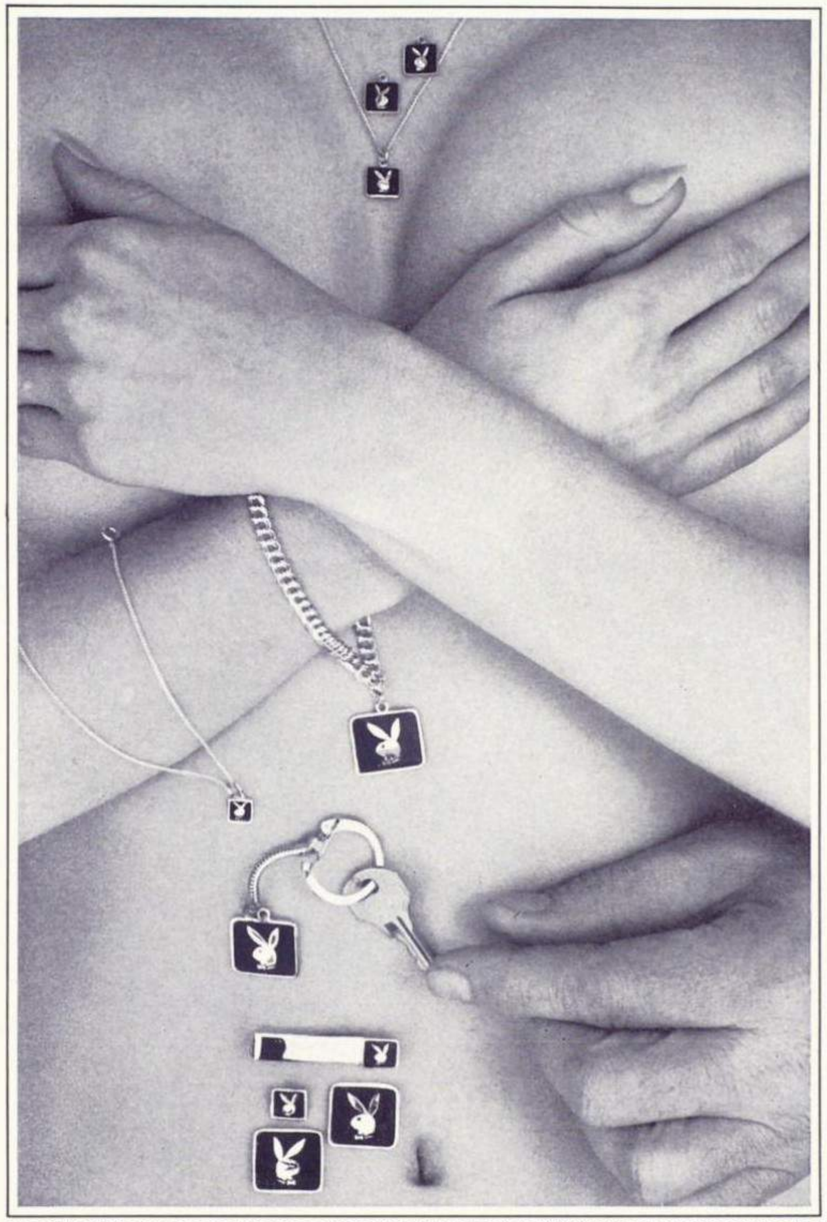

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farmers driven to desperate deeds by land-grabbing railroad tycoons. Two interesting performances by Cliff Robertson, as Younger, and Robert Duvall, who makes James a fanatic Southern patriot and raving homicidal maniac in the bargain, lend pungency to *Minnesota Raid*, which was photographed (on location in Oregon) with notable inventiveness by Bruce Surtees. The film's chief handicap is a slapdash script that leans heavily on voice-over narration to describe events that might better have been dramatized. Kaufman's concern with satirical asides—small-town zealots amusing themselves at baseball, then taking up arms as a posse to remind us that shooting is truly America's national sport—adds a fillip of contemporary relevance. But despite its claim to be a character study based on exhaustive research, the movie too often recites historical footnotes in support of sheer fiction.

•

The swinging doctor played by James Coburn in ***The Carey Treatment,*** a pathologist in a huge Boston hospital, appears to have borrowed his life style from *Our Man Flint*. When an innocent colleague is accused of performing an abortion that proves fatal for the hospital director's 15-year-old daughter, Dr. Carey abandons his lab chores and launches a freewheeling investigation into the dirty little secrets of all parties concerned. His tactics require him to drive like a Sebring champion, fight like a commando and make love like wow. The partner warming his bed when he drops by to change shirts is Jennifer O'Neill, the *Summer of '42* girl, exquisite as ever in a role that amounts to little more than a pit stop. Pat Hingle, Skye Aubrey and Elizabeth Allen are among the colorful crew that help make this an acceptable piece of conventional film making.

•

All the underworld characters at large in ***Sitting Target*** are so one-dimensional and unsympathetic that the film finally becomes as devoid of human interest as a pit of vipers. Oliver Reed and Ian McShane, playing two criminal psychopaths who engineer a spectacular prison break because Reed wants to go home and murder his faithless wife, are convincingly cold-blooded, sadistic and treacherous—but not much more so than Jill St. John, whose bitchy, beautiful marked woman seems to deserve the horrible death in store for her. Only a couple of secondary characters (Frank Finlay as a doomed bookie and Jill Townsend as the flighty bird he keeps caged in a fashionable mews) command real concern, however briefly. Though *Target* offers a crook's tour of London as seen through the eyes of thugs and jailbirds, director Douglas Hickox often yields to the temptations

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that beset a man with a series of award-winning TV commercials behind him and uses the story mainly to demonstrate his flair for snappy editing and clever camera angles. Hickox' display of technical virtuosity grabs the eye but lets the mind wander, evoking an attitude of absolute neutrality toward both hunters and hunted—the sorriest thing that can happen to an alleged thriller.

•

Cool Breeze exploits the prejudices of angry blacks in much the same way that youth-cult movies were exploiting the delusions of young people a couple of years ago. Getting Whitey is the primary idea at work here, which perhaps explains why all the white characters on view (police pigs, mostly) are shallow or stupid or physically repulsive. "When I need somethin', I go out and get it," declares one attractive black hoodlum (played by movie newcomer Jim Watkins) before he becomes involved in a big jewel heist—the aim of which is to raise $3,000,000 worth of capital for a black-people's bank. Anyone, surely, can see the moral justice in *that*. Such capable performers as Judy Pace, Paula Kelly (see *Two Much*, page 136) and Raymond St. Jacques give strong support to Thalmus Rasulala, who comes on with style as the dude in charge of the caper. It should be said on behalf of *Cool Breeze* that its blacks are complex and corruptible, finally selling one another out because they, too, are trapped by the rules of the white man's world. But the movie is ridden with clichés and panders clumsily to the pretense that there are no black criminals except those who rub shoulders with cops.

•

The body of a recently deceased Englishwoman figures prominently in ***Loot***. While the poor widower (Milo O'Shea) tries to get his missus properly buried, the hired nurse who poisoned her is already proposing marriage, and milady's Modcap son and his mate (Roy Holder and Hywel Bennett) keep dumping Mum out of her coffin to make room for the proceeds of a bank robbery. *Loot* fulfills all but one of the requirements for a black comedy, the hitch being that although its humors are dark, even morbid at times, they are seldom very funny. Based on the Joe Orton London stage hit that flopped on Broadway, the filmed play seems to be afflicted with opening-night jitters. Director Silvio Narizzano holds his actors to a strenuous pace in a broad theatrical style that movie cameras magnify, and he has them daubed with make-up to resemble famous people. (For no fathomable reason, Richard Attenborough, as the zany police inspector, is a blurred carbon copy of Adolf Hitler, and pert Lee Remick, playing

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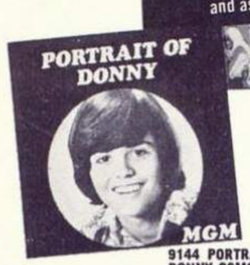

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the homicidal nurse, looks oddly like Jean Harlow.) Even the garishly overdecorated sets suggest an attempt to force a mood of unbridled hilarity that will make an audience laugh, if only at the wallpaper.

•

Tarantulas, lizards, alligators, turtles, water snakes and sundry other scaly reptiles are the stars of ***Frogs,*** a single-minded shocker with some vague ideas about ecology rattling around between screams. "What if nature were trying to get back at us?" asks nature-loving photographer Sam Elliott, who finds himself on an island estate owned by rich, irascible old Ray Milland, with a trophy room full of mounted heads and a lawn full of live, leaping, rather thoughtful frogs. God knows what the frogs are thinking, but they appear to be hostile—the way they fling themselves against the mansion's plate-glass windows and enlist their fellow creatures to decimate Milland's roster of summer guests. Among the prettiest of the potential victims are Judy Pace, Joan Van Ark and Lynn Borden. The last is dragged to a watery death by a giant alligator turtle, and six or seven others succumb in equally hideous fashion. Only a certified snake handler will be cool enough to sit through this exercise in terror without involuntarily lifting his feet off the floor.

•

Another boy on the threshold of manhood. Another gritty re-creation of life in the wicked old West. Sensitively blended by director Dick Richards, a former commercial photographer making his feature-film debut, these two familiar themes produce marvelous chemistry in ***The Culpepper Cattle Co.*** Frame by frame, *Culpepper* has bloody violence to spare as it charts the droll, dreadful, everyday misadventures of a teenager who yearns to be a cowboy—who buys himself a gun and signs up as cook's helper on a grueling cattle drive from Texas to Colorado. A roughly similar experience is the subject of *The Cowboys,* the current John Wayne epic, but Richards sees everything with a fond and discerning eye that touches a hundred Western clichés with the pearly light of dawn. Raunchy, covered with dust, as ruggedly true to life as figures in a faded tintype, these disreputable cowpokes are a breed apart from the usual Marlboro men recruited at central casting; Billy "Green" Bush as Culpepper and Geoffrey Lewis as a cantankerous saddle bum stand out. As the innocent lamb among wolves, young Gary Grimes (matching his memorable starring role in *Summer of '42*) looks into their leatherhard faces and feels his illusions checked by the ruthless logic of survival. He learns about lying and killing and whoring, and by the time he completes his cruel education, most of his companions on the trail

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are dead. *Culpepper Cattle Co.* has no major stars, no real plot, yet it synthesizes an aspect of the American frontier experience as few other movies have done. The finest, freshest Western in years.

RECORDINGS

Merle Haggard has come a pretty good way since the night he sat in an audience of convicts at San Quentin, where he was doing a stretch for burglary, and listened to Johnny Cash, envying his success and vowing to emulate it. Twenty-one albums later, Haggard ranks with Cash as one of the top country stars, and some of his songs, such as *Mama Tried*, are classics of the genre. But he is mostly known for *Okie from Muskogee*, an anthem for the patriotic right. Too bad, because the song is not one of his best. Neither is ***Let Me Tell You About a Song*** (Capitol) one of his best albums. The Haggard voice, a distinctive, mellow baritone, with a plaintive warble, is in fine health, and a couple of the lyrics show his touch—particularly *They're Tearin' the Labor Camps Down* and *Turnin' Off a Memory*. But there is too much self-conscious talk and sentimentality. Oh, yes, Merle sometimes tells audiences, "You know, I'm not much of a musician. That's why I have these good boys behind me." His backup band, The Strangers, is, indeed, the best in the business, and it has its moments on this record. We don't know if they're good boys or not. But if Merle says so, well. . . .

•

"Aw, man, them cats talk funny," said Antoine Domino, Jr., best known as Fats, after meeting the Beatles in New Orleans about seven years ago. Today, despite the fact that he's still in demand as a performer and has 22 gold records —more than any rockers except the Beatles and Elvis—Fats is all but forgotten. That should change as a result of ***Fats Domino*** (United Artists), a four-sided re-release that covers Fats's recording career from 1949 to 1961: It's the classic rock 'n' roll of the Crescent City, captured at its warm, deceptively uncomplicated and musically muscular best.

•

How many soul-singing Johnny Taylors are there? To kill the suspense, the answer is two. One is the J. T. on Stax, who has had chart hits such as *Who's Makin' Love* and whose many fine sides are easily come by. The other is "Little" Johnny Taylor, who's had a big blues record or two—*Part Time Love*—and who deserves more exposure. Both Taylors sang the Gospel and both sound a lot like Sam Cooke. "Little" Johnny is on Ronn Records, a division of Jewel, out of Shreveport, and his latest, ***Everybody Knows About My Good Thing***, is a good thing, indeed, even if too few are likely to know about it. With instrumental backgrounds that are familiar but funky, "Little" J. T. convincingly applies his clear tenor to some cooking rhythm tunes (*Keep On Keeping On*), the Cooke-ing *How Are You Fixed for Love* and some ironic, *double-entendre* blues, such as *It's My Fault Darling* and the two-part title tune.

•

Given the tendency of soul sounds toward flattened-out, vampish harmonic structures, the arranger's craft becomes crucial. On the Dramatics' ***Whatcha See Is Whatcha Get*** (Volt), it definitely is working. While the group and producer Tony Hester owe something to the Temptations and their guiding genius, Norman Whitfield, there's no denying their excellence, whether they're singing in harmony, running obbligatos behind a soloist or alternating voices; and if you dig vocal groups with a strong bass, you won't be disappointed by this one. The strictly commercial material includes a couple of ballads with changes (*Thank You for Your Love*; *Fall in Love, Lady Love*), some forgettable but fun-colored rhythm numbers, such as *Hot Pants in the Summertime*, and the group's two big ones, the title tune and *In the Rain*; both of these are essentially vamps, the former a Latin groover and the latter a moody tone poem with striking effects, including thunder sounds and a guitar part that flashes across the mind's eye like lightning.

•

In a time when many popular soul artists are offering structurally simple but elaborately arranged music, Stevie Wonder is turning out some harmonically complex songs. ***Music of My Mind*** (Tamla), which finds him playing drums, piano, harp, organ, clavichord, clavinet and two synthesizers, besides singing, is an impressive piece of work. Stevie's lyrics may not always seem heavy enough to justify his otherwise artful compositions, but his anticipatory sense of time and his modal, puckish turns of phrase are highly distinct. Among the more Wonder-ful items are the Beatlesque *Happier Than the Morning Sun*, the Gospelish *Evil*, the angular *Love Having You Around*, and *Sweet Little Girl*, a rocker with an ear-opening monolog: "You know your baby loves you, even more than he loves his clavinet. Don't make me get mad and act like a nigger."

•

Todd Rundgren, the Renaissance Runt of Rock, has hit his stride on this second solo album, ***Something/Anything?*** (Bearsville). He writes/sings/plays brilliantly, has mastered the whole recording/mixing process from beginning to end and projects a totally versatile, inimitable style of humor/whimsy that is very winning. There are lots of Carole King sounds, Latin inflections and soft textures here, but also rinky-tink pianos, hard rock and phony Motown, early Sixties Beatles, you name it. The vocal tracks are marvelous—all performed and arranged by Rundgren—and there are crazy bits of studio talk left in, particularly in the preposterous suite *Messin' with the Kid*, which features such numbers as *Piss Aaron, Some Folks Is Even Whiter Than Me* and *You Left Me Sore*. Unlike most artists who indulge their urge to whimsy, Rundgren makes his an integral part of these two discs. And you keep listening because it works.

•

Oh, my, there's some fine strummin' and pickin' on ***Me and Chet*** (RCA), as the old master, Chet Atkins, and the kid with all the moves, Jerry Reed, duet the hell out of 11 numbers that range from the venerable *Limehouse Blues* to—would you believe?—*Liebestraum*, to Hank Williams' *I Saw the Light*. The two are outrageously good individually; together they are unbelievable.

•

Let My Children Hear Music (Columbia) is a vinyl reminder of the return to the music scene of Charles Mingus. The Big Bear was away much too long and jazz was the worse for it. The Mingus compositions are from 1939 (*The Chill of Death*, which includes a poem written and recited by Mingus) to the present and they indicate vividly that while he has lost none of his gut-level intensity, he has continued to grow in vision and scope. Snooky Young leads the trumpets and Mingus' new tenor man, Bobby Jones, who has a big breathy tone, is a real find. Included with the album is a strong essay by Mingus on what his musical philosophy is all about—it's well worth reading.

•

The Guess Who keeps on trying to play games such as "Guess who this track sounds like," but its new LP, ***Rockin'*** (RCA), is worth your time and money if you want to see how teeny music can be made palatable, profitable and fun. As in *American Woman*, all the trappings of the teenage mythos are here: in *Heartbroken Bopper* and *Herbert's a Loser*, for instance. Your taste may not be jejune enough to appreciate the nitwit dialog of *Hi, Rockers!: Sea of Love* or the put-down of showbiz jazz (Steve 'n' Eydie style) in *Your Nashville Sneakers*, but you'll like most of this.

•

When Alex Taylor really gets it on, he sounds like a combination of his brother James and Albert King. The trouble with ***Dinnertime*** (Capricorn) is that he gets it on so rarely, even with the backing of a top-rank band. The tunes usually drag on too long and the recorded balance muffles Taylor's

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voice. While he can be great at belting out bluesy numbers such as Jesse Winchester's *Payday*, he needs to experiment more, as in his excellent reworking of Randy Newman's *Let's Burn Down the Cornfield*. Even if Johnny Sandlin's production is faulty here, Taylor has the makings of a fine singer.

•

After a bunch of pretty mediocre albums, Lighthouse—the 11-piece Canadian rock band—has gotten it together handsomely on ***Thoughts of Movin' On*** (Evolution). There's much good writing here, mostly by Skip Prokop; Bob McBride's singing is first-rate; and the arranging and voicing throughout are far better than we hear from most large rock outfits. While *Fly My Airplane* sounds a bit too much like Paul Butterfield, Lighthouse reasserts its own individuality on two standout numbers, *I Just Wanna Be Your Friend* and *Insane*.

•

Dave Mason's ***Headkeeper*** (Blue Thumb) has had an amazing sales success. It's all the more amazing since most of these songs, while pleasant enough, are derivative and thin. Echoes of Stephen Stills and friends combine with Mason's favorite musical device—repetition—and frequently mindless lyrics. His guitar work is competent, but the album is an awful bore. Mason had a long-playing feud going with Blue Thumb Records and mounted a big campaign to discourage air play and, thus, sales. Be discouraged.

•

Ever since the pioneering efforts of Varèse and Bartók in the Thirties, contemporary composers have been systematically stretching the expressive potential of percussive instruments. *Ringing Changes* by Pulitzer Prize winner ***Charles Wuorinen*** (Nonesuch) is the latest addition to a growing repertoire of pieces for percussion ensemble. Filling side two of the LP, it has a battery of drums, tam tams and cymbals that is joined by vibraphones and four-hand piano to weave an absorbing fabric of complex timbres and rhythms. A group of student percussionists based in New Jersey carries off this assignment with cool aplomb.

•

There are so many little flaws—poor sound reproduction, a clinker here, a clinker there, inconsistent rhythm sections (Krupa's on one track)—it's a miracle that the new recording by ***Anita O'Day*** (sold only through the mails by a company also bearing her name) is absolutely superb. Miss O'Day takes us through a dozen standards and shows the Jeannie-come-latelies what jazz singing is all about. The lady's phrasing is faultless; her voice, with that throaty catch in it, is still fascinating. She belongs up there with Billie, Ella and Sarah. You can see what we mean by sending six dollars to Anita O'Day Records, Box 442, Hesperia, California 92345. At four bits a song, that's the bargain of the year.

•

John Williams is a classical guitarist who is into everything, as ***Changes*** (Columbia) will attest. There's some revamped Bach, movie-theme music, a raga, a spicy helping of Spanish sounds, a little rock, a little jazz—all of which Williams finds to his liking; you will, too. The arrangements, by Stanley Myers, contribute much to the success of the recording.

•

Like all his albums, Neil Young's ***Harvest*** (Reprise) is beautiful and difficult. Difficult because, while Neil's mournful songs are for the most part simple and affecting, they are often rich in poetic suggestion and melodic charm. This disc is more polished than *After the Gold Rush*, but it may not have quite the impact: Except for a few tunes, such as *Heart of Gold*, the title song and *Old Man*, there's a bit too much stress on gimmickry (two unfortunate cuts with the London Symphony Orchestra) and significance (*Words*). Crosby, Stills and Nash appear from time to time, as do James Taylor and Linda Rondstadt, so it's an all-star cast, including Young's fine band. Neil's artless minor-key musings have lost none of their quirky power.

•

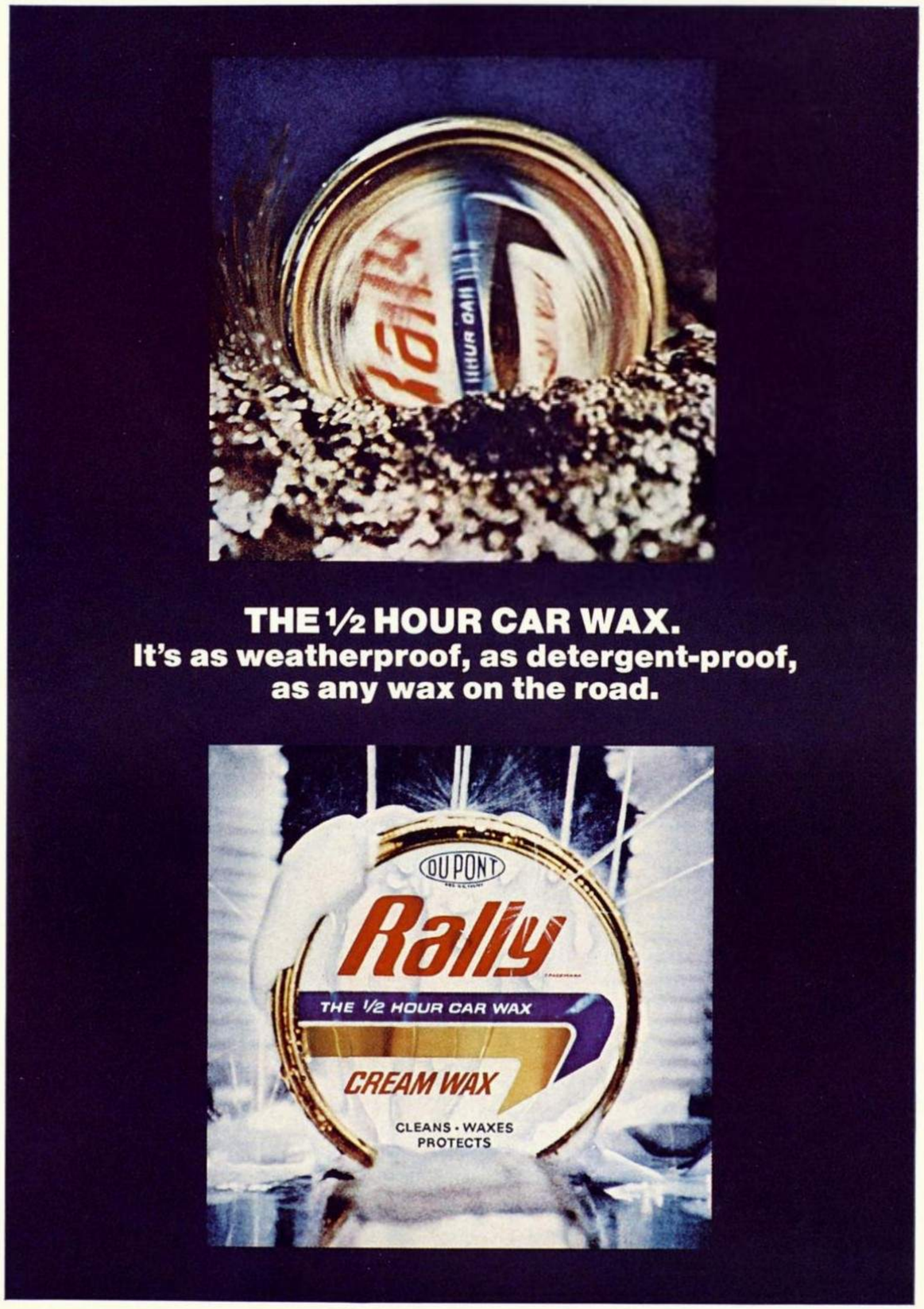
After Duane's motorcycle death, the Allman Brothers Band kept going, playing its dates, even recording. ***Eat a Peach*** (Capricorn) consists of two discs, "dedicated to a brother," one side of which is the band without Duane. Its sound is predictably less fiery, but none the less competent. *Les Brers in A Minor* is the most unusual cut on the album: It says a lot about Duane and the inspiration the band drew from him, not least in the incredible solos by brother Gregg on organ and by Dicky Betts on guitar. The three other sides comprise live tracks (drawn from the Fillmore East sessions) and studio takes, all of the usual Allman excellence. Of the studio pieces, *Little Martha* offers Duane and Dicky in a lovely, and rare, acoustic duet; *Mountain Jam* is 35 minutes of simply the finest long rock jam on records. *Rolling Stone* calls the Allmans, even after Duane's death, the best rock band in the country. To which we add, "Amen."

THEATER

Nobody's perfect, except perhaps Robert Morse in drag, but there was reason to hope that David Merrick's musical ***Sugar*** would capture the frenetic flavor of *Some Like It Hot*. That movie had a sparkling Billy Wilder–I. A. L. Diamond sheen to it, most of which has been lost in Peter Stone's imitation script. The comic basics are still there—the all-girl band featuring the supremely all-girl Sugar (Marilyn Monroe in the movie) and murderous gangsters chasing two eyewitnesses to a massacre. In the Jack Lemmon role, Morse is the funniest, dumpiest size-40-short lady bass player ever to hit Miami. In an upper berth with Sugar (leggy Elaine Joyce), he is a man possessed, unable to keep his hands from fondling the merchandise. In mesh stockings and satin shorts, clattering a dance step with Sugar and his partner in dress, Tony Roberts, he grows half enamored with the thought of himself as woman; richly lucred Cyril Ritchard is entirely enamored. But except for Morse and a rattling machine gun of a tap dance by Steve Condos, the show, including Jule Styne's score and Bob Merrill's lyrics, is soso, and Gower Champion's energetic staging is unable to conceal the emptiness of the evening. At the Majestic, 245 West 44th Street.

•

Ten years ago, a funny thing happened on Broadway. A broadly burlesqued musical plundered from Plautus, directed by George Abbott (with an uncredited but invaluable assist from Jerome Robbins) and starring the incomparable Zero Mostel became an enormous hit. ***A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*** played for 965 performances, was turned into a free-form Richard Lester movie and went on to become a staple on the summer circuit from Athens (Georgia) to Rome (New York). Recently, the show was reincarnated at Los Angeles' Ahmanson Theater, starring Phil Silvers in the role he was supposed to have created before Mostel made Broadway history with it. For all the cross-country encomiums heaped upon this touring *Forum*—now on Broadway—it proves to be summer-tent Plautus. Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart's book is still funny, but the cast is several cuts below the original and the severest cut of all—despite his Tony Award for the part—is Silvers, an acceptable comedian but no kingly clown like Mostel. Silvers merely sketches the outline of Pseudolus, the machinating slave of slaves. He spreads his arms to embrace the audience and fans who remember Sergeant Bilko applaud. Still, this second coming has its moments—Larry Blyden is amusing as hysterical Hysterium, the courtesans are showstoppers and the finale is a farcical lark. There are enough echoes of the first *Forum* to make do for anyone who missed the frivolity first time around. At the Lunt-Fontanne, 205 West 46th Street.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

While kissing my girl the other night, I began to wonder how this very pleasant custom started. Can you enlighten me?—S. A., Lincoln, Nebraska.

One authority asserts kissing may have started when primitive man, believing his exhaled breath had magical powers, kissed his mate so that their souls would mingle. A less romantic theory has it that early woman may have fed her children by premasticating food and transferring it to the infant by way of a "kiss." In any event, the modern form of kissing dates back to at least 500 B.C., *when it was commonly practiced in India. The custom eventually spread westward to Rome, which had different words for different kinds of kisses:* osculum *for a kiss on the cheek,* basium *for a kiss on the lips and* savium *for tongue inserting, or a "soul" kiss. Incidentally, kissing is not a world-wide practice. The Maoris, Australian aborigines, South Sea Islanders and Africans were originally ignorant of it, and the Japanese and Chinese have regarded it as revolting, the latter thinking it suggests cannibalism.*

A friend has been touting me on transcendental meditation and urging me to take a course in it. Even though it's inexpensive, I'd like your opinion, before I sink any bread in it, as to whether it's bullshit or the real thing.—F. R., Los Angeles, California.

It depends on what you mean by the real thing. Transcendental meditation, the yoga technique popularized by the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, is relatively easy to learn in a short time and may have some real value. A study of 36 meditators at Boston City Hospital and the University of California at Irvine indicates that definite physiological changes occur during the period of meditation. All of the volunteers showed a lowered metabolic rate and a greater degree of relaxation. The state was not comparable to that of sleep or hypnosis but was almost the antithesis of the so-called flight-or-fight syndrome, which is a defense-alarm reaction characterized by an increase in blood pressure, heart rate, blood flow to the muscles and oxygen consumption. The theory is that this is triggered too frequently by our changing environment and results in potentially disabling diseases related to hypertension. Meditation may be one way of coping and could result in better health for the individual. In addition, drug use by meditators apparently declines drastically over a period of months. A questionnaire submitted to 1800 people who had attended a training course offered by SIMS—Students International Meditation Society—in Los Angeles indicated that among the meditators, the use of marijuana declined from 78 percent to 12 percent, LSD from 48 to 3, narcotics from 17 to 1, hard liquor from 60 to 25 and cigarettes from 48 to 16.

I am 21 and happily employed as girl Friday in an ad agency. I have dated only infrequently during the past two years and on three occasions I discovered to my horror that I enjoyed having intercourse, but feel I'll acquire the reputation of a pushover. How can I handle this conflict?—Miss T. F., Cleveland, Ohio.

By today's standards—and even by yesterday's—three times in two years hardly classifies you as a "pushover." What really should concern you is not your reputation so much as your self-hatred after having intercourse. If you really are convinced that it's wrong for you, you'll just have to see that you don't get yourself into circumstances where it's likely to occur. On the other hand, as you get older—and if you don't marry—you'll find the situations more and more difficult to avoid (unless you flee society). Now that you've reached your majority, you ought perhaps to reassess the moral principles that tell you sex is wrong. You also might date more frequently, so that you have more social experience. This should help you gain self-confidence and help prevent you from feeling that the only way to please a man is to go to bed with him.

What's the story behind the familiar toast "Here's looking at you"? It doesn't seem to make any sense at all.—D. M., St. Louis, Missouri.

It may have made a great deal of sense to the patrons of taverns in merry old England. The glass-bottomed tankard was a popular item to drink from because—supposedly—the tippler could quaff a pint while keeping an eye out for cutthroats who might take advantage of his vulnerability while guzzling. The "friendly" toast carried a warning.

I am moving from Chicago to Los Angeles but am somewhat intimidated at the thought of driving in L. A. traffic—I've seen pictures of pile-ups on the freeways and they're frightening. Is any information available comparing commuting in L. A. with that in my home town?—R. S., Chicago, Illinois.

A survey by the Coordinating Research Council, which studies driving habits in major cities in regard to emission-control testing, indicates you'll probably have an easier time of it in the City of the Angels than in the windy metropolis. Statistically speaking, the Chicago driver is the most hassled in the nation. He spends 88 minutes a day in

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his car to travel an average distance of 35 miles at a comparative snail's pace. The Los Angeles motorist spends 70 minutes traveling 32 miles at a slightly better speed (New Yorkers spend 85 minutes to go 38 miles). One not-so-cheery note: Cars have been reported losing power at L. A.'s famed freeway interchanges during rush hours, a loss attributed to an oxygen shortage in the heavily traveled areas. This report, in turn, led the San Francisco underground paper Good Times *to theorize that everyone in L. A. is a little feeble-minded because his brain is oxygen starved. A base canard, no doubt.*

This fall I will be attending a university that allows coeducational housing. To be honest, this was one of the factors that made me decide to apply to this particular school. But, upon reflection, I can see where this could lead to a number of problems, possibly detrimental to my studies. Or is my imagination working overtime?—M. B., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Northwestern University, which houses one third of its undergraduates in coed dorms (men and women live on separate floors or in opposite wings and have free access to all rooms on a 24-hour basis), reports that no new problems have been caused by the arrangement and many old ones have been solved. Coed-dorm residents, says the university, "demonstrate a greater concern for the rights of others and cause fewer disciplinary problems." The assistant dean of students in charge of housing also adds that fewer emotional troubles are reported from coed dorms than from others. Students have been quoted, in turn, as saying that men and women in coed dorms have "more human relationships than other students." Logically enough, competition for coed housing is fierce. The consensus seems to be that it helps students mature faster.

Recently I was smoking hashish and was terrified when my ears suddenly felt like they were stuffed with wax. I assume that this sensation must have been a side effect of the drug, but I'd like to know whether or not it's normal.—A. G., San Francisco, California.

Users of hash and/or marijuana occasionally note that their eyes become red and their noses feel stuffed up while smoking. The reason is that Cannabis can cause dilation of small blood vessels and a swelling of the mucous membranes. If the Eustachian tubes also swell up, it could produce the sensation you describe.

After three years of marriage and recent fatherhood, I now feel that my marriage is becoming sexually empty. I love my wife very much and enjoy her companionship, but that "certain magic" and the so-called beauty of the sex act just are no longer there. I don't know if I'm expecting too much, if I'm not doing something right myself or if something important is really missing. Any suggestions?—J. V., Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

The boredom you sense may come, in fact, from your own expectation that boredom would arise in your marriage. Moreover, like many marriage partners, you may have neglected to restructure your relationship to accommodate the changes that parenthood brings. Perhaps you feel that the excitement has transferred from sex to the responsibility of the baby. In the event that you didn't plan the child, you may be letting fear blunt your sexual life. You can have plenty of fun in bed and be a parent, too, but you have to consciously and willingly accept the changes in freedom that occur when there are children in the house.

For a number of years I've used the pill, but I am now considering other forms of contraception. What is the comparative effectiveness of diaphragms, condoms, etc., in preventing pregnancy?—Miss C. G., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

The Planned Parenthood Association rates the pill—at 99.7 percent—as the most effective contraceptive, followed by the I. U. D. (intra-uterine device, or coil), which is rated 95 to 98 percent effective. Diaphragms (with jelly), cervical caps and condoms are rated at 88 to 92 percent; aerosol foams, 80 to 85 percent; spermicidal jellies and creams, 70 to 80 percent; the rhythm method, 65 to 80 percent (the degree of effectiveness is dependent upon menstrual regularity); vaginal suppositories and tablets, 55 to 65 percent; and vaginal douche, 50 to 55 percent. The percentages are based, of course, upon proper usage of the particular method.

I'm a stereo buff and am very happy with my present set, which is an expensive one, though hardly the best that money can buy. Lately, I've read ads and test reports for high-powered amplifiers that can deliver anywhere from 100 watts per channel to an unbelievable 400 or more. I'm tempted to trade in the unit I now own, but wonder if, on a purely technical basis, huge amplifiers would really make a difference in the sound quality of my system. What do you think?—B. W., Des Moines, Iowa.

How high-powered an amplifier you need depends on a number of interrelated factors. If your listening room is exceptionally large, with a cathedral ceiling, you may be pushing your present amplifier to its limits to generate enough sound to fill the space. The same applies to furnishings: If your room is "soft," with deep-pile rugs and overstuffed sofas, it's absorbing far more sound (and making greater demands on your amplifier) than it would if it were "hard," with Danish modern and little in the way of draperies or carpeting. Again, you may be pushing your amplifier, particularly in peak passages, if your speakers are relatively inefficient or if you're running several pairs of them. Not the least important, of course, is how loud you like your music. Human hearing is logarithmic; it requires a doubling of power for a small increase in volume. If you're intent on creating the original sound levels of a symphony orchestra in your living room, even 400 watts per channel might be insufficient (and you would have blown the average speaker system long before then). If your present set delivers its power distortion-free, if your speakers are fairly efficient, if your room size and furnishings are average and if you listen at moderate volume levels, then the difference in sound quality by trading up to a superhigh-powered unit would probably be marginal.

My question is a little crazy, but I don't know who else would have the information and the honesty to answer it. At 35, I still have a fair share of my looks—despite being the mother of three—as well as a relatively trim figure. The trouble is, in order to keep it trim, I have to work quite hard. I rigorously follow a medically prescribed diet—but here's my problem: I'm very fond of performing oral sex on my husband, and this includes swallowing his semen when he ejaculates. Can you tell me if I'm doing damage to my diet?—Mrs. M. J., Detroit, Michigan.

The Journal of the American Medical Association *vaguely grappled with the question more than a decade ago, when it published a doctor's comment that this concern appeared to be widespread, together with the* Journal's *estimate that the average ejaculation couldn't contain more than 90 calories. Actually, they overestimated. We asked a university laboratory to do a test and it reported that, although the amount varies with individuals, there are probably no more than one or two calories per average ejaculation. That's much less than contained in a glass of diet soda pop, so don't let it bother your head.*

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

an interchange of ideas between reader and editor on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"

MARIJUANA MADNESS

On February 23, 1971, our home was invaded by eight sheriff's deputies. They tore the place apart and wrecked our lives. When, after a five-hour search, they didn't find any marijuana, they planted "evidence," which they had brought along just in case. Now, after an ordeal of over a year that has done incalculable harm to my wife, my daughter and my friends as well as to me, I'm writing to you from prison, where I'm serving a sentence of 33 years to life.

The county officials have gone to great lengths to see that I am safely and permanently tucked away in prison. Was all this done only for the sake of the holy crusade against marijuana? The sheriff told my wife and me that he knew we were involved in some sort of political revolution in Muskingum County. Indeed, we're proud that we have actively supported the social reform that must come to this area now that Ohio University has established a branch campus in Zanesville. Our acquaintances were mainly faculty and students from the new campus and we frequently had social gatherings at our farm. From the viewpoint of our ultraconservative community leaders, it is time for drastic action when more than ten liberal-minded people gather in one spot.

The laws against the possession and use of marijuana have been turned into weapons of political and cultural oppression in many parts of the country. I am not in this hellhole of a prison to protect myself or anyone else from the supposed evils of marijuana. My only crime was in trying to move forward in a community determined to remain in the past.

Tom Shuey
Lebanon Correctional Institution
Lebanon, Ohio

Two days after the raid leading to the arrest of my husband, Tom Shuey, the assistant prosecuting attorney and a police lieutenant from a nearby city came to our home. They questioned me for about two hours, threatened me with 20 years' imprisonment and the loss of our five-year-old daughter, told me my husband was unfaithful, threatened to question the child and left with the prediction that they would ruin our name. To this day, our daughter is frightened of policemen and she is developing an ulcer since the separation from her father.

At Tom's trial, a material witness for the state, a 19-year-old girl, repudiated her unsworn statement. Three other witnesses were then quickly brought in; they were unknown to us before the trial. Supposedly, they had purchased marijuana from our home, yet on cross-examination they could describe neither me nor the house. All three of these witnesses were serving sentences for drug offenses.

It is difficult to keep my faith in God and the legal system; no words and no amount of money could make up for what we have suffered in the past year.

Pamela Shuey
Zanesville, Ohio

I was a material witness against Tom Shuey. I've known the Shueys for two years. I was 19 years old when Tom was arrested. After his arrest, I got a message that the sheriff was looking for me, so my mother and I went to his office. The sheriff took me into a back room, where I was questioned by a group of officials from 3:00 P.M. till 8:30 that night. They accused me of prostitution and of posing for pornographic pictures, threatened me with prison, withheld my nerve medication, gave me nothing to eat and told me Shuey had already signed a confession stating he had sold me a quantity of marijuana. After almost six hours, I was ready to sign anything. One of the men typed up a paper and had me sign it. They *then* told me I could have an attorney, but added that I didn't need one.

The following month, I testified before a grand jury, admitting that I had signed the statement but refusing to testify that it was true. When Shuey was tried in September 1971, I told the truth on the stand: that I had never purchased any marijuana from him. I testified that I had signed the unsworn statement under duress and without legal counsel. Immediately after my testimony, I was arrested and charged with committing perjury before the grand jury, which I hadn't done. I was told it wasn't too late for me to change my testimony. I refused. I have now been indicted for perjury and am awaiting trial.

Linda Hutchison
Zanesville, Ohio

My client Thomas O. Shuey is the scion of a prosperous farm family, five generations of whom have lived and

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are living in Muskingum County. He's received numerous awards for 4-H Club activities, and at the time of his arrest he was 26, a top salesman for an industrial-battery company, earning over $10,000 a year, and was living on a farm owned by his family.

Tom's sentence was 33 years to life. He was convicted of maintaining a place for using, keeping and selling hallucinogens, producing a hallucinogen without a license, possessing hallucinogens for sale and giving a hallucinogen to a minor. The "minor," Linda Hutchison, was 19 years old, over the legal voting age. Under oath at the trial, she repudiated her unsworn statement—taken from her under duress—that had implicated the defendant. Nevertheless, her original statement was permitted in evidence. Other errors were committed during the trial and these formed the basis of our appeal.

Because of the county's failure to provide a transcript of the trial, the defendant missed a session of the court of appeals for the district that sat in Zanesville in December 1971. The county claims it did not have adequate stenographic help to produce a record. The court did not sit again until May 1972, so the defendant had to wait in jail till then to present his appeal.

Thus, Tom Shuey, a fine young man with a brilliant mind and no previous criminal record, languishes in Lebanon Correctional Institution in Lebanon, Ohio.

W. J. Davis
Attorney at Law
Columbus, Ohio

PLAYBOY'S POT PLOT

A recent press release widely circulated by a California marijuana legalization group charges that the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) is the front for a nefarious PLAYBOY scheme to legalize pot and then corner the market. This paranoid bushwa is the only evidence to date that pot smoking addles the brain. PLAYBOY has made it quite clear to NORML and to its readers that the magazine's sole objective in this area is the removal of criminal penalties for private marijuana use. The only charge in the press release that even merits rebuttal is the statement that PLAYBOY established NORML as a wholly owned subsidiary and gives the organization $200,000 a year. This is totally false and could hurt our efforts to secure the grants we need from other organizations. NORML was independently established and only afterward did we approach the Playboy Foundation, which was good enough to give us a generous grant (no strings attached), but one that would have to be multiplied many times to come near $200,000. At present, we are 40 percent self-sustaining through our growing membership and we have applied to several other foundations for grants that will help us expand our operations. We want no one to think that we're completely supported by the Playboy Foundation and have no need of additional funds.

Incidentally, the charges against NORML included a challenge to PLAYBOY "to make a clear and definite public statement on whether or not it will market legal marijuana—without tricky rhetoric like the tobacco companies' 'no plans at this time.'" Well?

Keith Stroup, Executive Director
National Organization for the
Reform of Marijuana Laws
Washington, D. C.

To be credited with such capitalistic vision is almost flattering, but in truth we never even thought of trying to turn a profit on our Playboy Foundation grants. Perhaps it's not a bad idea. We could organize Playboy Day-Care Centers, Playboy Abortion Clinics, Playboy Happy Acres (a posh mental institution), the Playboy Model Prison and the Playboy Plowshare Factory (inspired by our donations to antiwar campaigns).

But, seriously . . . we have absolutely no plans at this time or at any other time to grow, distribute, market or otherwise peddle pot. Cross our heart and hope to die. Our interest in marijuana is limited strictly to helping to end the nationwide practice of jailing people who use it. Toward this end we've been helping to support NORML, and we hope that other advocates of civil liberties will, too.

A POLICEMAN'S DILEMMA

I am a police officer. Recently, I stopped a car in which there were six youths, a couple of bottles of wine, some beer, nine marijuana cigarettes, a hash pipe and a quantity of hashish. With one exception, none of these kids had previously been in trouble with the police, and none of them admitted knowing that there was dope in the car; they said they had only come to town for a rock concert.

My sergeant and I didn't want to alienate the kids by giving them arrest records for a felony—which is what drug possession is in this state—but neither did we want to release them with the contraband and give them the impression that the cops in this city are "easy." We tried without success to find an appropriate city ordinance with which to charge them and reluctantly concluded that we had to book them on the state charges and depend on the detectives and prosecutors to do the right thing. We weren't happy with this solution, but we were resolved to do our duty.

When we got to the jail, I explained the situation to the desk sergeant. Another

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

THE INDOOR SPORTSWOMAN

LONDON—*Women who cultivate their bodies are sexually more talented than those who cultivate their femininity, according to a British sex expert. Dr. Christine Pickard, a consultant on birth control and sex problems, asserts that women athletes generally "are much more interested in sex and physically more responsive than their less active sisters," because they are more oriented toward physical sensation and performance. When it comes to sex, says Dr. Pickard, "muscles are surely much better than either scrawn or flab."*

SEX BACKLASH

BOISE, IDAHO—*Less than a year after it reformed the state criminal code to legalize sexual acts between consenting adults, the Idaho legislature has reinstated most provisions of an antiquated sex law that prohibits adultery, fornication and virtually all other forms of sex except the most conventional of marital relations. An attorney who opposed the sex-law revival said the reinstatement of the law was the result of overwhelming pressure from the state's large Mormon population and from "little old ladies in tennis shoes from the John Birch Society."*

THE CHURCH OF YOUR CHOICE

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA—*A bar owner who lost his liquor and entertainment licenses has gone back to supplying beer, nude dancers and stag movies after reopening his establishment as a church. When authorities closed down the Hi-Life Bar, its 42-year-old owner chartered it as a nonprofit club—the Hi-Life Social Club Church—whose "congregation" is treated to beer, films and nude dancers, all without charge. The churchgoers generally see fit to leave an offering, but the fact that they are not required to has at least temporarily stumped the authorities. Said the owner, who calls himself the church's Ancient Highest Head Priest, "We try to make them happy, and if we succeed in making them happy we accept their contributions as any church would." Said a deputy city attorney, "The whole thing is a farce. It's almost comical, but it kind of makes a mockery of the whole judicial and licensing system."*

FEMALE SEX DEMANDS

Sexually liberated women are demanding better performances than some men can deliver, and the result seems to be an increase in male sexual problems. Writing in the Archives of General Psychiatry, *three New York psychiatrists reported a conspicuous rise in the number of young male patients experiencing impotence and, at the same time, more women patients troubled over the impotence of their husbands or boyfriends. Drs. George L. Ginsberg, William A. Frosch and Theodore Shapiro agreed that a statistical survey would be necessary to confirm their observations; it could be that more people are seeking professional help for their sexual problems than in the past. But the evidence suggests that as women have become less passive and less inhibited in recent years, they also have become more threatening to some men's sense of masculinity and sexual self-confidence. In cases where anxiety seemed to be the major cause of impotence, the psychiatrists found that the men commonly complained of the sexual demands made upon them and worried about their ability to satisfy a woman during intercourse.*

WAR ON BASTARDY

VENTURA, CALIFORNIA—*The California Social Welfare Board has proposed a controversial plan to combat illegitimacy: In some circumstances, the state would have the authority to take away the children of unwed mothers and put them up for adoption. Under the plan, such action would be taken chiefly against unwed mothers under 16 and those who bear more than two illegitimate children—particularly women on welfare and those who refuse to aid investigators in identifying the father.*

THE MODERATE INSULT

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*In voiding an anti-draft picket's conviction for shouting insults at police at the time of his arrest in Georgia, the U.S. Supreme Court voided the state's abusive-language law and held that the First Amendment protects insults and epithets so long as they are clearly not "fighting words." The Court said that the Georgia statute was too broad in that it outlawed all kinds of insults to police, not just those words that "have a direct tendency to cause acts of violence to the person to whom the remark is addressed."*

SUING THE FEDS

NEW YORK—*A U.S. Circuit Court has ruled that Federal agents can be sued for damages if they make a search or arrest that violates a citizen's constitutional rights. However, a valid defense would be that an agent "believed, in good faith, that his conduct was lawful [and] his belief was reasonable." The ruling grew out of a 1965 narcotics raid on a Bronx apartment in which six agents allegedly acted without a search warrant and used unnecessary force in arresting an unresisting occupant who later sued for $90,000 damages. The case has been returned to a lower court for reconsideration of the damage claim.*

A Silver Spring, Maryland, gun collector has filed a $5,000,000 suit for damages and injuries suffered when police and agents of the Internal Revenue Service's Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Division smashed their way into his apartment to search for hand grenades that proved to be harmless dummies ("The Playboy Forum," November 1971). Not realizing the invaders were officers (some were dressed like hippies), the collector confronted them with an antique cap-and-ball pistol and they shot him in the head. The wound left him partially paralyzed and almost speechless. The suit alleges that the agents negligently failed to investigate the reliability of their informant and conducted the raid in a way that made shooting inevitable.

INFORMER INFORMS

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY—*The Government's star witness against 28 people charged with raiding a Camden draft board has admitted he was a $60-a-day FBI informant and* agent provocateur *who supplied the defendants with tools, vehicles and food at FBI expense and also provided the planning, training and leadership that were essential to the raid. In an affidavit submitted by the defense, the informant said the FBI promised him that it would "stop our activities before the action actually happened. . . . I was told my friends would be prosecuted for, at most, a conspiracy and that they would not go to jail." Then, according to the sworn statement, "I was told that against the wishes of some of the local FBI people, the higher-ups, 'someone at the little White House in California,' they said, wanted it to actually happen." The defense has asked a U.S. District Court to quash the indictments on grounds of entrapment.*

The FBI has also been accused of trying to turn physicians into police informants in violation of medical ethics. The Health/PAC Bulletin, *published by the Health Policy Advisory Center in New York, criticizes the FBI for supplying, and medical journals for publishing, mug shots and information on wanted persons who have medical problems requiring treatment by a doctor.*

ABORTION ACTIONS

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT—*A three-judge Federal court has ruled Connecticut's 112-year-old abortion statute unconstitutional. Citing the rights to privacy and due process guaranteed under the Ninth and 14th Amendments, the court held that "the state's interests are insufficient to take from a woman the decision after conception whether or not she will bear a child, and that she, as the appropriate decision maker, must be free to choose." The opinion also noted that "what was considered to be due process with respect to permissible abortions in 1860 is not due process in 1972." In a dissenting opinion, one judge criticized "this court's bold assumption of judicial legislative power to strike down a time-tested Connecticut statute," and warned that the decision "invites unlimited 'feticide' . . . as a way of life in a state long known as the land of steady habits." A state's attorney said the decision would be appealed.*

Elsewhere:

• In Florida, the state legislature has enacted a therapeutic-abortion law to replace the 104-year-old statute that the state supreme court ruled unconstitutional. The new law, similar to abortion-reform laws in a number of other states, includes mental and physical health of the woman as grounds for obtaining a legal abortion. Before terminating a pregnancy, a physician must have the written consent of the woman's husband or (if an unmarried minor) her parents, and the operation must be performed in a state-approved medical facility, but the law sets no time limit or residency requirement. A state official speculated that although the law is procedurally strict, legal abortions soon will be commonplace, particularly in the state's more cosmopolitan cities, such as Gainesville and Miami.

• In New Jersey, a three-judge Federal court has reaffirmed its earlier decision that the state's abortion law is unconstitutional and void. The American Civil Liberties Union reports that as a result of the ruling an increasing number of doctors are performing abortions in hospitals and clinics throughout the state.

• In Vermont, the state legislature adjourned without enacting a new abortion law to replace the statute voided by the state supreme court, and predictions are that some hospitals and clinics soon will be providing abortion services.

• In St. Paul, Minnesota, a physician has challenged the state abortion law by aborting the fetus of a 24-year-old woman who contracted rubella (German measles), a disease that often causes serious birth defects. After the operation, Dr. Jane Hodgson of St. Paul informed state authorities, was arrested and convicted and has appealed her conviction to the Minnesota supreme court.

• The Presidential Commission on Population Growth and the American Future has recommended that legal abortions be made available to all women, with the cost covered by public and private health insurance. President Nixon has already said he opposes abortion out of "personal and religious beliefs."

examination of the city ordinance book turned up a misdemeanor charge that would better serve both justice and our obligation to take some action.

I relate this story to illustrate several points. First, the police have responsibilities that can't be ignored just because they're unpopular. Second, policemen do have consciences and they are aware of the world around them. Third, young people may have strong beliefs, but they must also develop realistic attitudes about the society in which they live.

I concede, as will any professional police officer, that not all police officers are the best to be hoped for, but I wish young people would not stereotype all policemen, as they sometimes do.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

RISK RITES

As a police officer engaged with campus disturbances and the East Los Angeles riots, I read Brock Yates's article *You Bet Your Life* (PLAYBOY, February) with great interest. Many of the violent acts my colleagues and I observed in the streets seemed without reason, and there appeared to be an almost festive air among a number of the looters and rioters. I also noted that most of the people involved were males in their teens or early 20s who hadn't come to grips with everyday responsibilities such as a family or a steady job. During interviews following the unrest, these same young people would take great pride in their arrests, in their bottle-and-rock accuracy and in their prowess against tear gas and batons —all of which sounded as though they had successfully passed through some ancient ritual test of manhood for adolescents.

The reasons for rioting varied. Many of the participants simply dug violence, some found it exciting and some equated the feelings experienced in rioting with those of the pleasures of sexual union. The typical youth didn't find any challenge in his everyday, monotonous life and definitely no tests for his impending manhood. Interview after interview convinced me that political and social commitments were not the reasons for the young people's presence in a troubled area. Some would travel for miles to be where the action was, not knowing what the issues were. In general, the rioting felt good—it made them feel alive.

Our young people must be given a chance to earn their way in a meaningful manner, to experience some form of risk exercise to announce their graduation into manhood and to become a constructive part of our society. Yates has raised some important points for consideration. I hope our legislators and government leaders are listening. If not, my colleagues and I are going to become busier and busier. It's very disconcerting to face a 16-year-old youth sweating, smiling, eyes glazed, upheld hand aiming a five-pound rock at your head. It's hard not to feel an answering impulse toward violence. Bigger jails and night sticks just don't provide answers for modern problems—changes must be made in our basic cultural pattern. The alternative will be riots every weekend just for a chance to "bet your life."

Joseph H. McLean
Long Beach, California

INSUBORDINATE BASTARDS

I am a Vietnam veteran and I happen to like the United States. But I feel that the Kent State killings were an atrocity committed by the National Guard, and my sympathies lie with the victims and their families. R. J. A. Fox (*The Playboy Forum*, April) states that he, too, dislikes bloodshed but, in almost the same breath, declares a wish to "have been there to shoot a few more of those wise, insubordinate bastards." It seems to me he should save such epithets for himself.

M. O'Connell
Absecon, New Jersey

I was not present at the Kent State massacre, but I think I qualify as one of R. J. A. Fox's "insubordinate bastards." What he fails to understand is that we have been getting our heads busted for something we really believe in: a better America. Thus we are not scared to fight for our country. The war in Vietnam is not being fought for our country. It is a war in which 56,000 Americans have died for a pack of lies.

Andrew M. Wo'f
Santa Monica, California

I wonder if R. J. A. Fox knows or cares that two of the "insubordinate bastards" killed at Kent State were not even taking part in the demonstration. One victim belonged to the R. O. T. C., no less. Fox is a real-life Archie Bunker.

L. Winson
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TOLERATING MURDER

Regarding the Kent State massacre, I agree with George Fraatz that "No justice on earth is going to bring those four students back" (*The Playboy Forum*, March). However, the remainder of his letter, arguing that there's no value in further prosecutions, was disheartening.

Had Governor James Rhodes been held to account for his inflammatory statements and subsequent orders concerning the Kent State killings, perhaps Governor Nelson Rockefeller might not have felt so secure in defending the atrocious suppression at Attica, New York, in September 1971. By the same token, had those National Guardsmen who fired their weapons on the Kent State campus been held responsible for their actions, a group of Mississippi state highway patrolmen might not have felt so free to shower a college dormitory at Jackson State University with lead only ten days later.

As long as people are permitted to murder and maim and are not dealt with justly, we are saying, in effect, that murder is tolerable and excusable provided one wears the proper uniform. It is for this reason that I feel those National Guardsmen should be called to defend their actions in a court of law.

Barry Levine
Buffalo, New York

EQUAL INDIGNATION FOR ALL

In the March *Playboy Forum*, the attorney for the family of Kent State victim Jeffrey Miller refers to "the media's inadequate coverage of the Kent State case." That unfortunate incident has gotten hysterical coverage month after month. Conversely, the news media, civil rights leaders and verbose TV commentators have not shown comparable reactions to mad-dog street murders such as those of the two policemen in New York and a teacher in Miami. I feel that PLAYBOY should show its sense of fairness by giving equal coverage to all atrocities, whether committed by longhairs, blacks or law-enforcement agents.

Walter A. Arnesen
Pompano Beach, Florida

When murder is committed by private individuals, the police can be trusted to do their jobs. When—as at Kent State and Jackson State—it's the agents of the law who are themselves the killers, someone else has to raise the alarm.

BASTION OF DECENCY

I had to smile when I read the phrase "the Deep South, America's last bastion of decency and order" used by Charles A. Kanter in the March *Playboy Forum*. Is this bastion not the one that includes Selma, Montgomery, Little Rock, Birmingham, Jackson, Oxford and many other places where public officials defied the U. S. Constitution? Was it not in this bastion that we lost such notables as Dr. Martin Luther King and Medgar Evers? Is this not the same bastion in which a prominent judge has to have guards to protect his house and family because of his integration rulings? Bastion of lawlessness would be more like it.

William R. Wall
Goldsboro, North Carolina

PSYCHIATRIC ESCAPEE

I'm imprisoned in a mental hospital and charged with escaping from a psychiatric institution. I could be sentenced to up to two years in prison. I'm a physician, and in 1967 I was accused of improprieties by female patients. Even though the charges were false, my lawyer judged that the safest course was for me to agree to commitment as a criminal sexual psychopath, because this would be viewed as an illness, whereas if I

Introducing 4-Channel sound for the front seat and the back porch.

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You can play Model CX-601 whether you're sitting in a bucket seat or a love seat. But there's only one place to see it. At your Panasonic dealer.

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Rating the radials.

In tests by two of Europe's leading motor magazines, steel-belted radial tires received higher overall ratings than fabric-belted radials.

1969: Auto Motor und Sport Magazine

1ST	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
2ND	Michelin XAS	(Steel)
3RD	Phoenix Sen.	(Fabric)
4TH	Metzeler Monza	(Fabric)
5TH	Fulda P 23	(Fabric)

These tests included: handling on curves, steering exactness on a zig-zag slalom course, braking distance and behavior, acceleration and skid resistance on a wet circular track, comfort and wear. In addition, Auto Motor und Sport included a test for tire noise in '69, winter suitability in '70 and aquaplaning tendency in '71.

1970: Auto Motor und Sport Magazine

1ST	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
2ND	Pirelli CN 36	(Steel)
3RD	Michelin zX	(Steel)
4TH	Kleber V 10	(Fabric)
5TH	Semperit	(Fabric)
6TH	Dunlop SP 68	(Fabric)

1971: Auto Motor und Sport Magazine

1ST	Metzeler Monza	(Steel)
2ND	Conti TS 771	(Steel)
3RD	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
4TH	Phoenix Sen.	(Fabric)
5TH	Fulda P 25 Rib	(Fabric)
6TH	Goodyear G800	(Fabric)

1971: Auto Zeitung Magazine

1ST	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
2ND	Michelin zX	(Steel)
3RD	Pirelli CF 67	(Fabric)
4TH	Conti TS 771	(Steel)
5TH	Kleber V 10	(Fabric)
6TH	Conti TT 714	(Fabric)
6TH	Fulda P 25 Rib	(Fabric)
8TH	Dunlop Sp 57F	(Fabric)
9TH	Phoenix P110Ti	(Fabric)
10TH	Bridgestone	(Fabric)
10TH	Metzeler Monza	(Steel)
12TH	Metzeler Monza	(Fabric)
13TH	Goodyear G800	(Fabric)

Although radial tires are big news in the U.S. today, they have been widely used in Europe—and increasingly preferred—for the past fifteen years.

To a European motorist, the question today is not whether to get a radial, but what kind of a radial to get.

To help answer that question, two of Europe's leading motoring magazines—"Auto Motor und Sport" and "Auto Zeitung"—conducted exhaustive track tests of the most famous European radial tires. (Test criteria are described above.)

The results show that steel-belted radials as a group received higher overall ratings than fabric-belted radials, winning both first and second places in 1969, 1970 and 1971. They did not, of course, win in every test category.

The steel-belted radial tires have a built-in advantage which was not included in these tests—substantially greater protection against cuts and punctures—because the belts under the tread are made of steel wire. (Cuts are the major cause of tire failure, by the way.)

Uniroyal steel-belted radials are now available in the United States.

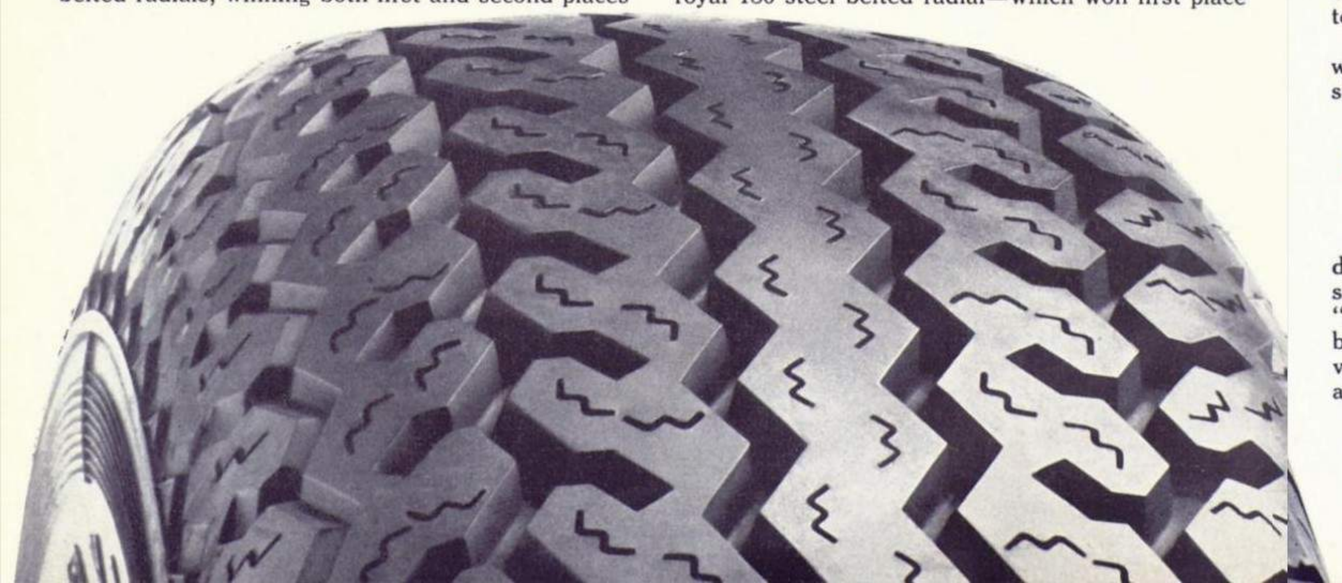
We are pleased to be able to tell you that the Uniroyal 180 steel-belted radial—which won first place overall in three out of four of the above series of tests—is now available in this country in sizes to fit most of the popular European cars.

In addition, Uniroyal is now making a steel-belted radial especially designed for American cars, called the Uniroyal Zeta 40M. This tire is being produced in the United States.

Other companies are beginning to offer you steel-belted radials. But bear in mind that the steel-belted radial is a more difficult tire to make because steel is a more difficult material to work with.

Uniroyal has made more than 20 million steel-belted radials over the past 12 years, and knows how to make them properly.

In fact, there are only two tire companies in the world that have this much experience in making steel-belted radials—Michelin and Uniroyal.



When you go to buy a steel-belted radial, don't let them sell you just a radial tire or a steel-belted tire. It's not the same thing.

Here is how to tell what you're getting. If the dealer tells you it's a "radial tire", you can be pretty sure it's a fabric-belted radial. If he tells you it's a "steel tire," the chances are it's a steel-belted bias construction. (That is, a conventional tire, without the performance advantages of a radial.) If it's a steel-belted radial, you can bet your boots he's going to let you know it!

Would you like to know the name of a dealer in your locality where you can get Uniroyal steel-belted radials? Telephone (800)-243-6000 anytime, free of charge. In Connecticut, call 1-(800)-882-6500.

Would you like to get a complete and unabridged English translation of the reports of all four of the radial tire tests described above? Send 25c to Dept. GP, Uniroyal, Oxford, Connecticut 06749. When you're finished reading this series of test reports, you'll know what to look for in radial tires.

UNIROYAL

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stood trial and were convicted of a felony I could never again practice medicine. I agreed, giving up my chance to prove my innocence, and was confined in the maximum-security ward of Beatty Memorial Hospital, Westville, Indiana.

After being held for a year there, I was judged not to have any sexual problem and was transferred to the civil side of the hospital. Having a wife and three children struggling on welfare, I left the hospital without a discharge while on a pass. I got a job as a resident psychiatric physician for the state of Arkansas. When I wrote to Beatty for my medical records, Indiana authorities issued a warrant for my arrest under a new sexual-deviant law passed in April 1971. This law makes escape from a psychiatric institution a crime for criminal sexual psychopaths and criminal sexual deviants. It does not apply to most of the inmates in mental institutions in this state.

Now I am again behind bricks and barbed wire at Beatty. It has been almost five years since it was alleged that I was guilty of misconduct. I can't be discharged until the escape charge is resolved. This may take two or three more years, and I have been locked up here almost two years already, without any conviction for a crime.

Robert E. Hales, M. D.
Westville, Indiana

CARNAL IGNORANCE

Showing the widely acclaimed, R-rated film *Carnal Knowledge* has resulted in an Albany, Georgia, moviehouse operator's being convicted for distributing obscene materials. An all-male jury deliberated for two days before reaching its decision, which resulted in a year's probation and a $750 fine for the cinema operator. As of now, no decision has been made on whether or not an appeal will be filed.

Even in a reputedly progressive city, apparently people are prone to censor art in the name of suppressing pornography.

Dave Risher
Macon, Georgia

DEAR MR. KEATING . . .

Having received a copy of the by-now-notorious anti-pornography form letter that Charles H. Keating, Jr., of Citizens for Decent Literature, is mailing to people all over the country, I wrote a reply with the help of a friend. We are both film makers and are thoroughly against censorship. Here's part of what we wrote to Keating:

> We've read your letter and found it an insult to our intelligence. We cannot believe that you have discounted all the scientific research done in the field of sexually explicit materials. We also find it incredible that you can boast of spending 600 hours a year battling pornography, when there are so many real problems—war, starvation, poverty and the like—to be fought.
>
> As individuals, we can't understand anyone trying to control the private morals of others. As artists, we intend to do everything possible to resist such oppression.

Robert S. Costa
Richard Jones
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

SMUT IN OUTER SPACE

After *The Los Angeles Times* published a picture of the plaque depicting nude female and male human beings sent beyond the solar system aboard the Pioneer 10 spacecraft, a reader wrote in to complain. His letter, which I consider a superb specimen of a certain type of mentality, concluded as follows:

> Isn't it bad enough that we must tolerate the bombardment of pornography through the media of film and smut magazines? Isn't it bad enough that our own space-agency officials have found it necessary to spread this filth even beyond our own solar system?

Frank R. Hill
Santa Monica, California

LEWD AND LASCIVIOUS COHABITATION

I represent a young man who was employed as a probation officer by the Florida Parole and Probation Commission in Miami. Less than two weeks after he was hired, his superiors heard a rumor that he was living with a girl who was not his wife. He was asked for his resignation and he submitted it. Prior to the resignation, he was told that he could continue his employment if he either married the girl or moved out and lived alone or with male companions. He told the commission representatives that he was not having an illicit relationship with the girl in question, and he submitted two other addresses where he might be staying. This made no difference, and his employment was terminated.

As a result of this incident, an official of the commission distributed a memo referring to "well-founded rumors" that other employees were living with women without benefit of clergy and warned as follows:

> I have been directed to inform all employees of this district that the practice will not be tolerated. Such a situation is a violation of the Florida statutes (798.02) and is punishable by two years in the state prison, or in the county jail for one year, or a fine of $300.
>
> Since we have a goal of rehabilitating criminal offenders, it is, to say the least, blatant hypocrisy to expect parolees and probationers to live within the law, when supervisors choose to violate both the legal and moral codes of society.

The Florida statutes referred to read in part: "If any man and woman, not being married to each other, lewdly and lasciviously associate and cohabit together . . . they shall be punished . . . in the state prison not exceeding two years."

The commission's response to my efforts to discuss the case has been unsatisfactory. As a result, I am considering filing a Federal civil rights suit.

R. Jerome Sanford
Attorney at Law
Miami, Florida

SINGLES-BAR SCENE

John Costello (*The Playboy Forum*, April) contends that a singles bar is "a place that provides an opportunity to meet people, not necessarily an opportunity to get laid." I disagree. For those who seek bed partners, the late-night bar scene offers abundant prospects. It is naïve (or perhaps self-consoling) to consider one's own experience indicative of everyone's. Men looking for sexual encounters with women they meet in singles bars are not necessarily the pseudosophisticated or come-on-strong types. Women enjoy sex as much as men do. A woman is not doing a man a favor by going home with him, since she stands to gain as much from the experience as he does. In a world in which long-term emotional involvement is often impractical or undesirable, a one-night-stand kind of guy is in greater demand than ever.

I'm not a male-chauvinist pig nor a neurotic who has to bed a different woman every night. I simply believe that variety is a good thing and that a singles bar is one of the better places to meet women who share that view.

Greg Martin
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

In the March *Playboy Forum*, you published two replies to my letter titled "Hang-ups of the Free," which appeared in the December 1971 *Forum*. An anonymous bachelor girl labeled me unrealistic, while Jim Davis probably felt he was being kind when he referred to me merely as "the clown." Good show; there's obviously more to this topic than meets the eye.

Both the bachelor girl and Davis imply that no one in his right mind would go to a singles bar with the expectation of meeting a willing bed partner on short notice. I maintain that there are many men and women who frequent singles bars for just that purpose. I think it's reasonable to ask why they don't get together more often. The answer—aside from leftover puritanical attitudes—is that many of them are overly selective and closed-minded. This excessive selectivity is especially noticeable in the type of person who identifies himself or herself as one of the Beautiful People. Such men and women see themselves as being of such high caliber that they can only settle for prime stock in the opposite sex. Experienced singles will probably agree with me that the less pretentious person is usually a helluva better companion, in and out of bed, than most of the Beautiful People.

Four years ago, when I first arrived on Fun City's swinging East Side from a small New England town, I went after the feminine members of the Beautiful People set. Since then, I've given up on that sort, because after it's all over and my head is resting on the pillow, I like to have a real person to talk to.

My point is that singles in search of a good night's lay should admit to themselves what they want and not be so damned picky. This would result in fewer people going home alone and being frustrated, or—even worse—going home *with* someone and ending up frustrated.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

SEX-DATA SERVICE

The staff of the Institute for Sex Research is aware that both researchers and the general public are often in need of accurate sex information. PLAYBOY's answers and comments in the *Advisor* and *Forum* columns provide well-researched, reliable information in response to specific questions asked by readers. The institute offers two other sources of data that PLAYBOY's readers might find of interest. Our information service gives scientific facts and bibliographic references on human sexuality. Also, the institute conducts an annual two-week intensive educational program to cover all aspects of the subject. To learn more about either the information service or this year's program, which will be held here July 16–27, contact the Institute for Sex Research, 416 Morrison Hall, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana.

Ruth Beasley
Information Service Coordinator
Institute for Sex Research
Bloomington, Indiana

NUDITY, REAL AND PICTORIAL

The controversy over the increased explicitness of PLAYBOY's nude photography, as well as the related question of whether or not there's any harm in children's catching a glimpse of such pictures, seems trivial to one who has enjoyed public nudity. I first went to a nude beach in 1970 and found that the most difficult part of the experience was the apprehension I felt beforehand. My 13-year-old daughter was with me and I couldn't imagine appearing naked in front of her. She, God bless her, was reasonably free of inhibitions, having always received full and frank answers to her questions about sex. She looked forward to the development of her breasts, not to attract boys but because she felt it meant the end of being a child. She greeted her first menstrual period with a sense of accomplishment, not with fear. On the beach, she stripped down so casually that my pride would not let me be outdone. It was only when the last of my clothing was off that I realized there was nothing to it. At that stage, I would have been uncomfortable and embarrassed only if I had been wearing something.

As for PLAYBOY, I made a point of showing my daughter one of the critical letters and the copies of the magazine in question. Her reaction was, "So what?" The sooner children learn the facts of life, the better their attitudes. I applaud PLAYBOY, not merely for publishing nudes but because it publishes them in better taste than any other magazine.

Major Jack R. Elder, U. S. A. (Ret.)
APO New York, New York

BILL BAIRD'S VICTORY

After a struggle that began with my arrest in April 1967, the U. S. Supreme Court has declared Massachusetts' Crimes Against Chastity law unconstitutional. This decision could knock out obsolete laws in 26 states and establish that single people have the right to contraceptives. PLAYBOY readers may recall that my crime was lecturing on birth control to an audience at Boston University and giving a package of nonprescriptive contraceptive foam to an unmarried student. Lawyers have told me that the decision in my case may provide a basis for nullifying anti-sex laws in general, such as those against abortion, fornication and sodomy.

My life has been dedicated to the principle that every person regardless of age or marital status has the right to contraceptives and abortions. The nonprofit Parents' Aid Society in Hempstead, which I founded almost a decade ago, has helped over 15,000 women get safe, low-cost abortions. The opposition my work has generated has been incredible, because it has come not just from the predictably conservative religious and political elements but also from people who should have been my allies. Last summer, I was jailed for corrupting the morals of a 14-month-old baby (the infant happened to be in the audience when I was delivering a birth-control lecture). Not one feminist group would respond to my request that it file an *amicus curiae* brief in my behalf. I and other males were banned from speaking at equality rallies because of our sex. The ultimate absurdity came when National Organization for Women founder Betty Friedan told newspaper reporters, "It's been rumored that Bill Baird is a CIA agent."

I am grateful to the Playboy Foundation and to many others who have helped. I'm deeply in debt after this lengthy struggle, and Parents' Aid Society's programs require funds, volunteers and supplies. My main source of income is lecturing and I greatly need the help of anyone connected with a college or civic group who can aid in arranging lecture dates for me. Perhaps now that my name has been cleared, some of those previously sensitive to my prison record will permit me to share with the public some of the struggles I've had. I'm eager to do so.

Bill Baird, Director
Parents' Aid Society
Hempstead, New York

ABORTION AID

Three days before my wedding, I learned that I was pregnant. I was stunned. My husband-to-be and I were quite unprepared for the emotional and financial problems that having a family would have caused at the time. Fortunately, I remembered seeing the report "The Abortion Backlash" in the September 1971 *Playboy Forum* listing phone numbers for, among others, the Clergy Consultation Service. I called it and was referred to a nearby minister who was very well informed and understanding and who, in turn, referred me to a clinic in New York.

There were a number of women at the clinic on the day I went there, and we were all treated with courtesy and concern. The helpful atmosphere of the clinic, combined with the nonjudgmental attitude of the staff, did much to alleviate my fears concerning abortion.

The procedure itself was brief and nearly painless, and the cost was nominal, coming to about one fourth of what I had expected. Though I wouldn't want to repeat the experience, I am not ashamed of what I did; I feel that it was necessary to preserve my self-respect and my sanity.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

ABORTION AND CATHOLICISM

In a letter in the April *Playboy Forum*, Helen Smith, chairman of the Illinois Citizens for the Medical Control of Abortion, charged that the anti-abortion campaign in the U. S. is almost solely a product of the Catholic Church. I would like Ms. Smith to consider the following facts:

1. Americans United for Life, Washington, D. C., is a nonsectarian group opposed to abortion. It is headed by men such as professor George Williams of the Harvard University Divinity School, professor Will Herberg of Drew University, Dr. Kenneth Mitzner of Los

(concluded on page 194)

The beginning of the end of the nonsense we both go through to rent a car.

Every time you rent a car you wait around while we fill out the same old rent a car form.

With the same old questions. No matter how many times you've answered them before.

You don't like it. We don't like it.

Well, it wasn't easy, but we solved the problem. By creating an entirely new way of renting cars.

It's called Hertz Number One Club. Once you're a member you'll never again have to bother with a rent a car form and all the aggravation that goes with it.

You can get information on the Hertz Number One Club at any Hertz counter. We'll either give you an application right there, or have you fill out a card so we can send you one.

Here's how it works. First you join for free and we send you a membership card. Then whenever you reserve a Ford or other car from us, your rent a car form will be filled out in advance, and waiting. So when you come to the counter all you do is show your license and charge card, sign your name, and go.

Or sign your name and stay.

Because once our girls are free from filling out forms, they can devote their attention to more important things.

Like you.

Hertz
Number One Club
It could make any other way of renting cars obsolete.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ANTHONY HERBERT

a candid conversation with the "supersoldier" who was forced to leave the army for exposing war crimes—and high-level cover-up—in vietnam

In 1944, a gangly 14-year-old boy named Anthony Herbert ran away from his home in Herminie, a tough Pennsylvania coal-mining town, to join the Marines in the Pacific. His mother and his high school principal followed him, convinced the Marines he wasn't 17 and took him back home. Three years later he tried again and, along with a black friend, was accepted into the postwar volunteer Army. "We entered under the buddy system," Herbert recalls, "and were promised duty in the same unit, but the first thing they did was split us up. I complained to my commander and was told that Negroes and whites never serve in the same outfit. It was my first experience with segregation." He was still questioning the system 24 years later, and it finally cost him his military career.

By any reckoning, that career was a remarkable one. At 22, he was the most decorated enlisted man in the Korean War, with a Bronze Star, three Silver Stars, four Purple Hearts and an array of additional medals from our Government and others. After a tour of world capitals as an "Outstanding Soldier" and a "Tony Herbert Day" in his home town, he hung up his uniform, got married and enrolled at the University of Pittsburgh to get a B. A. in English. But in 1956 he re-enlisted—as a second lieutenant—and went off on a tour of duty that took him from Germany (where he led the Rangers) to Africa (on classified intelligence missions) to the Middle East (where he scuba-dived from an intelligence ship) to the Dominican Republic (into which he took the first group of American paratroopers during the 1965 crisis) and finally to Vietnam (where he served with the Green Berets). Herbert also became an expert in nearly all the martial arts, yet he found time to learn several languages, pick up a master's degree in psychology, write a book on Korea and do a psychological study of General Patton as part of his Ph.D. work.

Back in the States in 1968 as an R. O. T. C. instructor at the University of Georgia, Lieutenant Colonel Herbert volunteered to return to Vietnam, where he became a battalion commander in the elite 173rd Airborne Brigade and quickly won another Silver Star, three more Bronze Stars, two Air Medals, an Army Commendation Medal for Valor and a recommendation for the Distinguished Service Cross. In September 1971, The New York Times *quoted a letter to Herbert's wife from one of the officers in his battalion: "This guy is absolutely incredible. He is the perfect warrior—a supersoldier, if I ever saw one. He is brilliant yet simple, tough but gentle, and I believe he is absolutely fearless." The same article quoted a general who called him "one of the best, if not the best combat commander in the whole goddamned Army." He was definitely due a general's star. But on April 4, 1969, after only 58 days in command, he was abruptly relieved, given an efficiency report that eliminated all chance of future promotion and sent back to the U. S.*

What happened to "the perfect warrior"? Herbert says he was relieved because of his persistent attempts to report war crimes to his superiors and their desire to cover them up to protect their careers. The Army said it was "unsatisfactory performance of duty" but later withdrew this charge and left no official reason for his removal. Herbert was forced to investigate his war-crimes allegations at his own expense while stationed at Fort Leavenworth and later at a nondescript recruiting office in Atlanta's Fort McPherson. A few days after winning an all-Army trophy for the best re-enlistment record in the country, he was demoted to an even lesser post. Finally, in March 1971, he filed formal charges against his commanders in Vietnam, Colonel J. Ross Franklin and Major General John Barnes, accusing them of dereliction of duty, concealment of a

"Why in hell don't these generals get out there on the booby-trapped trails and be 'cowards' with the rest of us? I'll go back to Saigon and take responsibility for sending them to their deaths."

"Kissinger is a fat little professor. I imagine when he was a little kid in the street, somebody kicked his ass and took his football and played a game with it, and gave it back when he was done."

"If you're guilty of war crimes, you'll be made commandant of West Point, or at least the President will come to your defense. But when you report war crimes, you'll get thrown out of the Army."

felony and failure to obey regulations—all legalese for covering up war crimes. Since then Herbert has been charged with assault, forced to resign, heard his wife and daughter abused and seen his charges against Franklin and Barnes dropped.

Concerned about the issues raised by the man some call a charlatan and others call the only honorable figure in the Army, PLAYBOY *assigned two Vietnam veterans, Bruce Galloway and Robert B. Johnson, Jr., to unravel his complex story. They found if difficult even to begin, because of new Army regulations designed to prohibit Herbert, then still in uniform, from speaking publicly and because of his lawyer's fears that the interview would be confiscated by the Army and used to delay his retirement or as grounds for a court-martial. Finally, on the day of his retirement, they began. Here are their impressions:*

"Chasing Tony Herbert was an exhausting job. The nights were very late, but the mornings came early with a call from him: 'The officers at Fort McPherson are already up and working. You'll never win the revolution in bed; let's get going!' His home is on a rapidly integrating, quiet suburban street in Atlanta and belies his past; the only military souvenir we saw was a miniature bayonet used as a letter opener. Physically, he's imposing. Even John Wayne would be hard put to outfight this man. And he projects the same sincerity and authority. For ten days we searched for inconsistencies in his story and could find nothing but a contradiction between his hard-bitten combat experiences and his gentle, friendly nature. He emerged as a kind of high-ranking, unfunny Good Soldier Schweik who salutes his superiors and, much to their dismay, does exactly what they order. He is a battle-toughened, intellectual ex-Army officer who has decided to use all his strength, his awareness of the system and his impeccable combat record to force that institution into reshaping itself. He is feared and hated within the Army for these attributes, but because of them, he may just possibly win."

PLAYBOY: When did you first become aware of war crimes in Vietnam?

HERBERT: In 1965 and '66, on temporary assignment with the Special Forces, I was told to go out and execute Vietnamese as part of the Phoenix program—which had earlier been called Sphynx. Phoenix is a CIA-run operation that identifies members of the Viet Cong and sends teams out to eliminate them. They call it execution, but it amounts to assassination or plain murder; using the word execution only gives it a ring of legality. It implies that a man has been tried, judged, sentenced and now he's to be executed. My mission was to go out and wipe out a family and make it look like the V. C. had done it in order to get the villagers back on our side. Now, I just couldn't do this. I said no, that I would take any other mission, but I wouldn't go out and kill unarmed individuals. I asked, "Who identifies these people I'm supposed to kill?" The answer was, "Well, we have Vietnamese people from the area who'll take care of this." So I asked how we knew that a man didn't have a more personal reason for having this or that family wiped out. Maybe for revenge or, even worse, maybe he's a double agent and he's pointing out the good people instead of the bad people. It was too shaky a thing for me, so I said, "I'm not going to do it. If they're that bad and they're supposed to be killed, instead of a Vietnamese pointing them out with his finger, just hand him a rifle and let him point with *it*—and then squeeze the trigger." A sort of early Vietnamization program.

PLAYBOY: Who told you to do these things?

HERBERT: Well, the guy who was running it at that time, like everybody else in the program, had a cover name. You go in and meet Smith, Ward or Jones, a bunch of people with very short names. In a way, it covers guilt. You didn't do it; Mr. Smith did. It becomes unreal to you. That's why there's so much talk about unreality in the Vietnam war. The V. C. and the North Vietnamese are the dinks, the slopes, the gooks. They're the bad guys, we're the good guys. The airplane that fires miniguns all over is Puff the Magic Dragon. Areas targeted for devastation are "free-fire zones." It's like going through the looking glass. When you come back to the real world, you step back through it, and the dead all jump back up.

PLAYBOY: Did you witness and report any war crimes during this period?

HERBERT: No, I didn't see any. If I had witnessed a war crime, I damn sure would have reported it. I had the same understanding of the Geneva Convention and the rules of land warfare then as I do now, and they haven't changed.

PLAYBOY: Did you hear any talk among other Army officers of war crimes during the build-up in Vietnam?

HERBERT: Sure. I did. I was with a naval-intelligence ship like the Pueblo in the Mediterranean as a liaison officer to do some intelligence diving and after that taught R. O. T. C. at the University of Georgia. At these places and at other stations around the world I heard young officers talk about "blowing away gooks" and that kind of thing, but I thought they were green soldiers trying to be tough by talking tough. I felt all these war stories were exaggerations by weak men. It was hard for me to believe that American officers would talk like that and really *mean* it.

PLAYBOY: During this period, what were your views on the war?

HERBERT: I believed what the President said. I didn't know enough about what was really happening. All I was fed in the Army, of course, was the total propaganda line. I mean, I believed the Gulf of Tonkin story, that things had actually occurred like that. We weren't as fortunate as the citizenry today; we had no Dan Ellsberg to tell us differently. But even if it hadn't been like that, I would still have gone, gladly. It wouldn't have mattered to me what had occurred; the fact was that it *had* occurred and we were now there. Whether we were there legally or not made no difference; we just had to do the best job we could under the circumstances: stay alive and help those people as much as we possibly could. I believed we were over there to do good.

PLAYBOY: You returned to Vietnam in August of 1968, after the Tet offensive and after the mood of the country had obviously changed about the war. Did you want to go back?

HERBERT: Sure. I was still an officer in the Army and there was still a war going on over there, so I volunteered to return. I hadn't served a full tour in Vietnam and had never served with Americans. The early trips were spent with Cambodians, going across the border to monitor traffic on the Ho Chi Minh trail. I felt when I went back that I ought to see how *American* troops operated and learn about what was changing in the way of tactics and equipment. I hadn't even operated out of helicopters and I knew that was the going thing in the Army. I wanted to see how they were used in action.

PLAYBOY: What was your new assignment?

HERBERT: I became the Inspector General of the 173rd Airborne Brigade. When an enlisted man has no other recourse, he can go to the I. G., who then goes outside command channels and theoretically serves justice. He investigates the case, sees whether there's any legitimacy to the man's complaints and then—without exposing the individual to any retaliation from above—takes some action to make things right. It comes from way back in the Army, from Von Steuben in the Revolutionary War; he was the first I. G. It's designed to make sure the enlisted man has a recourse for justice in the military.

Of course, that's not how it works today. When you take over as I. G., the general calls you in for a briefing and says, "Look, you're on my staff and I want you to know right away that your real job is to protect *me*." So as soon as a man comes in with a complaint, you find something to knock that complaint the hell out as unjustified before the man writes to Congress. But I had been an enlisted man, so I took the job to heart, the way it was intended. That was OK with General Allen, who was the brigade commander then. He had been an enlisted man himself.

However, some commanders just couldn't tolerate an I. G. who did his job. It went completely against their personality and their type of training—the West Point–type training. The junior man had no rights; he never did. Everything was for the good of the commander's image, for the good of the brigade—which meant for the good of the commanders. The key phrase used to justify any type of illegal action was always "for the good of the brigade." We can't let this get out and spoil our image. The civilians wouldn't understand. For the good of the brigade, you could cover up fraud and theft, rape and murder. For the good of the brigade, you could let people get away with anything—even if it violated the Geneva Convention or any other legal, moral or ethical code or set of standards.

PLAYBOY: You later became a battalion commander. Did you request the job?

HERBERT: No. While I was I. G., General Allen said he was going to assign me as a commander. A lieutenant colonel who commanded the First Battalion of the 503rd Infantry was shot down in a helicopter and broke a leg or something and I was told that General Allen had decided I would take over the unit, to come down with all my combat gear ready to go to the field immediately. So I threw everything in my rucksack and went whistling down there—you know, going to be a *commander*. But when I got there, the brigade sergeant major told me something had happened; he was kind of pissed about it. It seems they had a West Pointer named Henning—who had been at West Point with Franklin, by the way—who had 20 years as a commissioned officer but had never had a command. He had been sent over to Vietnam to get his ticket punched—get his command time. That's the way it's done. Whether a man has a good combat record or not doesn't matter. If he's one of the boys—a West Pointer—and he's going to be selected for big things in the Army, he has to go out and command troops.

I congratulated Henning and went back to my job as I. G. Then General Allen called me in and said he was leaving, but he'd make sure I got the next battalion that opened up. About six weeks later, I took over Second Battalion and that was it. But Colonel Franklin told me, "Don't count on being here more than 30 days." The night Barnes gave me the battalion, he said, "I know you're neither a Leavenworth" —that's the Army school that's called the school for generals—"nor a West Point graduate. I hope you can handle the job." Well, I had been in three wars and I knew damned well I could do it as well as or better than the rest of them who were already doing it. But I just said, "Well, I'll try, sir." So I became a battalion commander.

PLAYBOY: Why 30 days? Was Franklin antagonistic to you?

HERBERT: I don't know. Maybe he just resented the fact that I wasn't a ring-knocker.

PLAYBOY: Ring-knocker?

HERBERT: West Point graduates wear these big class rings, and they're always tapping them on tabletops in case you forget they're wearing one. Maybe Franklin wanted a fellow ring-knocker to have that battalion. At least that's what the brigade sergeant major swears. Or maybe it was because I had been a little too dedicated as an I. G. and Franklin thought I might not be a good team player. Anyway, I didn't think about it much at that time. I had a battalion to get in shape, and I knew enough about the unit to expect some real problems.

PLAYBOY: What sort of problems?

HERBERT: There had been two attempts on the previous commander's life. There had been quite a few fraggings in that battalion, of both officers and senior enlisted men. One man had both legs blown off; seven people had been wounded by a grenade, and a Claymore mine had been blown right at the tactical-operations center—a mine set to kill the staff, for Christ's sake. Something had to be done, and the way to start was by leveling. So I got all the troops out and said, "OK, a lot of you men have been convicted of minor crimes, like having marijuana, crimes you think you're not guilty of, but you've been charged and fined hundreds of dollars. You've been, in your estimation, screwed by the green machine. I'm not going to argue whether you were right or the preceding battalion commander was right. However, any punishment that he gave you, I can give the money back, I can clean your record, I can eliminate any charges that he made against you, because I'm the battalion commander now. That's the way it works in the Army. I'm going to take the first step. Those of you who are going home tomorrow, you stay clean until tomorrow and you'll go home with a clean record. Your whole year will be clean." Somebody had to make the first move. We didn't have any more trouble. The marijuana problem ended. Everything just ended.

PLAYBOY: Drug abuse seems to be one of the most persistent problems in Vietnam. Why?

HERBERT: The Army creates its own drug problem. The Army thinks a man who's kept busy won't take drugs, so it tries to keep soldiers busy at all costs by giving them meaningless menial tasks to perform, no matter what their qualifications or interests. On top of that, officers and N. C. O.s with nothing better to do harass the troops day and night. It's not fear of combat that drives most men to drugs in Vietnam—it's harassment and boredom. Also, the Army doesn't distinguish between marijuana and hard drugs, forcing the troops to use the least detectable—heroin. Not only does the Army drive enlisted men to look for an escape; its corrupt members help make that escape available to them. And look at the Army's current solution—burn the marijuana fields of Vietnamese farmers and then pay to cure, or at least dry out, heroin addicts as they leave Vietnam. Got to be sure "our boys" are clean before they get back to the real world. A month later, of course, it becomes a civilian problem, a family problem; the Government is absolved of its responsibility.

PLAYBOY: Some people think that the drug problem and the fraggings in Vietnam are evidence of a decline in the quality of the American soldier. Do you think there's any truth to that?

HERBERT: The men I served with in Vietnam are the finest soldiers this country has ever produced. Anyone who thinks he did more in World War Two than these guys did over in the jungles is just bullshitting himself. The average grunt or sergeant in Vietnam would do *anything* you told him to. They were almost fatalistic about it. As long as it was legitimate and you were out there with them, it was OK, no matter what the chances of getting blown away. If you were out there with them, doing what they had to do, not trying to win promotions and decorations, then they'd do it all. The guys I was with in Korea who were considered really brave would be about average in the jungles of Vietnam.

There are people in the Army now who say that the troops that went over to Vietnam were a bunch of bums. But the people who are doing the crying are the people who are at fault. It was bad leadership that made some of these troops into substandard performers. Men just won't go out and fight and die for somebody who doesn't care about them, never sees them, never shares their risks while they're out doing the bleeding. If the troops didn't perform like the generals wanted them to, it was because the generals weren't doing their job. It's that simple.

PLAYBOY: What did you do that other commanders didn't to win the confidence of your troops?

HERBERT: I got everybody—including myself—out of the rear. You have to be over there to know just how important that is. You can find comfort—hell, *luxury*—in Vietnam, a war zone, that's unlike anything you could find this side of a Miami Beach resort hotel. The American people were paying for 500,000 troops over there, but the fact is that about 475,000 of these men were cooling their heels, living better than they could ever afford to live in America or any place else in this

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world, living like potentates, like kings. We just flaunted it. Cigarettes were free. Cigars were free. Beer was free. Whiskey was almost free. Everything was free. Now, a real trimmed-down fighting brigade, according to the manual, should be able to operate almost out of two little tents and a jeep—out of its back pocket. But our brigade, which was representative, had this vast complex of swimming pools, pizza joints, steakhouses, Dairy Queens, outdoor theaters and clubs with two or three bands playing every night.

PLAYBOY: You had all this in just your brigade?

HERBERT: Yes. An airborne *combat* brigade, no less. And all of this was for the enjoyment of those who never saw combat—all but a few hundred of our ten or eleven thousand men. But everyone was drawing combat pay. In his mess, General Barnes actually had men in white jackets with little winetasting cups around their necks. I know a major whose responsibility was teaching these men how to taste wine for General Barnes. All this while the same few hundred guys, without any support whatsoever, were out there dying, humping it every day, day after day, for all these thousands of men toasting each other over the bar.

PLAYBOY: Apart from its demoralizing effects on those who had to do the fighting, did all this rear-area country-clubbing ever interfere with operations in the field?

HERBERT: All the time. We couldn't get what we needed for combat because it was being used for other missions. Like making life easy. The brigade had a pizza chopper, for example. If you ordered enough pizzas, a helicopter would deliver them. It was supposed to be based on the availability of the helicopter, but that was bullshit. You wanted pizza, you'd get a chopper. Well, one day I had some wounded after a fire fight north of An Khe and I called for medical evacuation—a "dust-off." But the medical chopper was out somewhere and they said I'd have to wait. But I couldn't wait, so I ordered a stack of pizzas and I had a helicopter in no time flat. I put my wounded on—two woundeds and a guy with malaria. Later, I was called in and chewed out.

PLAYBOY: By whom?

HERBERT: General Barnes. He bitched at me for making unauthorized use of a pizza chopper. My men should at least have been in critical condition, he told me. Christ! Maybe he was peeved that I hadn't paid for the pizzas.

PLAYBOY: With all that high living in the rear, didn't your men resent being taken into combat?

HERBERT: Not much. They were doing what they'd been sent to do. And out in the field there was no harassment, no bullshit, no make-work, no idle time. When you're out in the bush, you have to do your job and count on the other man to do his. Your life depends on it. So you get tight with the guys in your outfit and you take pride in what you do. A man can't feel much pride when he's back at an R & R beach tending bar or lifeguarding.

Well, I put a stop to a lot of that, and when my troops out in the field saw the guys who had been living it up back at base out there with them, that ended some of the resentment they'd felt before I took over the battalion. They also saw *me* out there, so they knew they weren't being run by remote control, being told to take risks their commander wasn't willing to take. They were also getting what was due them. Every man in the field, for example, was supposed to get a free beer a day. It was supplied and the men were supposed to get it. Previously, some swore to the I. G. office they had been charged a buck a can for beer that had been given to us free to give to them. And it was warm beer when they got it. So I took the beer to them every night myself; had a man put it in big rubber body bags. The ice melted overnight in the heat, of course, but the beer stayed cold. Anything that came in for the troops, my staff and I made sure they received it.

They were also supposed to have survival knives, a big hunting knife made for helicopter pilots in Vietnam. Everybody in Saigon was carrying one of the damned things on his belt, but the troops that needed them in the jungle didn't have them. The high ranks peeled them off and sold them on the black market or kept them. So you'd see all these Saigon commandos with this big damned survival knife, and the guy in the jungle running around with a penknife. Well, a friend got me a set of these knives and I made a rule: Every private in the battalion was to have one of those knives. I said I'd better not find a single man above private wearing a knife as long as there was still one private without one; I'd better not find one corporal wearing one and some Pfc. without one. So instead of giving it from the top down, I gave it from the bottom up, as it's meant to be. And the troops realized right away what was going on. You can't bullshit them, and when you don't try to, they appreciate it.

PLAYBOY: Considering the unpopularity of the war, weren't there any men under your command—despite your honesty and evenhandedness—who simply didn't want to fight?

HERBERT: Some of the men balked at going into the field, but I really didn't have much of a problem with that. Some of them didn't want to be involved in this type of war, or they said they didn't believe in killing. I told them they didn't have to kill—just go out and do another job. There are a lot of other jobs in war besides killing. I let them

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rebuild temples and build hospitals for kids, or go out and administer minor medical treatment. They were quite satisfied, and that eliminated my rear-area problems. So well, in fact, that I got into trouble for it.

PLAYBOY: How could you get into trouble for eliminating discipline problems?

HERBERT: There is a letter from General Barnes to the effect that my men weren't getting enough delinquency reports—the things that MPs give guys for running stop signs and that sort of thing. I guess Barnes thought I was being soft on the men or something. But I didn't give d.r.s; the MPs did, and the reason my men weren't getting them was because they weren't back at base where the MPs handed them out. They were with me out in the field doing what they were sent to do.

PLAYBOY: Were your tactics in the field the same as other commanders', or did you have your own way of doing things out there, too?

HERBERT: In my battalion, we used basic infantry tactics that have been good since the time of Philip of Macedonia. There's a lot of nonsense talked about the new lessons of Vietnam and that sort of thing, but war is still war. The problem is still closing with the enemy and destroying him. But in Vietnam the Army figured we could win it with technology. So we bombed everything in sight, used artillery like there was no tomorrow, defoliated and all the rest. Somebody once said that in Vietnam we would use ammunition like a millionaire and use lives like a pauper. That sounds good; it has a nice ring; like something generals tack on walls behind their desks. But what happened was we started killing a lot of the wrong people. You don't know who you're killing when you fire artillery all over the place or call in a B-52 strike. When you use firepower indiscriminately, everybody gets killed—including Americans. I'd guess that about 50 percent of our casualties over there have been a result of our own weapons. We wanted to make it easier for the grunts, but visibility was so restricted in the bush that uncontrolled men firing just flat killed a lot of our own troops. The big reason for using so much firepower, of course—apart from giving the Air Force and the artillery a job to do—was so we could increase our body count. Theirs, not ours. We decided to measure success on the battlefield in terms of bodies.

PLAYBOY: Is that the way *you* operated?

HERBERT: Before I took over the battalion, men were given furloughs for bodies. I changed that. I gave furloughs for detainees, for live prisoners. We weren't out there just to kill. Prisoners can give you information, and in a guerrilla war, that's an essential commodity.

PLAYBOY: But your battalion did have the most kills of any battalion in the entire 173rd Brigade.

HERBERT: Yes, but we made sure *who* we killed. I cut down on the artillery. Cut down on the use of air strikes. Stopped assaults on villages. We tried to operate where the guerrillas were and to operate like them. We made sure we were killing the enemy, not just some farmer who happened to get in our way. Hardly any American units in Vietnam, for example, operate at night. But that's when the V. C. go to work. That's when they move, when they set up their assaults, when they make their mortar attacks. Obviously, if you want to stop them, you have to get out there at night, when they're on the move; not go into a village in the daytime, hoping the V. C. are holed up there, and blow that village apart. So we started setting up night ambushes along the trails.

I had to retrain my men in fire discipline. With all the emphasis on firepower, everybody was in the habit of going to full automatic fire any time there was a fight, and all that does is guarantee you're going to kill everybody in the area—the enemy, innocent civilians and your own troops. I told my people we would use single shots, no bursts. And I made them go out and retrain with their weapons so they could hit what they were shooting at. Then I told the troops that when we heard automatic fire from any weapon, we would return that fire, because it would be considered enemy. Any man who switched to automatic had better watch his ass or he'd be dead.

PLAYBOY: Even if they obeyed the rules, didn't this tactic expose your own troops to considerable risk? There must have been times when they needed extra support and firepower.

HERBERT: When we did, we used it. You have to evaluate the situation and do what's necessary. I didn't sacrifice people for any policies. But the best way to answer that question is to look at the statistics. Only two of my men were killed in the 58 days I was in command of that battalion.

PLAYBOY: How did you manage to keep your casualties so low?

HERBERT: One of the best ways to take a lot of casualties in a helicopter assault is to land your choppers 300 or 400 yards from where the enemy is dug in and move across that ground to close with him. You have to go through his automatic-weapons fire, his mortars. You get tangled up with his mines and his booby traps. You lose some arms and legs and you become disorganized before you ever get close. You give up any advantage of surprise you might have had. You get discouraged. You give the enemy a chance to get out the back door after he's through chewing you up.

I decided that this wasn't the way to do it. I brought my choppers straight down on the enemy. I didn't have to go through any damn mine fields and have my men blown apart. And it gave the enemy two choices. He could fight and die or he could surrender. Some of them did fight and die, but a lot of them surrendered. Hell, I saw a sergeant knock out a tank in the Dominican Republic with a Coca-Cola. He ran up and threw a bottle of Coke at a rebel tank. The people in that tank thought the bottle was full of gasoline and they were going to be burned alive, so they got right out. You can be aggressive enough not to take casualties.

PLAYBOY: In spite of your combat record, you were relieved from command and rated by General Barnes and Colonel Franklin as "unfit to serve as a commissioned officer in the United States Army."

HERBERT: Yes. One day I was given an award as the best battalion commander in the unit and the next I was out of a job.

PLAYBOY: How did it happen?

HERBERT: The day after I got that award, I went up to Franklin and said jokingly, "Sir, your best battalion commander would like to talk to you about some atrocity investigations." I had verbally reported to him about things I'd seen in the field and, as far as I could tell, nothing was being done. When I'd reported these incidents to Colonel Franklin, he'd given me a typical response. He said I was a liar or exaggerating. Then he tried to intimidate me by saying that maybe I was growing queasy and didn't have the stomach for guerrilla war. I also reported some of these incidents to General Barnes, who told me to deal directly with Colonel Franklin, that he himself wasn't going to touch it.

Franklin took care of it, all right—by dragging his heels. But I still didn't think he was being corrupt. Just tardy. But when I brought the subject up again the day after that award, he got real hard about it. So I told him, "OK, sir. I've reported crimes to you and none of them has been investigated. All the witnesses will be leaving Vietnam soon. Nobody's even asked me for a statement. Nothing has been done. If I don't get an answer in the next week or so, I'm going down to field headquarters and make a report." He said, "You'll get an answer tomorrow morning."

That night a major came by and told me General Barnes wanted to see me in the morning. When I walked in to see him, he said I was being replaced. "We're going to tell the troops you're going to a high-level job in Saigon." I said, "It's because of the war crimes, isn't it?" Franklin was there and he jumped up and called me a liar and a cheat. Barnes said he didn't want to talk about it. I told the general that he owed me at least the courtesy of completing the investigation to see who was telling the truth. "Colonel Franklin has already investigated and I'm satisfied," he said. When I walked outside, Colonel Franklin caught up with me and said, "You have a very fine career ahead of you, so don't go down there making waves. The general said he'd give you an outstanding efficiency report if you don't make waves." And I said, "You don't know me very well. I'm not just going to forget about those crimes."

PLAYBOY: And you didn't.

HERBERT: Damn right I didn't. When I got to Saigon, I went to see General Abrams' Inspector General, a Colonel Edler. He suggested that I write out my side of the story but advised me not to raise directly the issue of war crimes. Sort of sneak it in was his advice. Make them think I was just out to get myself exonerated. They'd understand that. But investigate war-crime cover-up by the command? Never.

So I requested an investigation for erroneous relief of command and finally got it. One of Abrams' and Westmoreland's old West Point friends, Major General Joseph R. Russ, was assigned to investigate and report on the case. General Russ told me that war-crimes charges were out of the question under the terms of the investigation I'd requested. "If you can bring out these crimes in cross-examination, however, they can be made a matter of record." I was looking forward to cross-examining Barnes and Franklin, but when it came time for me and my Army-appointed lawyer to fly back to the 173rd Brigade area for the cross-examination of witnesses, suddenly there wasn't room for me on the plane. But General Russ's investigators said they would cross-examine for me. Nice of them, I thought. So that investigation was completed without a word about war crimes.

PLAYBOY: What exactly were your charges?

HERBERT: I made eight charges involving war crimes. Everything I reported occurred in January, February or March of 1969. Later I dropped one of the charges—concerning the murder of an American lieutenant by two of his men. The two men were killed later, according to the Army, and the investigation would only have caused needless suffering for the families involved. The others, however, I still stand by, and according to a fact sheet published on December 7, 1971, and released to Congress, so does the Army. There are 21 crimes listed on the fact sheet. The implication is that I reported all of them. Of my original eight, seven have been confirmed by the Army as occurring as I reported. I guess by adding the others they're trying to make me look like a real troublemaker, and by shooting their own charges down, make it look like my batting average isn't really all that good. I was asked about the others, since they were supposed to have occurred in the same area where my battalion was operating, so I just told the investigators what I had heard about the charges. I never claimed to have witnessed everything myself.

PLAYBOY: But you did witness the seven you reported?

HERBERT: Either in person or had them reported to me by someone of lower rank, which in the Army is the same thing.

PLAYBOY: Would you go through the charges?

HERBERT: OK. I'll read them to you: "Members of a Vietnamese unit, accompanied by an American captain advisor, looted a village during a sweep-and-search operation." The Army fact sheet says: "Two American officers stated that they witnessed the looting by Republic of Vietnam [RVN] Regional Forces from Tam Quan District during March 1969. There was contemporaneous inquiry by the 173rd Brigade into this incident. The inquiry made clear that, as a result of an American officer's actions, the looted items were returned to the Vietnamese villagers at that time."

Here's what happened: One of my company commanders on the ground saw that this looting was going on and reported it to my operations officer, who was flying over the area in a chopper. He called me over the radio and said he was going to land and put a stop to it. Later he came back and told me, "I got down there and found this rat-assed captain who said he couldn't do anything because he was just an advisor and didn't have any control over the Vietnamese. I told him that I'd been an advisor and that he was full of shit and to make those people give back what they'd looted or we'd take our companies out of the area and leave him with his Vietnamese to fight the V. C."

He finally did make them return what they'd taken, and that was that. I reported the incident—just like the book says I'm supposed to—and Colonel Franklin called me down and told me to submit my operations officer for a court-martial or some other kind of discipline. I said that since he was following my orders and under my command and was doing the right thing, I wouldn't do it. The whole thing ended there. In the fact sheet, the Army says that American officers corrected the situation, implying that everything was taken care of. But the officers who did the correcting were mine—a point the Army sort of glosses over. And I was supposed to punish them for it? It's straight out of Kafka.

The Army goes on to say what that rat-assed captain said: "The American advisor did not have command authority over the Vietnamese unit." That's outright bullshit! Anybody who's served in Vietnam knows damned well that the Americans may be called advisors, but we all know who's really boss out there. But who's boss doesn't matter anyway, since, as signatories to the Geneva Convention, we are required to stop war crimes committed by our Army and allied armies as well, apprehend the offenders, turn them over to their government for trial or try them ourselves. But the Army gets around the whole issue by stating in its report: "Since all offenders were Vietnamese nationals, the results of the USACIDA [U.S. Army Criminal Investigation Division Agency] investigation were transferred to U. S. Military Assistance Command, Vietnam, for forwarding to appropriate RVN officials." Now, three and a half years later, what the hell good will that do? If they ever turned the results over at all. Why doesn't Congress ask to see this paper? What did the Viets do about it?

OK, allegation number two: "Members of an unidentified South Vietnamese unit, accompanied by an American lieutenant, advisor to the Tam Quan National Police, killed five Vietnamese detainees who had been taken from United States troops. The throat of one of these detainees, a female, was cut in the presence of LTC Herbert." And here are the results of the Army's investigation: "Four individuals were located who claim witnessing the execution of detainees by the Vietnamese police on 14 February 1969, but no one could substantiate the execution of the female detainee. The lieutenant advisor who accompanied the Vietnamese unit denies seeing or hearing about any detainee killings."

No one can substantiate the execution of the female detainee? Bullshit! I can. I saw it with my own eyes. Others saw it, too. There's one man in particular from whom the Army has refused to take a statement swearing to it. Four other Americans witnessed the execution of other detainees. But the lieutenant denies "seeing or hearing about any detainee killings." What does the Army expect from him? A confession? The Army is implying that the lieutenant is right and Colonel Herbert and four other eyewitnesses are wrong. Two American helicopter pilots and one of my sergeants have sworn that things happened just the way I reported them. I say let's go to court and we'll find out who's lying.

I also reported this incident to Colonel Franklin, who was in the air at the time it happened. He told me to stop interfering with the Vietnamese unit. Now, according to the Army: "Colonel Franklin stated that no one reported anything to him concerning this incident. He adds that he was on leave in Hawaii at this time. A check of hotel records in Honolulu confirms that Colonel Franklin was registered until 7:30 P.M. on 14 February 1969, or 3:30 P.M., 15 February, Vietnam time. Because of the distance between Vietnam and Hawaii, Colonel Franklin could not have returned to brigade headquarters before 16 February 1969."

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He produced a hotel receipt from Hawaii for the 14th of February from the Ilikai, signed by his wife. Did Franklin, a paratroop colonel, stand by while his wife took care of the bill? Hardly. Just picture it—standing there while wifie handles the negotiations. Crap. You're on R & R and the wife joins you; five days later you go back and your wife stays on for a day or two. So he probably does have a hotel receipt with that date and his wife's name on it.

Again, the Army's favorite way of dismissing such crimes: "The American advisor did not have command authority over the South Vietnamese unit. Since all alleged offenders were Vietnamese nationals, the investigation was forwarded to U.S. Army, Vietnam, to be furnished to appropriate RVN officials."

But with the next two allegations they can't say that, because the actual perpetrators were Americans and Vietnamese: "A young female detainee being interrogated in an American compound was struck in the face by an American interrogator and electricity was transmitted into her body from a field telephone. Two female detainees were mistreated by Vietnamese interrogators while in an American military-intelligence compound. One was struck on the back of the hands with a stick and the other struck in the face with a stick and hit by hand on the breast."

Now, the Army fact sheet says: "These allegations are still under investigation. No comment can be made pending completion of command actions, since to do otherwise might prejudice the rights of those allegedly involved." All right. But if the investigation is still pending, by what logic have they dropped my charges against General Barnes and Colonel Franklin for failure to report war crimes? By what right was Barnes subsequently promoted to major general? These last crimes took place within 100 feet of General Barnes's trailer. I reported what I saw directly to Colonel Franklin, but he, of course, denies any knowledge. Both Barnes and Franklin knew what was happening there; and if they didn't, they were derelict. Who is responsible for brigade interrogation techniques, if not the commander?

The next one I reported was this: "A Vietnamese detainee was field interrogated by having water forced into his nose and mouth until he became unconscious. American military personnel were involved." The Army's results: "Witnesses to the field interrogations were located. Two persons, both now returned to civilian life, who participated in the interrogation, admitted the use of water during the interrogation." You're damned right they're in civilian life, but they weren't in civilian life when I made the allegations. One of these men was a career soldier, a sergeant, first class. The Army let these men out so they wouldn't have to charge them. I guarantee that if the Army could have found anything to charge me with, they wouldn't have let *me* out. Incidentally, it was reported later that the man died.

Next is the one I agreed to drop, about the American lieutenant being killed. Then come the Christmas cards: "Christmas cards were prepared depicting a Vietnamese body, the face of which had been shot away, and a 173rd Airborne Brigade patch either pinned or nailed to the forehead." The Army investigation says: "A brigade investigation was ordered at the time to determine the circumstances surrounding the alleged incident. The investigation determined that a card had been produced, and its originator received a reprimand. The USACIDA investigation confirmed the findings of the brigade. A copy of the Christmas card obtained by USACIDA shows no patch affixed to or carved into the body in any way. The deceased was considered a combat death. Using the picture of the dead body on a Christmas card was a thoughtless act, but not a violation of the law of war."

I didn't say there was a patch pinned or nailed to the forehead; that was added to the charges by whoever wrote up my allegation for the fact sheet. What I in fact said was that I thought there was a 173rd patch *somewhere* on the card. I only saw the card for a brief period of time. But what does it matter whether it had a patch on it or not? The important thing is that it was a color photograph of a Vietnamese with his entire face blown out and underneath it said something like "Peace on earth, from the peaceniks of C Company."

PLAYBOY: Was this C Company in your battalion?

HERBERT: Yes, but this occurred before I took over the battalion. When I took command, they were still trying to gather up the cards so they wouldn't get to higher headquarters. Colonel Franklin called me in and told me that if I got any of the cards to suppress the issue and get them to him right away. You know—take care of our own dirty laundry. The man responsible for the distribution of the Christmas card was an officer, and all he received for setting this kind of example was a verbal reprimand, or a letter, if anything. If a private had been responsible for this, a reprimand would have sufficed. But an officer? A captain? This was a "thoughtless act, but not a violation of the law of war." That's right. It's no violation of the law of war. It is, however, a violation of MACV Directive 20-4—which says that any crime or any indication of a crime, including mutilation of bodies, was to be reported to headquarters—and it was goddamn sure a violation of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, Article 133:

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conduct unbecoming an officer. The Army is looking for an out. So if I didn't charge conduct unbecoming an officer, they say it's not a violation of the laws of war. They choose whatever document it doesn't violate and use that as the criterion, realizing that the average reader will not make this distinction. I say this to the Army: Make that Christmas card public. Let the people judge for themselves whether it was a war crime.

Now, here's the final allegation I made: "American military forces mistreated Vietnamese detainees in the American compound at An Khe by pulling them up from a leaning rest position by the hair of the head." This occurred while I was I. G. The I. G. office was right next to the detainee compound. The I. G. sergeant saw American interrogators beating and abusing Vietnamese detainees. He told them to stop but they refused, so he came to get me. When I got there, the interrogators had stopped their brutality, but I could see myself that the Vietnamese had been badly mistreated. I went right to Lieutenant Colonel Bethea, who after talking to Barnes, told me Barnes said he would see that the incident was investigated.

Now, the man appointed to investigate was a Major Arnold, whose efficiency report was written by the support battalion commander who was responsible for what went on inside the detainee compound. Major Arnold was hardly the man to run the investigation, since any adverse findings would be a direct reflection on his own boss. Arnold's investigation concluded: "Not sufficient evidence existed to substantiate the alleged assault on the detainees" and that "no positive identification of alleged participants was, or could have been, made."

The Army's results, of course, "found no evidence to impugn the findings of an investigation conducted by the brigade." But Colonel Felix Milhouse, who personally conducted a subsequent investigation of General Barnes, showed to me and my military counsel the statements of the men who did the interrogating. Their statements deny that they beat up detainees; they merely "tapped them in the mouth too hard with our fists." But they admitted that they "kept them on their feet all night"—a crime in itself—"and abused them to prime them for interrogation in the morning." The detainees required medical attention but received none. The reason why, according to the interrogators: "They didn't ask for it."

PLAYBOY: What about the other allegations on the fact sheet—the 13 that were made by others? Do you know anything about them?

HERBERT: Sure. One in particular. It's about the rape of a Vietnamese girl. I think the Army's response to this particular allegation tells a lot about how the minds of the generals work, how they deal with crimes against Vietnamese. It reads: "Fourteen unidentified American soldiers from First Battalion, 50th Mechanized Infantry, while on a village sweep operation, took a young Vietnamese girl from her family and repeatedly subjected her to rape and sodomy."

Anal intercourse is what it was, and 14 men *did* do this. They admitted it. Their defense was how humane they were; they pumped her bottom full of morphine so she wouldn't feel any pain. The soldiers just picked her up for interrogation—the prettiest girl they could find there—took her away from her mother and father and kept her for two or three days, repeatedly raping her and filling her with morphine. She was nine or ten years old.

Now, here are the results of the Army's investigation: "Several brigade staff members recall that such an incident was investigated at the time of its alleged occurrence. The victim could not identify her alleged assailants. A report of the investigation was submitted to U. S. Army, Vietnam, and to the Department of the Army."

The Army hierarchy have become masters of the half-truth. Do you know why she couldn't identify her assailants? She was dead. The soldiers had punctured her intestine and she died. By this kind of reasoning, a rapist should never allow his victim to live. There were, of course, other witnesses—the mother and father of the girl, other soldiers in the unit, etc. But the Army hierarchy, I assume, didn't consider the crime serious enough to investigate thoroughly.

PLAYBOY: You were relieved of duty in April of 1969, but the fact sheet wasn't released to Congress until December of '71. Was there a continuing investigation of your charges in the interim?

HERBERT: Yes. Mine. Here's how it happened. The first investigation took place in Saigon, right after I was relieved. Since I didn't get to cross-examine any witnesses, the subject of war crimes never came up. The investigation was confined to my relief and the justification for it, as well as the accuracy of that fitness report written by Colonel Franklin and signed by General Barnes. The report, written after my relief and after Franklin had assured me that Barnes would give me a favorable rating, was an attempt to establish me as a liar and to discredit my allegations.

My problem, according to Franklin and Barnes, was that I was "incapable of commanding a battalion in the sense of being part of a brigade team," "incapable of telling the truth," that my "lack of integrity" made me "unfit to serve as a commissioned officer in the United States Army." Franklin claimed under oath that the other officers in the brigade would attest to this, and to the fact that I was hated in the brigade.

These officers came on the witness stand, one after another—remember, they were Colonel Franklin's officers—and every one of them, except for Franklin, Colonel Bethea, the brigade executive officer, and General Barnes, said that I got along with them and they got along with me either as well as or better than they did with any other battalion commander in the brigade. General Russ, the investigating officer, concluded that any ill feelings that did exist were a result of my I. G. tour, not my command time. He never explained the little gems that resulted in what few ill feelings did exist. They came from my investigation of $180,000 missing out of unit funds, the disappearance of gold certificates, the slipping off of captured heroin into the black market, the buying and selling of R & R leaves to Hawaii for officers by members of the staff.

PLAYBOY: We can understand why Barnes and Franklin weren't among those who testified on your behalf. But how about Colonel Bethea? What did he have against you?

HERBERT: General Allen had given the Second Battalion to me instead of to Colonel Bethea, who had been General Barnes's choice, so we didn't hit it off right from the start. When Barnes was asked, under oath, whether or not Bethea was scheduled for the Second Battalion before me, he tried to protect his ass by saying no, this was not true.

PLAYBOY: Just drop them?

HERBERT: It wasn't put that way. I pointed out the false swearing and filed an official allegation. I was told later in Washington, D. C., "Well, yes, there was proof of false swearing in all these cases, but we're not going to do anything about this, Herbert, since these men are all going to be tried for war crimes anyway, and to charge them with false swearing would be comparable to having someone already convicted of rape charged with indecent exposure." After the war-crimes cases were dropped, I asked about the cases of false swearing. "Well, the statute of limitations ran out on that. Sorry." It was over.

PLAYBOY: But did you succeed in clearing your record?

HERBERT: When General Russ read the findings of his investigation, I thought at least I was going to be exonerated. They made the investigation, got the evidence, presented a firm case for redress and removal of the negative efficiency report from my file. Then—just like that—said no redress should be given. Unbelievable.

PLAYBOY: What happened then?

HERBERT: My Vietnam tour ended and I was reassigned to Fort Leavenworth to attend the Command and General Staff College—a necessary ticket for officers who aspire to make general. Which

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made the investigation, got the evidence, presented a firm case for redress and removal of the negative efficiency report from my file. Then—just like that—said no redress should be given. Unbelievable.

PLAYBOY: What happened then?

HERBERT: My Vietnam tour ended and I was reassigned to Fort Leavenworth to attend the Command and General Staff College—a necessary ticket for officers who aspire to make general. Which might indicate that the Army didn't feel I was totally unfit for service as a commissioned officer. When I got there, I went to the Army legal office and told them I wanted to report these war crimes. A few days later I got a call from Colonel "Buck" Newman of the Army's officer-personnel section. Colonel Newman said, "If you're going to get involved with war crimes, you're not going to have time to go to school." I got the message. I said I was going to go through with the war-crimes thing, so they said I couldn't attend the staff college.

Then the Army lawyers at Leavenworth told me I didn't have enough information to make war-crimes charges. Another stall. I had names, dates, places. They were supposed to gather the statements of other witnesses, but they told me I had to do it myself. When I tried to use Army facilities to gather statements, I was personally told by the commander of Fort Leavenworth, Major General John Hay, that I couldn't use the Army telephone system for this investigation. So I began using my own money to call people and fly around the country gathering statements. I spent most of my family's life savings doing this—about $8000 altogether.

When regular-Army promotion time came up, of course, they told me I couldn't be promoted in the regular Army while I was dealing with war crimes. Then they decided to send me to Fort McPherson, Georgia, where Westmoreland's old friend and ex–Army chief of personnel, Lieutenant General Connor, could keep close watch on me. The day after I got there, I went to see a civilian lawyer, Charles L. Weltner, who was handling one of the My Lai cases. He told me I could file charges in Federal court. But I decided that before we would do that—to be completely aboveboard—I would let my military superiors know what I was doing. General Connor, through his adjutant general, asked me to go through I. G. channels so that it wouldn't be made public and it could be handled "properly." I reported to the I. G., who turned the problem over to the USACIDA.

PLAYBOY: Which did what about it?

HERBERT: Over a year after I returned from Vietnam, after getting booted out of the Army's college for generals, after losing promotion and spending $8000, and finally threatening to go to Federal court with my charges, the Army finally responded. But it wasn't simply "the Army." It was Westmoreland himself. Westmoreland proceeded to do everything he could to keep my case out of public view, because my charges were related to the My Lai cover-up.

PLAYBOY: Would you explain?

HERBERT: First, General Barnes's immediate superior in Vietnam during a period when I reported some of the crimes was Lieutenant General William Peers, who headed the Army's board of inquiry into the My Lai cover-up. If General Barnes had been brought to trial and asked if he had reported these crimes to General Peers and said yes, the Army would have been in an embarrassing spot. Second, Colonel Franklin was one of the members of the Peers Commission. Of all people to sit in judgment of war-crimes cover-up! Most of the Peers Report is still classified, but thanks to the investigative reporting of Seymour Hersh and an unknown patriot who gave a copy of the classified report to him, we know now the great extent of the My Lai cover-up. During the My Lai investigation, Colonel Franklin responded to one witness' recollections about the shooting of a woman who ignored an order to halt by saying, "Well, can you think of a better way to stop people that are running than doing that?"

PLAYBOY: Did Westmoreland try to stall—as well as to suppress the facts about—the USACIDA investigation of your charges?

HERBERT: Sure he did, but he also decided to sabotage it by appointing Major Carl Hensley to conduct the investigation. The first time I met Hensley, he told me he was going to prove me a liar. That was nothing new to me. I said OK, just get on with it. But it kept dragging on. October, November. Then they said it would be finished by Christmas. This was 1970. Then January, then February. On March 10, 1971, I went to Washington and saw Major Hensley. As the investigation had proceeded and he talked to the witnesses and so on, we had become a little more friendly. I asked him, "When are you going to finish this damn thing? Give me a date." And Hensley said, "You think we're stalling to let the statute of limitations run out against the general and the colonel, don't you?" I said, "*You* said that, but that's exactly what I think. But I'll prevent that by filing formal charges. Then you can take as long as you want to investigate." So I came back to Atlanta and filed formal charges. Five days later, the Army flagged my records and threatened to charge me with some vague, trumped-up crime. They thought I'd get scared.

Then, in the beginning of April, Major Hensley called me and admitted that he knew the crimes did occur the way I said they did and that he was going to get some results. He said he was going to see his boss, CID chief Colonel Henry H. Tufts, and lay it on the line. I asked Hensley if he thought Tufts would listen to him and he said, "He'd better or—— I'll get back in touch with you." Colonel Tufts evidently was not altogether sympathetic to Major Hensley's concern for truth, because he sent him to the hospital for psychiatric evaluation. The psychiatrist told him to come back April 17. But two days before, Hensley put a shotgun to his head, pulled the trigger with his toe and blew his head off.

PLAYBOY: What do you think brought him to that point?

HERBERT: No one can say exactly. The Army says that Carl Hensley was mentally unbalanced. Well, if Carl Hensley was mentally unbalanced or having difficulties, they had to know this before Westmoreland personally selected him to conduct the investigation. So why did Westmoreland select him? With all his computers, couldn't he even pick a mentally balanced investigator? No wonder he was such a loser in Vietnam. The Army hierarchy figures that anybody who goes against them must be mentally ill. If you won't fall in line, you're crazy. For that reason, Carl would have been passed over for promotion. He would have been kicked out of the Service. No retirement pay, and he had six children. Carl would have had to go back to civilian life in so-called disgrace. He'd have had to work at a much-reduced wage scale at the most critical time, when he had these six children. So Carl Hensley, I think, chose the alternative that took strength, not weakness. Dead, he was worth survivor's benefits that amounted to well over $800 a month. I think concern about the future welfare of his family tilted Carl over the edge. I don't think the Army has answered for the death of Carl Hensley, the one honorable member of the entire investigating staff.

PLAYBOY: Your own sanity has been questioned by Barnes and others, who have said that you were excessively brutal. To turn your charges around, did you ever commit any crimes in Vietnam?

HERBERT: If I had done anything out of line, you can be damn sure the Army would have nailed me for it. Barnes told a newspaper that he couldn't understand a man like me who got down on the ground with his troops and went into an attack. You had to be a killer to do this, he felt. A general doesn't go out and kill people; all he sees are body counts. He doesn't have to pick up the

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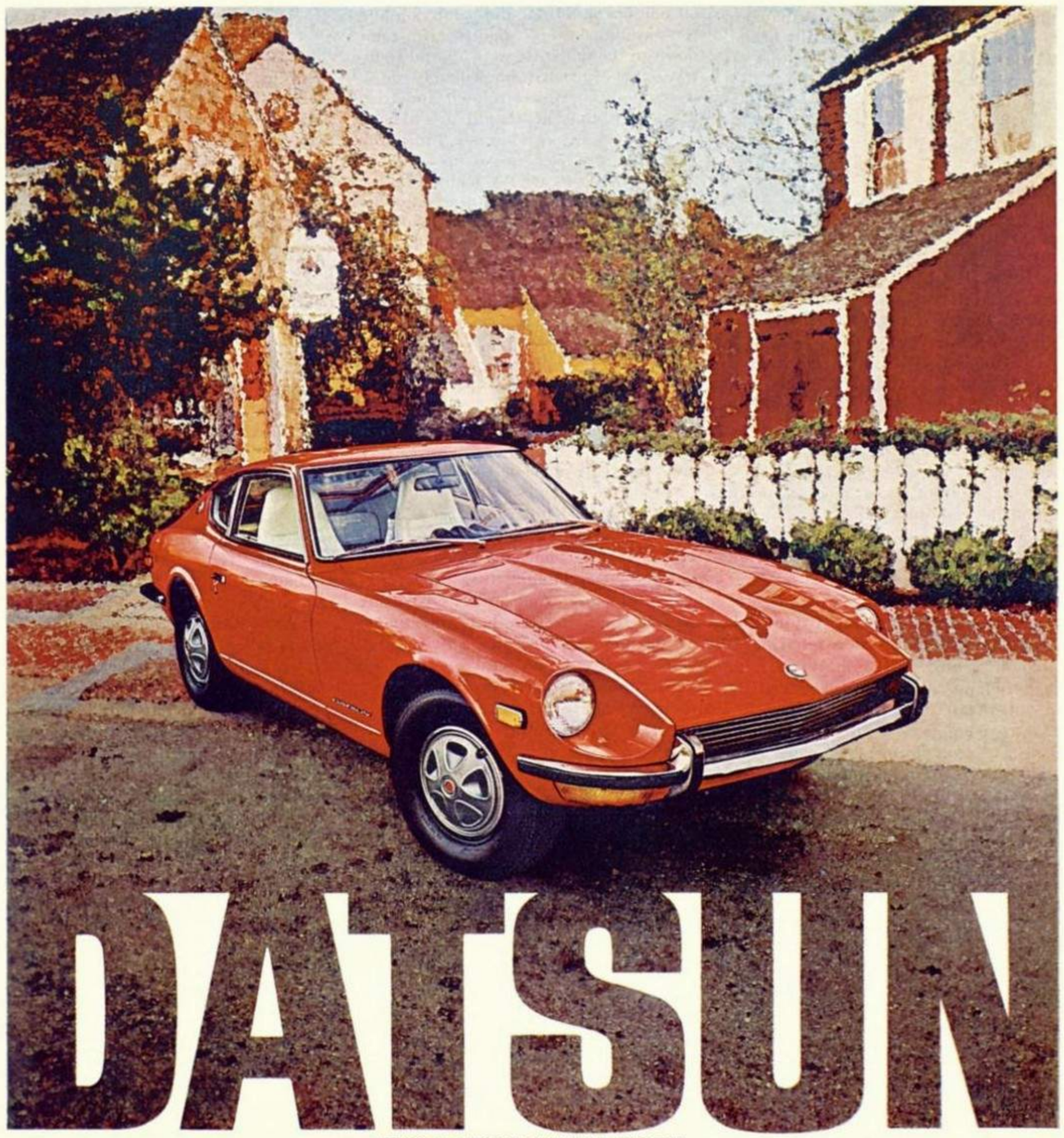

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these pieces and put them in rubber bags, the horror of what you're doing really comes through.

PLAYBOY: And you never contributed to this horror yourself, never participated in any action that was unnecessarily brutal?

HERBERT: No. Well, there was the duck.

PLAYBOY: Duck?

HERBERT: Yes. General Barnes had this pet duck that wore dog tags. This duck just walked around the area, around Barnes's imported flower bed. He had a plane fly flowers up from Saigon and he planted them in this barren plot. Enlisted men watered these flowers two and three times a day so he could smell his posies. This was the duck's private area. You may find this too much to believe, but General Barnes actually insisted that we salute that duck. Of course, I refused. It was a symbol of all the silly crap in Vietnam, the Mickey Mouse, why we have fragging in the first place. Well, I couldn't frag, so I took it out on the duck. Just crept up on him one night in true Ranger fashion and wrung his goddamn neck. Then the sergeant major and I sat down and made four duck sandwiches out of it and ate them. I think the sergeant major still has the dog tags for a souvenir. After we ate the duck, we had at least one sobering moment before we damn near choked laughing and eating. I think this is what General Barnes was referring to when he said I was a murderer, and when he was asked, "Murdered who?" he said, "I can't identify."

PLAYBOY: Despite your denials, a man identified as a former company commander of yours has said in interviews that you beat up detainees.

HERBERT: The man who made those statements was a lieutenant in the headquarters company of my battalion when I assumed command. His main job was tending bar at the officers' club. I ordered him to go back into the field, and he refused. He said the previous battalion commander had taken him out, that he only had a few weeks to go and he had done his share. I asked him what his share was and he said he had been out there in the field six months. I said I was sorry, he was being paid combat pay, he was a combat lieutenant and he would take off his apron and go back into the field with the grunts, a lot of whom had been out there a damn sight longer than six months. He still balked. I explained that I'd accept that from a private but not from an officer, that I'd just have to court-martial him if necessary. He finally agreed to go but said he would first like to go on R&R out of the country. I said, "Go ahead on R&R, but when you come back, if you only have ten days left in Vietnam, you're going to serve three of those days out there with the troops. You'll have the time to get a Purple Heart, a Silver Star, maybe even a Congressional Medal of Honor."

PLAYBOY: Did you send him out when he came back?

HERBERT: Damn right I did. Took him out on one operation. He did a fair job and was wounded very slightly. He came down to the beach we were on and wanted to be evacuated immediately for a few superficial cuts. I refused and tried to explain that he should act like an officer—get a grip on himself. I told him the battle was over, to get up on a hill where there were 18 bodies to be searched for documents and all. But the lieutenant got himself evacuated instead; guts are just not easy to come by for some. He went home that day.

Brigadier General S. L. A. Marshall, the military historian and tactician, is now claiming in the press that this man was a rifle-company commander of mine who fought valiantly under me for 58 days in combat and heard me "lie" when I said that there were 18 bodies on that hill. He says he could see that there were no bodies there. The Army and Marshall immediately bought his story. In fact, of course, he was a platoon leader under me for exactly one day of action. Before that, he was a headquarters company commander in the *bar*. The Army is claiming that this courageous company commander served his most terrible time in the Army under me because of my insensitivity and lying. They've farmed this out to Congressmen and handed it out to select newsmen, some of whom actually bought this crap, referring to me as "the notorious Colonel Herbert." If I was so notorious, why did they give me an honorable discharge? Hell, if I was notorious, I should have been court-martialed.

PLAYBOY: Have any of your other officers come to your support?

HERBERT: Four of my five company commanders said that I was the best officer they had ever served under.

PLAYBOY: And the fifth?

HERBERT: He said I was one of the *two* best. My medical-platoon leader, who is the son of a retired Surgeon General of the United States Army, wrote that morale was terrible before I arrived and people didn't want to go into the field. When I came into the unit, I took the majority of the men, who were in the rear areas, and sent them into the field. After a very few weeks, the troops realized that I wasn't out there trying to pile up body counts—regardless of whose bodies they were—but only to kill the enemy.

PLAYBOY: Have Barnes, Franklin and the others named in your allegations ever been cross-examined about the charges?

HERBERT: There have been all sorts of investigations, hearings, lie-detector tests and the like, but no cross-examination of witnesses by me or—as far as I know—by any of my former officers or by my lawyers. The Army has handled the whole thing in secret. Barnes and Franklin were investigated to determine if there was sufficient evidence to bring them to trial, and the Army decided there wasn't. Big surprise. But I haven't been charged with making false statements either. *Somebody* has to be lying. The Army admits in its own fact sheet that my charges are valid, but it's dropped everything with respect to Barnes and Franklin.

PLAYBOY: Other high-ranking officers—especially those involved in My Lai—have been investigated and some tried for covering up war crimes. Why haven't there been any convictions? Are they all innocent?

HERBERT: The Army isn't going to try itself and find itself guilty. It's ludicrous to hold the Army responsible for war-crimes investigations. Westmoreland has said publicly over and over again that even if war crimes have been committed, he doesn't consider himself responsible for them. If he isn't responsible, then nobody is except the men who actually pulled the trigger. Men like Calley. But we hanged a Japanese general named Yamashita after the Second World War. Not for anything he did personally. Not for any orders he gave. We executed him because he failed to take action that would have prevented his troops from engaging in criminal activity in the Philippines. Now, if that Japanese general deserved to be hanged because war crimes were widespread among the troops under his command, what about Westmoreland? Some of the actions he ordered *directly* are violations of the Geneva Convention—forced relocation of civilians, for instance. And what he didn't order outright, he certainly tolerated or, at the very least, like Yamashita, never made any effort to strictly prohibit.

Westmoreland never personally emphasized that under no circumstances would he tolerate brutality. What a commander doesn't emphasize, his subordinates won't care about. If Westmoreland had left no doubt in anybody's mind that commanders who allowed war crimes to happen would be punished, war crimes would have ceased long before My Lai. A commander is responsible for the actions of his men. But General Barnes won't be tried; like Colonel Franklin, he *can't* be tried, because Westmoreland knows exactly where that will lead—to himself. The My Lai trials tried to prove that only the man on the ground who actually participates is guilty. If they try only Calley—Calley was there and pulled the trigger—they're safe.

PLAYBOY: Whatever the responsibility for such atrocities, it's been argued that My Lai and other episodes like it are isolated incidents, the kind of unfortunate thing that happens in war when green troops are under too much pressure. Do you buy that?

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THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

HERBERT: It's a lot of bullshit. What pressure? None of those Vietnamese they killed in My Lai were armed. They didn't take any casualties that day. People might want you to believe that little kids and old women over there are absolutely dangerous and treacherous, but that's just so much crap. There are incidents, of course, but if American soldiers can't take that kind of pressure, then we're in real trouble. And the main point is that the people Calley and those guys killed were the people we were sent to *help*.

But even if the troops are scared and trigger-happy, their leaders are supposed to control them, to exercise some discipline over them. That's what military leaders are for. It's why we pay them a higher wage and dress them up. If Calley couldn't handle his men, he shouldn't have been a leader. And if his superiors couldn't handle him, they shouldn't have been where *they* were. Leadership is setting an example and making sure things are done the right way. It hasn't changed since Hannibal was kicking elephants in the ass on his way across the Alps.

PLAYBOY: Is this failure of leadership—especially in the area of war crimes—something new in the American Army?

HERBERT: There were incidents in Korea; there are in any war. I saw a sergeant slap a prisoner in Korea, just slap him, and that man was given a general court-martial. The difference in Vietnam is that such things—and far worse—have been condoned. There was indeed a failure of leadership.

PLAYBOY: Why in Vietnam and not in Korea?

HERBERT: After Korea, we went into the business of maintaining a large standing Army. We built a professional officer corps that was bigger than our entire Army had been before World War Two. In this professional Army, it was possible to advance only through a complicated system of seniority and a lot of politics. You weren't required to prove yourself in combat; just get the right jobs and know the right people. Westmoreland, for instance, was a regimental commander in Korea. He lived it up behind the lines like the rest of them. After the war, he became Maxwell Taylor's protégé. After a variety of assignments, he got the plum: over-all command in Vietnam. It didn't make any difference that he didn't know anything about Vietnam or what we were supposed to be doing there. In all the time he was there, Westmoreland never learned anything about the Vietnamese—their language, their culture, anything. It made him nervous to be around them. But he was the fair-haired boy and he got the job.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting that it was a mistake to develop a large professional Army?

HERBERT: We need a very, very small standing Army in order to maintain expertise in the profession of military arms. I think we need a large National Guard and a large Reserve with people who represent all walks of life, have some military training, and who are ready to defend their nation against invasion. Period. The Army says there is this terrible menace out there and the next war will be so swift that we won't have time to mobilize. I fell for this—until I sat down and studied the lessons of history and realized that this simply isn't true. They may push the button and send the nukes, but a big Army couldn't do any more about that than a small Army could. In fact, the worst thing you could do would be to have all your Army already standing, because then the enemy would know exactly where to send the missiles.

Anyway, no country can go to war unless all the indications are there. To go to war in China, the Russians have to move troops down to the Chinese border. They have to move out their artillery, they have to move certain stores and supplies. Whenever you see a country that shows all the indicators for war, that's when you mobilize and get ready to defend. If you have a standing professional Army, that Army is going to find a way to be used. It's going to look for causes. Instead of having the cause first and then mobilizing an Army to fight, we now have an Army searching for causes: like "saving" Vietnam. All they really want to do, of course, is keep their jobs.

PLAYBOY: So you don't support the concept of a volunteer Army?

HERBERT: Not a bit. I'm afraid of what could happen in this country if we had a large all-volunteer Army. We've already seen the Army in the streets of our cities more in the last five years than in all of our history before that. We have an Army conducting surveillance of civilians. We have an Army that rounds up protesters in Washington and holds them as detainees. I saw what happened to detainees in Vietnam. A large Army, run by the same men who failed in Vietnam and who refused to abide by the Geneva Convention there, is a dangerous thing and I fear it. Once Vietnam is lost, they're sure to look for new causes in Latin America or Africa or the Middle East. A large Army of professional officers and drafted troops got us in enough trouble in Vietnam. I hate to think what a large *all*-volunteer Army could manage.

PLAYBOY: What, besides reducing the size of the Army, would you do to improve it?

HERBERT: First, I'd get all this war-crimes business out in the open. Conduct an investigation by Congress and let the chips fall where they may. If this Army—this country—is ever going to find its honor again, it'll have to face up to what it's done in Vietnam. The cover-up and the lies have to end, and the Army has to come clean—purge itself. I've said, half joking, that I thought all of these atrocities would stop if we just hanged a few generals. But I don't think we have to hang anyone; I don't believe that kind of punishment solves anything. We don't correct anything, though, by going on like nothing happened, by rewarding those—like Westmoreland—who were most responsible. And if there isn't anything for the Army to be ashamed of, if it was all Calley's fault after all, then an investigation by Congress would prove it once and for all.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there should be amnesty for war criminals as well as for deserters?

HERBERT: Amnesty for everyone. We've got to get on with things in this country. Let's have history judge whether the men who left the country were right or wrong. Those who were cowards will have to live with that. Those who left or went to jail for moral reasons won't have to apologize to anyone or do anything special to atone for sticking to principle. We never declared war. Congress never decided to go to war and the people never voted to go to war. A few men got us into that war—by lying about what they were doing. If they're still free and aren't living under any kind of sentence, nobody should have to—including Calley and the others who weren't strong enough to do the right thing under pressure and didn't have the kind of leadership they were entitled to expect.

PLAYBOY: You sympathize with Calley?

HERBERT: I don't exactly sympathize with him; I sure as hell don't think there's any good reason for what he did. But he's human. He was just a scared little loser trying to be a big man. So he struck out against women and children. With an M-16. In the general context of Vietnam, what he did wasn't all that immoral compared with the responsibility of the men who gave the orders. You don't excuse something like that, but you can try to understand and forgive.

PLAYBOY: But not the leaders?

HERBERT: They were the ones who made

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fiction **By JOHN KNOWLES**

prisoner of a paranoid, he was forced into a confrontation with death—and with himself

RAPTURE OF THE DEEP

The last remnant of the marriage was disposed of: Brian Cooper had just sold their house near the eastern end of Long Island. Like the tissue at the bottom of a Kleenex box, it had been used and now tossed away. So, in a way, had the marriage. It was all over; he had even paid the lawyers their stupendous fees. Still, he couldn't really complain from a financial point of view. He was not required to pay her any alimony. Movie stars of her caliber didn't ask for alimony.

Brian finished the fried clams at the little seafood restaurant and then started out into the night. It was a small, convenient place to eat near their house. He had often stopped there for a snack before starting in to New York. This was undoubtedly the last time he would see it.

Across the highway from it was a dirt road winding off toward Peconic Bay. Brian had glanced in an unseeing way at that dirt road a thousand times and, in an unthinking way, thought that he ought to drive down it sometime, that it looked as though something interesting might lie at the end of it.

But of course he never had: He'd never seemed to have time. She had always had to hurry into New York for some commitment or other, or he had had to cover a story for the newsmagazine. Brian had, in fact, an interview with a Senator, a Southern Democratic chairman of an important Congressional committee, in the morning at the Waldorf, but it didn't interest him now. Who cared?

He had never taken such an attitude toward his work before, but then, his attitude had changed about many things. He had never really been sure of himself in his life; despite a healthy appearance and a surface confidence of manner, her leaving him—for a second-rate French movie director, at that—combined with a major setback in his career had left him now quietly but

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANZ ALTSCHULER

deeply desperate. Brian had always been a well-organized person, and this trait had carried him to this point: through the settlement and divorce and division of property and now sale of the country house.

He was left with nothing to do, and thus defenseless against the onslaughts of his unsureness and his desperation. There were no children to be concerned about: She had not wanted children, because they would interfere with her career and because in some way she feared the responsibility of being a parent.

Perhaps down that winding little dirt road across the way would be one of those incredibly dangerous, no-guardrail bridges over deep rushing water Senator Edward Kennedy had encountered on Chappaquiddick Island—Brian had covered that story. If there were, he now decided, with a cold destructiveness that frightened him, that he would do deliberately what Senator Kennedy had done accidentally, drive off it into the water, capsize, drown. It would look like an accident. It was crucially important that it look accidental. That way she would not have to feel guilty, not have to bear the responsibility. He would not inflict on her the vengeful, punishing guilt suicidal people usually inflict on their survivors. That was a second-rate, adolescent thing to do. And he would not do it to her for one very simple reason: He was still in love with her.

The obituaries could be not only respectful but positive thinking. After all, for someone 32 years old, he had accomplished quite a bit, covering two wars, several national elections and major disasters, and so on; he'd won a number of prizes, appeared on enough television discussions to be recognized sometimes on the street and, last but not least, been married to a major movie star.

No one should ever marry a movie star, he was thinking as he walked out of the seafood restaurant into a driving nighttime gale, the kind of flailing April storm Long Island Sound specializes in. Marrying a movie star was a mistake for one reason: They were all monsters. When it became clear to him, two years before, after four years of marriage, that she was a monster, too, he began pondering obsessively the question of whether it was being born a monster that drove her and all the others to become movie stars or whether in the process of becoming stars they were turned into monsters. He had never figured that out and now never would. It didn't matter, any more than Senator Grits or whatever his name was mattered.

He loved her too much to share her with that career. And she had to have it, every last gratification that an internationally famous, politically active movie star is heir to. She wanted to become bigger, always bigger. And that expansion automatically meant that the marriage had to become smaller, continually shrink. He couldn't stand the torment of this tiny, day-by-day loss of her.

Brian got into his car, a small, tough little Alfa Romeo he'd bought during the 18 months his headquarters had been in Rome. It was economical and he made a fetish of living within his own income. Now he saw that its small, low-slung construction would make it more difficult to escape from than a standard American car if it lay overturned and submerged in a rushing stream.

He started the engine, turned on the windshield wipers and the headlights and headed across the deserted highway and into the dirt road. It wound toward the bay with high evergreen trees on both sides.

Puddles and mud had formed in the road. He bumped slowly along it so as not to break a spring or anything in the Alfa. Then, realizing what he was doing, he smiled bitterly to himself: Don't damage the car en route to drowning yourself.

Blackness was everywhere except in the small tunnel of brightness the headlights cast ahead and, combined with the racket of the gale in the surrounding trees, made him feel in a state of isolation more total than any he'd ever known. It was intolerable, like life. Both had to be put a stop to, had to be. It was as though his being had no hold on anything, and so no justification; it was a vacuum, which nature abhorred. The compulsion to eliminate that being was becoming overwhelming.

The car slithered past a gate, then over more ruts and through puddles and past trees, no dangerous bridge appearing. And then the road seemed to open out into a cleared area and, in crossing it, the rear wheels got into a mudhole and could not get out and he was stuck.

It was ignominious and laughable, and she would have laughed a lot.

Brian was not going to go out into that kind of weather, even if it was, as it was, a matter of life and death. There was an eerie sense of decorum about anything as final as death. It had to be done just right. Suicide—his, anyway—had to have an orderliness, macabre, but an orderliness all the same. He could not bear a botch.

The sense of nonbeing that had engulfed him a few minutes before was fading; he could bear to live with himself temporarily.

So he turned on the radio.

One of the late-night New York discussion-show hosts was talking about Venutians with a group of intellectual cranks. Venutians were people from Venus. They were here, circling in transparent flying saucers. To fuel their saucers, they were draining electricity out of New York. They also caused the excessive dog droppings that were polluting the city's streets. Mayor Lindsay was in communication with them about that. Their use of the electricity was nonnegotiable.

The storm howled on more wildly than ever. The sheer energy of it was hard to believe. He had never been out in such a storm. He had traveled all over the world and been in war zones, but he now realized that his had been on the whole a Hilton Hotel–Pan American Airways sort of war-correspondent career.

The reporting he did reflected that. It had been cerebral, formulated, gutless, basically out of touch. Orderly.

Probably that was why his career was slipping at the age of 32. He had never gone out into the storm.

Brian got out of the car. The rain and gale hit him from all sides. Tremendously exhilarated, he stumbled into it, taking a battering, feet immediately soaked, stumbling ahead into the blackness, without plan.

The blustery beating he was taking, the physical assault of the storm, made every minute seem ten times as long, and it could not have been more than three or four minutes before he realized that he could not get back to the car. He had turned the lights off, he notoriously had no natural sense of direction and, of course, he couldn't strike a match in this wind. He listened for the sound of his car radio, but he couldn't hear it above the storm. For the next minutes—ten? 30?—he groped and stumbled blindly, feeling like a ridiculous clown. It was no good; he was sure he was farther from the car than ever. He did not want to die of exposure, not at all. Finally, he bumped into something, something wooden, long, with a lid that opened. Feeling around inside, he discovered some thick rope coiled at the bottom. The rest of the space was empty.

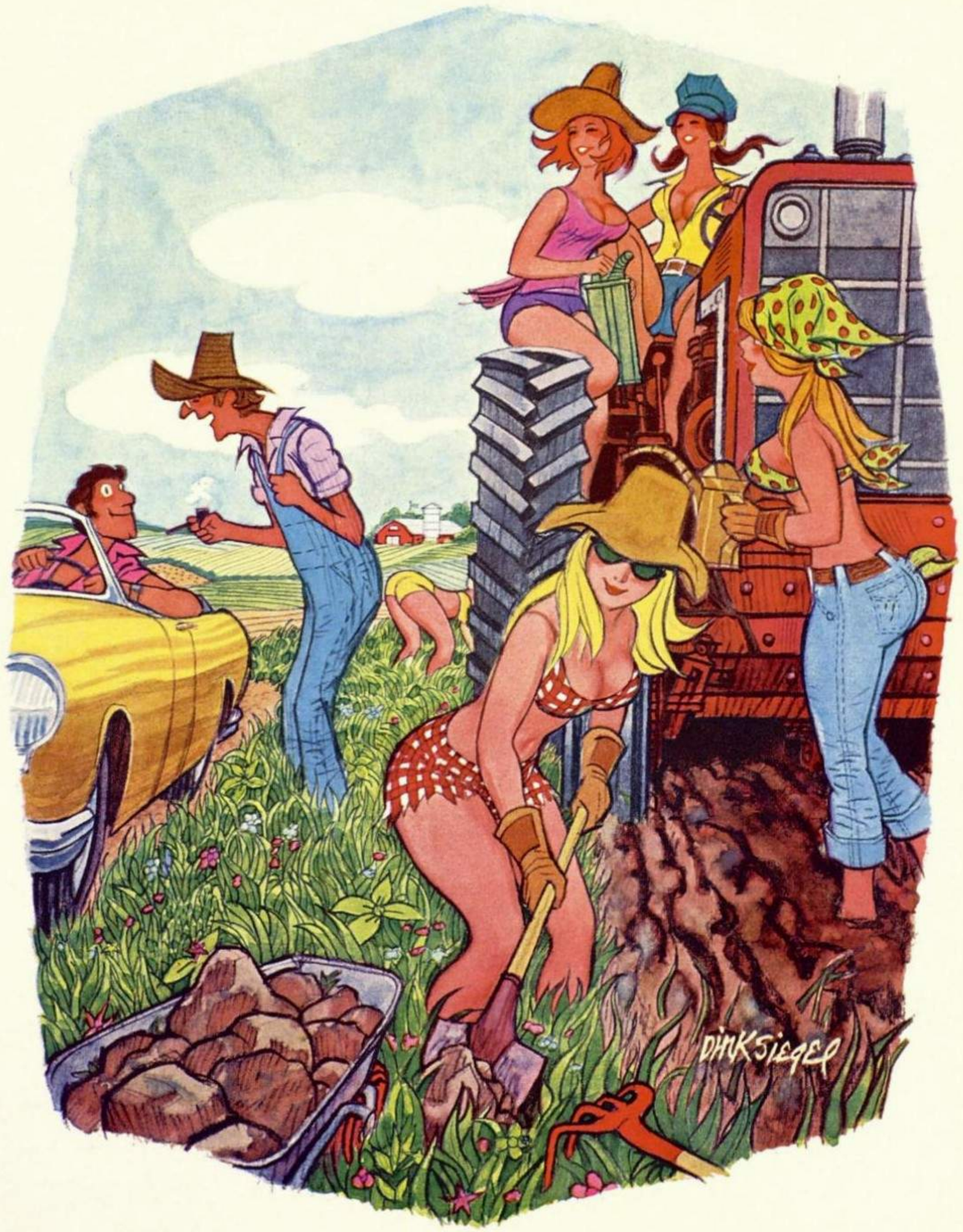
He climbed in, lay down on the rope, closed the lid over him. It was like a coffin, but it was dry and away from that tearing wind.

Maybe he could stay here forever, just like this. He had not felt so secure since the womb. And in this frame of mind, despite the coil of rope under him and his clammy clothes, he eventually dozed off.

He dreamed of her dancing wildly with some Senator—Kennedy? Grits?—on top of a flying saucer, and of himself constantly trying to climb up to them on a rickety ladder that rested against nothing, climbing desperately rung after rung, forever.

Waking, cramped and clammy and groggy, his first thought was of the dream. No, I won't go on climbing that rickety ladder forever, I won't do it.

He raised the lid of the box and



"Don't like to brag, young feller, but this here is the best bottom land in the county."

peered out into the most beautiful April morning he had ever seen. Last night's storm seemed to have gathered up all the bad weather and thrown it across Long Island and out to sea. What remained was an endless blue clarity of sky, cloudless and eternal, and sunlight shimmering on the silver and green ripples of Peconic Bay, which began a dozen yards in front of him. He was in a small boatyard. The sun glistened on the white hulls, the surrounding pine trees and the frothing purity of the bay. It was very beautiful.

Beauty, what was beauty? She was beautiful, too.

He climbed out of the box. Unshaved and bedraggled, he must look like a real beachcomber.

"Looking for some rope, were you?" an old man's voice inquired sharply.

Brian looked behind him and there was an old man in faded blue pants, worn but very clean white sweater, yachting cap, sneakers.

Brian stared blankly at him for a while—what in God's name to say?—and then explained that he'd mistaken the road, gotten stuck, gotten lost, taken shelter.

The man's moist light-blue eyes watched him but seemed to be having private reactions, unrelated to Brian's explanation.

"Well, goodbye," said Brian firmly. He would have to get away from here, execute his decision somewhere else, perhaps just keep driving until he found the right kind of bridge over the right kind of water. The ground was fairly dry and his car didn't appear to be still stuck. He got in and tried to start it. Nothing happened. Because he had left the radio on, the battery was dead.

Brian got out and asked the man, who had moved near the car, if there was a phone nearby.

"No."

"You don't have a car here, do you?"

"No." A long pause ensued while they contemplated each other. "I got a boat," he then offered, as though playing a crucial card in a bridge game.

"Oh, fine. If you could give me a ride to the nearest phone . . . I'd be glad to pay. . . ."

"No money." He waved a big-knuckled hand. "Money is the corrupter."

No it isn't, Brian thought glancingly, love is.

"My name's Brian Cooper," he said as he followed the man past several small sailboats and powerboats that were up out of the water.

The man plodded on, not commenting. They reached a long wooden dock, and tied up to it there was a small, very old-fashioned white yacht, battered and worn and chipped and cracked, but clearly an elegant one in its day, the kind they didn't make anymore, with a big glass-enclosed wheelhouse, an on-deck cabin behind that, big brass fixtures and even a short, squat smokestack. "Don't use that anymore," the man said. "Got a diesel in her." There were quite a few cats lounging here and there. The name of the yacht in elegant gold lettering across the stern was TAURUS DOLORES.

"Welcome aboard!" said the old man.

"Thanks, Captain," Brian said, now having a title if not a name for him. "Ah—how'd you find this fine old relic?"

"In Palm Beach," replied the captain with a set grin.

Brian would have thought the man had never been south of Sag Harbor. There seemed something provincial, rooted, local about him; now he began revising that estimate rapidly and accelerated this when he saw copies of *Réalités* magazine lying about.

"Let's go down to the galley and get us some grub." The man seemed to be playing the role of crusty old sea dog, when in reality he was probably a Wall Street banker. Or perhaps it was the other way round. He led Brian down a very steep, narrow stairway—ladder—to a cramped but spotless galley, and then produced a very good ham-and-eggs, toast-and-coffee breakfast.

This morning I'm going to quit my job, Brian suddenly realized. When you decided your life was coming to an end, you dealt yourself a very strong hand of cards. In a sense, that decision made you all-powerful; you could do everything everyone else didn't dare do. Self-destructiveness was one of the most powerful forces in the world. Brian decided he was going to try to enjoy his annihilation to the hilt.

"Got any booze?" he asked the man.

The captain took an unwavering look at him and then said carefully, "Yeah. I got some hooch."

"Well?"

"You a heavy-drinking man?"

"Not usually, but I was out in that storm—wet clothes—chill——"

"Um-hum."

The captain went into a small office behind the galley to fetch what Brian expected would be a bottle of rum. There was a pause, he heard ice rattling, and after a while, the man came out carrying a tray with a cocktail glass on it. Brian took it and tasted it; it was a very dry vodka martini.

"Now let's cast off," said the captain. "I'll get you to that phone."

Brian gulped down the martini and followed the captain back up on deck.

The beautiful spring morning spread away from them on all sides, so matchless in its hopeful shine that thoughts of death might now vanish. But the reverse proved true. The morning glowed of happiness and it mocked him; he could not join it, never capture it; eluded by beauty, he stood mocked by it. He wanted to die.

"Cast off fore and aft!" yelled the captain, standing at the wheel behind the big glass window. He started the engine and the high-hulled old craft trembled slightly.

Brian cast off the lines and the Taurus Dolores backed slowly away from the dock. By now his system, not used to alcohol in the morning, began to react to the martini. Perhaps it was metabolism, but he found that one martini in the morning was like four in the evening. In a glowing haze, he ambled back and sat down on the high swivel chair next to the captain's. He was slowly turning the ship away from land, and then, shifting the rattling engine into forward, he headed into the glittering open water.

"What's your name?" Brian called out over the engine's rumble.

"Hm? What difference does that make? You going to sue me?"

"Of course I'm not going to sue you. For what?"

"Oh, you could fall down a ladder and say you wrenched your back and sue me."

Brian grinned. "I promise not to sue you."

After a long silence, the captain then said, "My name's Ogden. Philip Carhart Ogden. Heard of me?"

"No. Should I have?"

"Some people have."

"What do you do?"

"I'm an explorer. Fitting this ship out to go up the Amazon. Lots of safety up the Amazon."

Brian knew the upper Amazon to be one of the most dangerous places in the world, but perhaps he'd misunderstood Philip Ogden in the steady beat of the engine or because of the vodka. He let his interest slide to the shining, first-day-of-creation beatitude all around him, freshness incarnate, and the godly splendor of nature and of the sea made him sick—of himself, of her, of everything. If only he had been born a fish, a porpoise, which was surely the happiest creature in creation. And failed, divorced, drunk-in-the-morning journalists were the unhappiest.

The impulse to jump overboard flashed over him, but that would cause endless trouble to this nice old guy and be clearly suicide.

The high, pointed white bow of the yacht sliced on to Peconic Bay. The closest telephone Brian imagined to be in Sag Harbor, but they seemed to be leaving Sag Harbor off to starboard. Brian knew the rudiments of nautical terms and of boatsmanship in general. Brian knew the rudiments of a great many things, competent journalist that he was. It was just, he realized, that he didn't

(continued on page 218)

AN OVERVIEW OF LADIES' UNDERWEAR

from bustles to step-ins to no-bra to nothing—a loving look at unmentionables through the years

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK LAFFITTE AND RICHARD FEGLEY

article **By WILLIAM IVERSEN**

IF SHE HAD TO SPEAK of them at all, she called them her unmentionables. Of all the evasive, nice-Nelly terms that proper ladies and gentlemen once used to clothe their naked thoughts, none were more historically accurate than the coyly suggestive euphemisms for women's underwear. Throughout much of human history, female undergarments could *not* in truth be named—for the very good reason that they simply didn't exist.

When they did come to exist, moreover, modesty had very little to do with it. Mother Eve and her sensational little micromini fig leaf aside, modesty has, in fact, played virtually no part in the origin of any sort of human clothing—under or outer, male or female.

Modesty is born of a sense of shame. And shame concerning human nudity is a relatively late and sophisticated notion; it depends upon the communal taboos of a given time and place. "Where men and women wear only a string around the waist, their dress is decent," one pioneering student of primitive culture has observed, "but it is indecent to leave off the string."

It is from just such a primitive string, or leather thong, that our entire Western wardrobe is supposed to have evolved. So remote was the idea of concealment that the string's first apronlike appendages hung not in front but behind—to protect the seated buttocks from the damp and chilly ground.

By the time the fertility-worshiping Minoans established their civilization on the island of Crete, the original string had been expanded into a colorful, tightly laced bodice that left the breasts—the symbol of fertility—fully exposed. This pop-top Cretan creation is the ancient prototype of all the various kinds of waist cinchers members of the fair sex have worn to accentuate their natural curves.

Also more ornamental than moral was the Greek chiton, a one-piece garment that is generally considered to be the ancient forerunner of all later slips and undershirts. Its earliest styles were slung from one shoulder and left one breast exposed. Featuring a side slit that earned even the austere Spartan women a reputation as displayers of thighs, the kicky chiton was girdled with a shifty waistband called the *zona*—a name that gave us the English zone, now used in conjunction with such appropriate descriptives as torrid, temperate, frigid, erogenous, speed and no-parking.

According to Pearl Binder, a British student of *Muffs and Morals*, "Greek women wore no corsets during the finest epochs of Greek history, but during the time of Greek decadence they fastened themselves into corsets." A small waist "never having appealed to the Greeks at any period," the corsets were worn to emphasize the comfy amplitude of Athenian hips; many broad-beamed Greek beauties even wore their zone-huggers to bed.

Roman bosoms were generally supported by a linen underband, called a *strophium* or *mamillare*. But Messalina, the sexually insatiable wife of the Emperor Claudius, "wore a linen corset of her own design which pinched in the waist and thrust the breast outward." Messalina's come-hither corset was copied by fashionable matrons and by Roman prostitutes, who considered the empress one of the girls. It was in one of Rome's busiest brothels, Juvenal reports, that "this imperial whore" regularly "showed her golden tits . . . took the customers on, with gestures more than inviting." In her heyday—which was every day her husband took a nap—Messalina was reputed to have shucked her clever little corset and indulged in a 24-hour endurance contest, in which she outperformed "a Harlot, that was esteemed the very bravest in Love, by 25 Feats." But according to one Nicolas Venette, who wrote a circa-1740 report on the relative capabilities of famous floozies, Messalina was sexually sluggish compared with Cleopatra, who wore no corsets at all and "underwent in one Night's Time the amorous Efforts of 106 men."

Whatever the glories of ancient Egypt, female underwear wasn't one of them, and Cleopatra was the living embodiment of the human tendency to let it all hang out. She may have worn a see-through *mamillare* on occasion, but the Theda Bara breastplate usually associated with Egypt's busiest and best-known queen seems to have been more of a moviemaker's concession to 20th Century breast taboos than a bona fide fashion trademark of the Siren of the Nile.

As women's wear, robes of concealment began to appear in the Middle East during that period in history when fertility worship was on the wane and were used to promote bodily shame, rather than to ward off the elements. Concealing feminine curves from the covetous glances of male strangers was a form of birth control and robes were religiously worn in even the warmest weather.

The fact that climate was secondary is further evidenced by the Roman historian Tacitus, who tells us that women of the Germanic north wrapped themselves in sleeveless shifts, *(text continued on page 89)*

1780

Back in the late 18th Century, when a lady's bosom welled over her décolletage, high fashion called for this ensemble of whalebone-stiffened corset and puff-sleeved chemise.

The buttressed derrière (above) and the tightly cinched waist (below) had been supplanted at the time of the 1918 Armistice by loose silk chemises (right); milady's stays had gone to war.

Hoops, my dear: Underpinnings in the 19th Century were devoted largely to achieving fullness in strategic locations. Watch-spring steel was used for the dome-shaped "cage crinoline" of the late 1850s (above); multiple layers of ruffled petticoats served the purpose for the cancan girls of the archly naughty gaslight era (below).

1930

Slips, once nearly always white—as in the Twenties "shimmy" at far left—began, after the introduction of inexpensive rayon fabrics, to be mass-produced in varied colors, such as this blue model from the Thirties (above). Quite the rage for some years was the camisole-knickers combination dubbed step-ins (left); even less restricting was the low-slung garter belt of the Forties (right).

in which "the nearest part of the bosom is also exposed." Despite the frigid climate, underclothes were unknown. For outdoor wear in winter, both women and men wrapped themselves in cloaks of fur or wool, "leaving the rest of their persons bare."

Contrary to present-day misconceptions, it was not Roman nudity but wigs, cosmetics and other artificial beauty aids that stirred the righteous wrath of early Christian critics. In their view, undergarments of any sort were sinfully vain and unnatural. The temptations of nude and scantily clad flesh were, in fact, welcomed as a means of strengthening one's powers of sexual denial. Members of some groups "slept with the prettiest persons, that their continence might triumph."

Though such frisky forms of devotion were later banned, many parishioners managed to find and submit to sundry temptations; this led to a certain vogue for hair "shirts of penance," which were worn next *(text continued on page 92)*

1942

1959

Swimwear had a marked influence on the undergarment styles at left and right. The bikini, first seen on French beaches in 1946, was transformed into lingerie over a decade later. Then, when designer Rudi Gernreich's topless swimsuit panicked the foundation-garment industry, one astute manufacturer hired Gernreich himself to create the No-Bra bra.

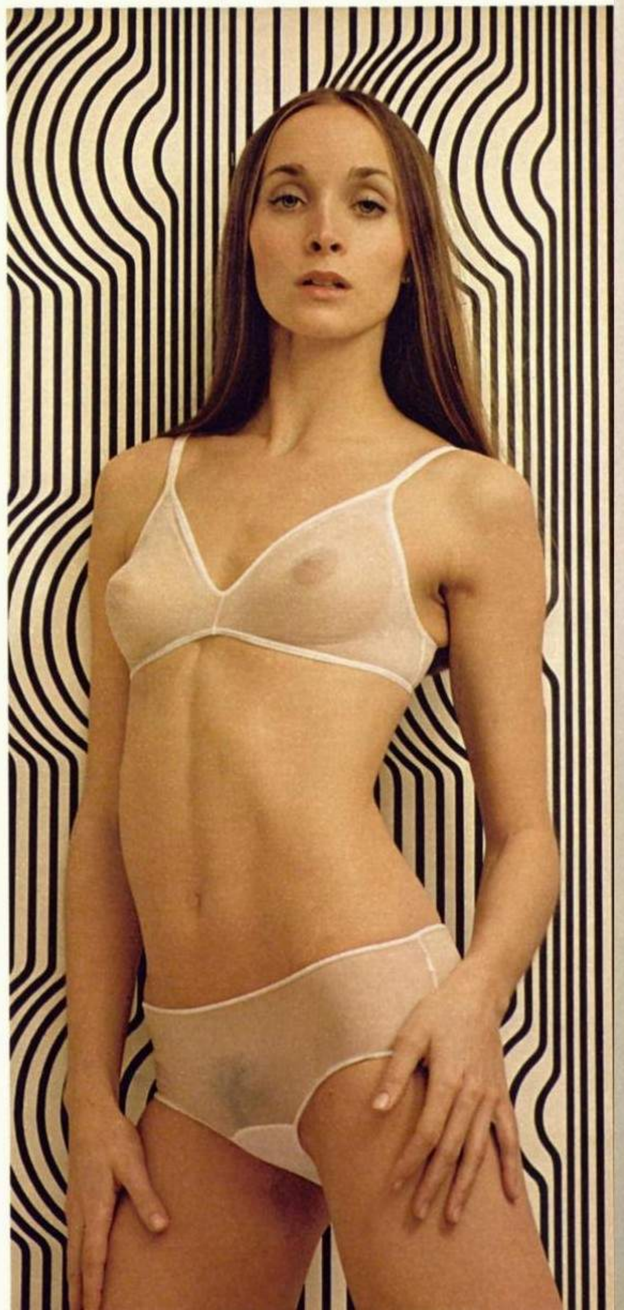
1965

1949

The spaghetti-strap black-satin slip (left), once considered slightly risqué, was memorably popularized by actress Silvana Mangano in the Italian neo-realist film *Bitter Rice*.

1963

Garter belt and girdle alike received a near-fatal blow and the stocking market crashed with the introduction of panty hose (above).



1972

And today: freedom at last. The modern girl chucks underwear altogether. Whether you see the liberation of the female form as a manifestation of women's lib or the sexual revolution, you'll agree with us that the mode is easy on the wallet —and on the eye.

to the sinner's skin throughout the Middle Ages. By the Tenth Century, some religious persons regularly wore rough woolen undergarments to mortify their flesh, although some upper-class women risked eternal damnation by donning undershirts of homespun linen. The Saxons called this shirt a smock—though mention was rarely made of it until after the Norman invasion in 1066 A.D., when the English adopted the French name: *chemise*. From *cors*, the Old French word for body, came the English corset—which, at first, seemed to refer to a tightly laced bodice that boosted the bosoms half out of the neckline, to provide a display of cleavage that helped men of all ranks and degrees survive the Dark Ages.

Toward the middle of the 14th Century, the tightly laced dames of the English moat-and-drawbridge set created a new sensation by padding out their hips with a curious kind of improvised bustle. In the candid but gloomy account of a sharp-eyed monk of Glastonbury, they "weredde such strete [tight] clothes that they had long foxtails sewede within ther garments to hold them forthe for to hede [hide] ther arses, the whiche disguising and pride afterwards broughte forthe and causedde many mischiefs and mishappes that hapned in the [realm] of Englond."

Whatever the mischiefs and mishaps these foxtail fanny-falsies may have caused in a kingdom where huntsmen avidly rode to hounds, they were probably no more lethal than the new French scantiness—which, by the winter of 1370, had progressed to the point where the Knight de la Tour Landry raised his visor and observed that many fair young damsels were "dying of cold in their bellies and breasts." The suffering of these blue bloods was due in good part to imported fabrics from the East—some so sheer as to permit Geoffrey Chaucer to give his readers a transparent eyeful of the Lady Largesse:

For through her smocke, wrought with sylke,
The flesshe was sene as whyte as mylke.

In the 15th Century, the smock, or chemise, continued to be regarded as something of a luxury item—though uncomfortable undershirts were still worn by rich and poor as garments of penance and grief. It was said, for example, that Queen Isabella of Spain wore the same undershirt day and night for three years, out of sorrow over the Spanish failure to wrest Granada from the Moors. Granada fell and the queen's shirt came off in 1492—a circumstance that may or may not have influenced the Spanish decision to send Columbus out to find a speedier route to India's aromatic spices.

Corsets, as a separate item of female dress, supposedly evolved from warriors' armor. Introduced into France by Catherine de Médicis, the originals were of hinged steel and had to be fastened with bolts. Suited more to heavy combat than to jousting in the lists of love, these torturous contrivances were the height of 16th Century fashion—especially among the renowned courtesans of Venice, who were the only women in Italy permitted to wear underpants. Their knee-length, heavily embroidered "pantaloons of temptation," officially condoned as a means of stimulating trade, were worn under voluminous skirts, which the flirtatious fancy ladies could coyly hoist up to their hips by means of invisible strings—driving men mad with desire.

In Elizabethan England, breast-flattening corsets gave the upper bodies of fashionable women an appearance almost identical with those of well-dressed men. Portraits of the period suggest that the seduction of a fully clothed Elizabethan charmer must have involved skills similar to those required for dismantling a circus tent. In addition to the velvet-covered metal corset that stiffened the female torso into the rigidity of a center pole, the various layers of petticoats and skirts stood stiffly out from the waist with the aid of a farthingale—a wrap-around bustle of whalebone hoops in the shape of a giant salami, which women wore under their "petty coates." A Spanish innovation, introduced by way of France, the English farthingale was known in lower-class parlance as a bum-roll, by virtue of its intimate contact with milady's bum—or that portion of the anatomy that monks, monarch and milady herself formerly called her arse.

Doors had to be widened and special farthingale chairs were made to accommodate these body bloaters, which eventually grew to a width of four feet. Cautious females stayed indoors on blustery days, for fear that the wind would blow them away like sailboats without rudders. But English Puritans perceived different dangers: Due to the "fardingale," they declared, the commodious skirts of wayward wives and daughters had replaced closets and chests as a favorite hiding place for lovers. At a time when even the most brazen hussies wore underpants only when dancing, the intimacy of this stratagem tickled the popular fancy.

In France, where cleavage was given broad exposure by the low-swooping necklines of Louis XIII's Austrian wife, Anne, the Via Lactea, or Milky Way, was known as the Well of Sanctification—a name that grew increasingly inappropriate as the deeply intriguing cleft became a cross between a miniature carryall and a handy in-and-out box. Notes, keys, watches, handkerchiefs and nosegays all were likely to be dropped down the well, inviting playful search and seizure by nimble-fingered gallants. During the decade of Puritan rule, English cleavage was often obscured by kerchiefs, which women tucked in at the neckline. With the Restoration of Charles II, all such "bibs and tuckers" were out. Busked-up bosoms bobbled and niplets winked in and out of frilly necklines, just as they did at the court of France's Louis XIV. But the full extent of exposure can scarcely be measured today, due to the fact that many 18th Century families had the bosomy portraits of their Restoration ancestors painted over with mantles and tuckers, to create a more seemly appearance.

Among the English, French and Dutch colonists in America, female fashions were as close to those of the homeland as practicality would allow. Colonial cleavage was firmly supported by stays, or busks, of whalebone and wood, some of which may be seen in the collection of heirloom corsetry now preserved at Williamsburg, Virginia.

But just a few hundred miles from Williamsburg, on the Virginia frontier, women of Scotch-Irish stock lived and died without ever having seen a busk. "The linsey petticoat and bedgown" were "the universal dress of our women in early times," an old frontiersman wrote, in describing backwoods life before the Revolution. When not in use, petticoats and bedgowns "were hung in full display on wooden pegs, round the walls of their cabins," serving "in some degree the place of paper hangings. . . ."

Familiar as hangings in many present-day American homes are gilt-framed reproductions of *The Swing*, a pastoral scene that Jean Honoré Fragonard, court artist to Louis XV, painted in 1766. Viewed as highly romantic by homemakers who have never studied its details, the painting depicts an aristocratic miss seated on a wide swing, amid poufs of pink-satin skirt, while her lover reclines on the ground before her, gazing up with adoring eyes. But are his eyes really adoring? And what is he staring at? As the beauteous swinger had planned, he is staring right up her skirt—past the tops of her rolled silk hose and between her parted thighs—for a French "display of the graces."

More than the incident itself, *The Swing* is illustrative of an 18th Century shift of interest from the busked-up breast to the long-hidden female leg. This lowering of erotic sights began about 1710, with the introduction of the hoop skirt—actually, a hooped petticoat, worn beneath the skirt and stiffened

(continued on page 213)

"The way I see it, promiscuity is its own reward."

Coot: Exceptionally powerful, the hill-bent Coot (above) features a 1-to-164 low-gear ratio and semiarticulated body that will take you almost anywhere you wish to wander. And, if you're planning a trek way into the boondocks, you can even order your Coot with four-wheel steering that works in opposite directions like a hook-and-ladder truck. Price: $1895, F. O. B. Cummins Engine Co., Dallas, Texas.

Tricart: Chassis, seats, fenders and engine-mounting equipment are all incorporated in one structure, thanks to the Tricart's aircraft-type, *monocoque* body of reinforced fiberglass. This grown-up three-wheeler can handle gravel, sand, snow and shallow streams. Model 40E (one of four) has a dual electrical starting system. Prices: $379–$695, F. O. B. New Holland Division, Sperry Rand, Lebanon, Ohio.

come hill or high water—a quartet of highway-chucking off-road vehicles for your great escape

far from the madding crowd

modern living **by ken w. purdy** WHEN WINSTON CHURCHILL uttered one of his lesser profundities, a remark that the substitution of the internal-combustion engine for the horse had marked a gloomy day for mankind, he had in mind only the automobile, running more or less decorously on street and highway. Had the great man known the ORV (Off-Road Vehicle), his language might have been more picturesque, for in the ORV the i.c. engine has finally achieved ubiquity: Roads or no roads, it can go anywhere.

Hovercraft, ATV (All-Terrain Vehicle), dune buggy, trail bike and snowmobile are the primary forms of the

Crazy Colt: With a planetary transmission that sends power to each of its six wheels through a chain drive, and a body of lightweight thermoplastic, the Crazy Colt (above) can negotiate rocky areas, forests, streams, ponds and hills, even at a 45-degree angle. Rubber engine mounts eliminate vibrations; two simple levers control steering, speed and braking. Price: $995, F. O. B. ATV Mfg. Co., Glenshaw, Pa.

Air Cycle: Serving as an all-season escape machine, the Air Cycle functions as a swamp vehicle, powerboat, dune buggy, iceboat and snowmobile, hitting speeds of about 40 mph. The 33-hp twin-cylinder engine is coupled to a fan that suspends the Air Cycle several inches above the surface, giving an almost frictionless ride over most terrain. Price: $1495, F. O. B. Air Cushion Vehicles, Troy, New York.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

ORV. The thing is all new, practically unheard of in the Fifties, not really significant until the late Sixties, booming going into the Seventies—259 snowmobiles were sold in 1959; last year, 500,000. Like other inventions, say the electric bulb and the roulette wheel, the ORV helps satisfy a need: in this case, the wish to get away from it all, easily and quickly. A man who wouldn't walk a long mile to see the Taj Mahal at sunrise can in less time, with an ORV, make himself the only human being in 20 square miles of primeval forest, its majesty and silence his alone—as soon as he shuts off the engine, that is, or engines, as the case may be. People love the things or hate them. The middle ground is

almost empty. A man who lives on the outer fringe of a small town in New Hampshire and wakes up sitting at two A.M. because he thinks the house is collapsing, just in time to see a herd of 20 or 30 snowmobiles charging through his back yard, has a tendency to reach for the 12-gauge and a box of deer slugs. But one who's known the giant-killer sense of power that comes with a six-wheel ATV, equally at home on a boulder-studded mountain slope and the still waters of a lake, or the sheer delight, half fun, half fright, of dune-storming a fat-tired trike, or the wonder of hovercrafting six inches over a frozen marsh at 30 miles an hour, just brushing the high spots, has a different point of view, different attitude altogether.

Time was, and not all that long ago, when anything with wheels on it and room for two people could find seclusion somewhere. It's not so easy now, particularly on the country's coasts, and anyone with a modicum of imagination and access to a map can see how much harder it's going to be before long, when solid megalopolis will run from Boston to Washington, D. C., for example. The Off-Road, laughing at freeways to scurry into the boondocks, began as an engine, a tub and a set of squashy wheels, but it may really be the future's thing. Right now, to accomplish the laudable end of really getting out of it, only a two-place helicopter can drop one into privacy more easily.

A military prime mover that would haul an artillery piece almost anywhere —it had an electric motor in each hub— was built by Ferdinand Porsche for the Austrian army in World War One, and maybe it all began there. Closer, though, was the U. S. Army's Vehicle, GP (General Purpose)—the jeep. By the time 1945 shut down the fighting, we had scattered 634,569 jeeps around the world, the Germans had chipped in 50,000-odd of their own version, the Kübelwagen (or Schwimmwagen if it was amphibious), and a few hundred thousand Servicemen had decided they'd like to have one back home. (The most enterprising tried shipping them back stripped, one piece at a time.) Inevitably, somebody decided to make a jeep thing that would be lighter, cheaper and more versatile; almost equally inevitably, it happened in California; so the jeep begat the dune buggy, which begat the trail bike, which begat the snowmobile, which begat the ATV—maybe.

The hovercraft, or air-cushion vehicle, or ground-effect machine, is the only original among the ORVs. The others are all adaptations, developments, the snowmobile taking its tracked drive from World War One's tank, for instance. But the hovercraft hangs on the idea of using one fan to blow a vehicle up off the ground and another one to drive it. The notion surfaced around 1902, and a Finn, Toivo Kaario, built a working model in 1934; but Sir Christopher Cockerell of Great Britain is generally credited with the invention. He came in sidewise, as so many inventors have: An electronics engineer who'd become a boatbuilder, he was working on the reduction of water friction on ship hulls. Cockerell, of course, knew the hydrofoil boat, which lifts its hull out of the water at high speeds, but he wanted the hull dry from the start. He made his first model out of a coffee can in 1953, and it worked. He made another one, two feet, six inches long, and it worked better.

Saunders-Roe of England was the pioneer manufacturing firm, and the first hovercraft floated, flew, went in May 1959. It had a 435-horsepower radial engine and a speed capability of 50 knots. A regular cross-Channel service started in 1968, by 1969 was on an every-hour-on-the-hour basis, and still is. I crossed on one of these hovercraft, the Princess Margaret of the Mountbatten class, a 130-footer carrying 254 passengers and 30 automobiles at a cruising speed of 60 mph. There was a heavy sea running that day and the 60-minute ride was rough, as rough and as noisy as it would have been in a propeller-driven airplane in heavy turbulence. There were no seat belts, and you hung on—or else. I saw four inches of daylight under some passengers. In ordinary weather, veteran hovercraft commuters deposed, the thing was steady as stone, and normal running time was 40 minutes—less than half the Channel ferry's.

It's a peculiarity of the hovercraft that efficiency increases in direct proportion to size, and it was Cockerell's opinion that there was no practical limit. Richard Stanton-Jones, Saunders-Roe's managing director, envisioned a transoceanic hovercraft a mile long, of 100,000 tons dead weight, driven by a 2,000,000-horsepower assembly of engines. While such a monster could be built if the money could be found, it's most unlikely it will be. Stanton-Jones's optimism was characteristic of the hovercraft's nascent era, reminiscent of the parallel period in airplane history: Pioneers saw the skies full of small private planes. Some hovercraft enthusiasts believed that the automobile itself would be sent to permanent rest in museums beside the paddle-wheel ship and the steam locomotive. Logically, scores of manufacturers on both sides of the Atlantic jumped into the field to build one-to-four-passenger hovercraft, and, equally logically, the attrition rate was high. By 1970, three of the biggest in Britain, including British Hovercraft, builders of the cross-Channel machines, were conceding financial troubles. Still, a few months later, another firm, Hover Air Ltd., claimed to be back-ordered $24,000,000. Hover Air's model range includes a single-seater weighing only 150 pounds complete with two engines, probably the lightest hovercraft.

The root attraction of the machine, its ability to move at equal speed over ground and water, is strong enough to hold it viable, and 25 to 30 companies in the U. S. and Canada are producing or planning production. The market place is not crowded, and it's dominated by the Air Cycle, a $1500 ticket made by Air Cushion of Troy, New York. The Air Cycle has two points of marked superiority over most private-use hovercraft: Standard practice has been to use two engines, one driving a horizontal fan to create the cushion of air on which the machine floats, the other a vertical propeller for thrust. The Air Cycle takes lift and propulsion from a single engine. Second, because the hovercraft runs essentially without surface contact, it has been tricky to handle in turns and in side winds: no wheels on the ground, no rudder in the water and not enough speed to make its airplane-type rudders sharply effective. A turn in most hovercraft is a wide drift. Air Cycle's control system, including airfoil trim control and thrust spoilers, produces superior handling characteristics, even at its 40-mph top speed, and is easy to learn. It can climb a 20-degree slope, too much for most hovercraft.

Credit for the invention of the All-Terrain Vehicle is usually divided between two Canadians, John Gower and Ron Beehoo, who worked independently of each other in 1961–1962. Gower called his machine the Jiger, and it was in production for about five years. Beehoo made his first one—he called it Aquacat —in his basement and started production with a work staff of seven men. The vehicle was an immediate success and five years later, with five times as many employees, Beehoo was still well behind demand; in 1966 he combined his firm with an American company, Mobility Unlimited. Produced in a Raymond, Mississippi, plant, it's the Amphicat now.

Ron Beehoo laid down the basic form of all ATVs: a thermoplastic, fiberglass or steel tub built in two halves with preformed seats, engine cover, cargo space, dash, wheel wells, and so on, a light engine driving, usually, four or six wheels through chains, the wheels tired with big doughnut balloons, heavily cross-treaded, running on a pound or a pound and a half of air pressure. The difference between an ATV and, say, a rough-ground traveler like the jeep is in the simultaneous drive of wheels so squashy that they can get a grip on anything, even, to a modest degree, water. I drove one by ATV Manufacturing Company of Glenshaw, Pennsylvania, the dominating firm in the field, into a

(continued on page 172)

article By GARRY WILLS

on the radical possibility of living for the spirit and the flesh

A tall assured man came to the switchboard at Woodstock College, a Jesuit seminary in Maryland, on the night of March 21, 1969, and asked the woman there to buzz students Joe O'Rourke and Mike Dougherty.

"Who shall I say is calling?"

"They'll know."

Dougherty reached the phone first. "There is someone to see you," the woman said.

"Who is it?"

"He won't say."

"Describe him."

"Tall, gray hair, blue eyes."

"OK." He hung up.

The next day, Joe O'Rourke and Mike Dougherty, along with seven others, were arrested while publicly destroying files taken from the Dow Chemical Company's offices in Washington. The woman at the switchboard, Barbara Meyer, of vague age and mixed girlish and maternal feelings toward "her boys" at Woodstock, was disturbed. "That man who came last night is the one who got them into trouble," she told her family. They asked if she knew who he was. "No, but I could pick him out of a crowd of thousands. That height and those eyes."

During the trial of the D. C. Nine, Mrs. Meyer got to know

Sex and the Single Priest

"that man." He came to Woodstock often, and seemed just as concerned as she about "the boys." He had not joined them in their act, she learned, because he was already convicted of one felony in Baltimore and was planning another for Catonsville. Everyone called him Phil —except Mrs. Meyer, who made a stiffish point of addressing him as Father Berrigan.

Joe and Mike were the first Woodstock men to be caught in an illegal action, and Mike's New York superior decided to delay his ordination, at least until he had undergone his trial—perhaps, if it came to that, until he had served his prison term. The New York seminarians in Maryland resented this; a carload of them drove up to New York and exacted an agreement that their classmate would be made a priest. Although Dougherty knew of these efforts, and let them go forward, he had other things in mind. One night, after a grueling session on the witness stand, he called Woodstock around midnight to summon friends back to Washington. A priest of their circle was about to marry him and a girl who had camped with the peaceniks at Woodstock. This dismayed some of Dougherty's supporters, not all of whom agreed with his politics; they had, after all, opposed their superior at some risk to their own priestly careers.

Not long ago, those who left the priesthood did it quietly, under cover of night, not letting others know they had to leave. A tacit agreement had all along been assumed, that such men were lost to the community—an embarrassment to some, temptation for others—never to be welcomed back. Departure was to remain, for others, unthinkable, an option neither considered nor imaginable. Even in the mid-Sixties, poet and novelist John L'Heureux, studying for ordination at Woodstock, told of a secret party thrown for a departing seminarian as a daring and unique act that "no one [would] believe"—the violent wrench had been softened, friendships reaffirmed at parting, in a way that old seminary rules were designed to forestall.

Entry into the seminary was an abrupt and rending thing, full of symbolic renunciation; similarly, one should leave with a sharp break. Taboos were cultivated—inhibitions to prop up the disciplines of poverty, celibacy, clerical apartness. The priest was safe inside this inviolable zone, the area marked out by his stiff collar's magic circle. Being in or being out was a matter of choice, clear-cut. Either or. One could not be both.

But all such walls of division have come down in recent years, "the house" fraying out into "the world," students for the priesthood coming and going casually, bringing their friends in with them, even meeting their future wives at the seminary. There had always been priests who married, but new questions arose in this context: If priests were now judged by professional academic norms, why should they leave the institution in which their competence had been established? And so another taboo was shattered: Priests who married would no longer be pariahs at Catholic schools. Attempts to get rid of them were met with legal suits, appeals to the American Association of University Professors and fights over the principle of tenure.

The problem arose for Woodstock after the college had moved to New York City. A bright young moral theologian, Giles Milhaven, married and his students asked the administration to allow him to stay on—not only as professor but also as priest and Jesuit. He agreed with the request in principle, though superiors begged him to spare them embarrassment. Milhaven saw the uneasiness that would be caused by his staying, both for old friends on the faculty and for his new wife—added strains placed on the early trials of marriage. Besides, he was a qualified professor and the college was uncertain of its academic future. He accepted an offer from Brown University. The students wished him well. But some thought he had let them down by acquiescing to old rules, perpetuating obsolete taboos.

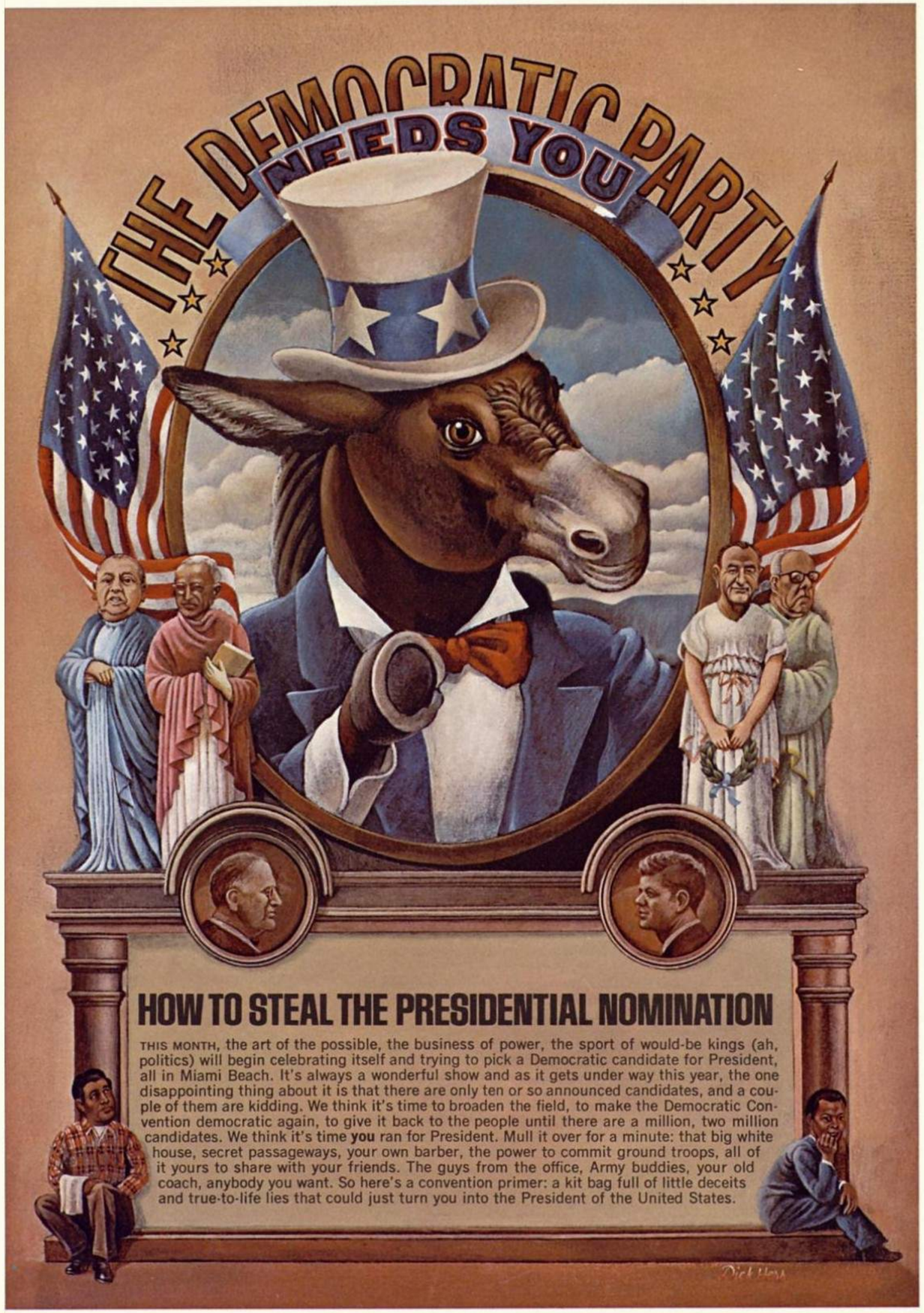
That was the situation when Mike Dougherty (of the Dow Chemical trial) showed up again at Woodstock, along with his wife and their new baby. He was still appealing his conviction, along with Joe O'Rourke, and he wanted to remain active for peace. The Jesuits made room for his family in their apartments, on what seemed at first a temporary basis. When he expressed a desire to take his wife back to see her parents in California (where they had stayed for some time after their marriage), a collection was taken up throughout the Woodstock community. The seminarians—some with particular relief—dug into exiguous salaries to finance the trip. Yet though the money disappeared, the Doughertys didn't. The plans for the trip faded along with the funds for it.

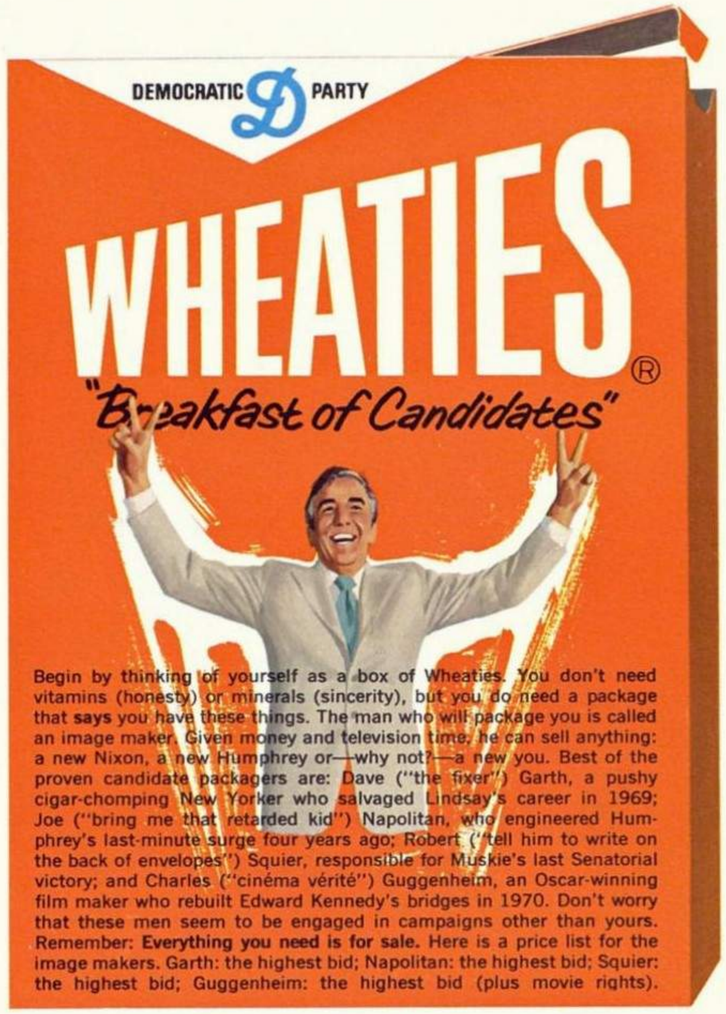
Woodstock students were divided in the matter. At last a house meeting was called to thrash out the problem. The defenders of the family were clear in their position: Mike was doing work for which the house had prevailing sympathy; he should be supported. The opposition was ill focused. Some maintained that a baby around the house was an imposition; but undisturbed leisure and easy access to the TV are not very high grounds on which to vindicate the sacredness of cloister. How could the Jesuits kick out a Catholic folk hero—one of the D. C. Nine, for God's sake—to preserve Colonel Blimp's favorite leather chair in the lounge? Others used an argument from the concept of religious poverty—Jesuit students live on the contributions of benefactors who do not intend, when donating money, to house and feed non-Jesuits in a seminary. But that, too, was easily answered. The donations are given so that Jesuits may carry on their apostolate, and most of those where the Doughertys lived would agree that peace work is part of that mission—more a part of it than work in laboratories or classrooms, on which donated funds are gladly expended. Besides, Joe O'Rourke is genially candid about use of his order's funds: "We *should* be religious Robin Hoods, taking from the rich to feed the poor. Half the people who donate to us are making money from the war system or from exploitative corporations and hope they can buy their way into heaven with some Masses said for them."

It seemed to some that Dougherty came out of the meeting with stronger claims upon the resources of the house than many of those who were still Jesuits. What is given the order is given for service: given to be given back in the form of active ministry. The donations that make helping others possible also make it imperative; without this reason, nothing would be given in the first place. Thus, most Jesuits were for Dougherty's staying. Given the poor quality of arguments against his staying, it's a wonder they did not all end up on his side. But the debate arose initially, one suspects, because of arguments no one was willing to voice. These sophisticated young men were afraid to be "square" and bring up the question of celibacy, the traditional basis for cloister. If they are to remain celibate, it must be with eyes open, not as naïve boys shut up monastically in cells. With all of New York around them, how can they shut out the regular contemplation of other men's sexual fulfillment? Indeed, sex takes far grosser forms than married life in almost any New York street. Families live just down the hall in the Woodstock students' apartment building. What does it matter, then, that one family lives in the next room?

So goes the argument—or so it would have gone if even one man had spelled out such obvious things. Yet, in practice, it does make a difference that the community, no matter how close it lives to the world and its cares, does not even try to create a celibate style of its own. If celibacy is not a mere accident and anomaly but a thing chosen for its positive values, then that choice and those values should take external form, actual and symbolic. To strive for an "inner" celibacy that needs no outer expression is to dismiss the body and fall back on a simple-minded view of the soul as a detachable "ghost in the machine." The sophisticates turned out to be more naïve

(continued on page 108)


THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY
NEEDS YOU
HOW TO STEAL THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION
THIS MONTH, the art of the possible, the business of power, the sport of would-be kings (ah, politics) will begin celebrating itself and trying to pick a Democratic candidate for President, all in Miami Beach. It's always a wonderful show and as it gets under way this year, the one disappointing thing about it is that there are only ten or so announced candidates, and a couple of them are kidding. We think it's time to broaden the field, to make the Democratic Convention democratic again, to give it back to the people until there are a million, two million candidates. We think it's time **you** ran for President. Mull it over for a minute: that big white house, secret passageways, your own barber, the power to commit ground troops, all of it yours to share with your friends. The guys from the office, Army buddies, your old coach, anybody you want. So here's a convention primer: a kit bag full of little deceits and true-to-life lies that could just turn you into the President of the United States.



Begin by thinking of yourself as a box of Wheaties. You don't need vitamins (honesty) or minerals (sincerity), but you do need a package that says you have these things. The man who will package you is called an image maker. Given money and television time, he can sell anything: a new Nixon, a new Humphrey or—why not?—a new you. Best of the proven candidate packagers are: Dave ("the fixer") Garth, a pushy cigar-chomping New Yorker who salvaged Lindsay's career in 1969; Joe ("bring me that retarded kid") Napolitan, who engineered Humphrey's last-minute surge four years ago; Robert ("tell him to write on the back of envelopes") Squier, responsible for Muskie's last Senatorial victory; and Charles ("cinéma vérité") Guggenheim, an Oscar-winning film maker who rebuilt Edward Kennedy's bridges in 1970. Don't worry that these men seem to be engaged in campaigns other than yours. Remember: **Everything you need is for sale.** Here is a price list for the image makers. Garth: the highest bid; Napolitan: the highest bid; Squier: the highest bid; Guggenheim: the highest bid (plus movie rights).

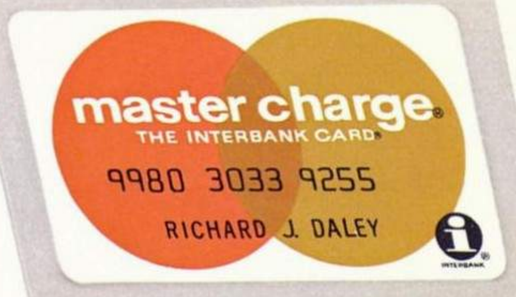
Second most important person on your staff is a good make-up man. The going rate is $100 a day, plus expenses, a bargain at twice the price. One of the great political powder-and-grease men, Syd Simons of Chicago, is still available. He was the chap who got Richard Nixon to pluck his eyebrows, "so that he wouldn't look so mean." For television, Syd advises candidates to lay it on thick: make-up base, rouge, lipstick, eye liner—even false lashes. Warning: Once the make-up is on, don't mess with it. Estes Kefauver, stepping out into the sun on his way to a televised debate with Stevenson in 1956, wiped his brow and smeared his eye shadow so badly that he looked like a hung-over drag queen. Photographers got the picture (they always do), and another candidacy bit the dust.

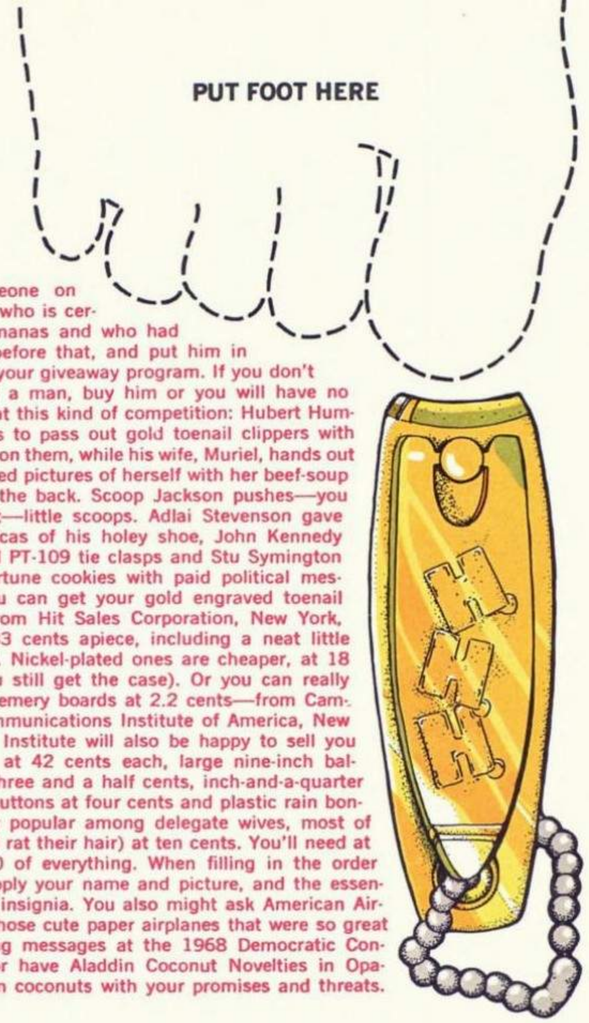
Dollars—not issues—elect candidates. Rich men will try to buy you. Let them. Avoid making public pledges. This frees you to make infinitely grandiose promises in private. Huey Long was a master of catering to the fantasies of wealthy contributors, and when elected, he was pragmatist enough to renege on inconvenient commitments. ("But what can we tell them, Huey? After all, you **promised**." "Tell 'em I lied.") Lack of a political past is no big hindrance, either. At least two men (William Henry Harrison and Dwight David Eisenhower) were nominated for the Presidency—and subsequently elected—without ever having voted for anything in their lives. To further fatten your campaign treasury, set up hundreds of phony "Citizens for . . ." bank accounts. These work like little conduits—all flowing into one giant cesspool. President Nixon himself invented this trick as a way to get around his own campaign-contributions law. It is also essential that you organize a President's Club, which should net you 500 heavy breathers at $1000 a shot. Once they've signed up, feel free to pump them for more at intimate parties. High rollers like $500-a-plate dinners, too. In 1968, Humphrey held one in Washington and one in New York. But he fed the folks too well: After expenses, he netted just over $1,000,000 for both. Cut the overhead and serve Ripple and chicken pot pies. Also publish a big glossy convention book about yourself, with lots of expensive ad space to sell to government contractors. L. B. J. squeezed at least $400,000 from this trick in 1964; but then, he was head of his party. Fill your coffers early and often; credit cards will tide you through the interim, and never (this is important), never pay campaign telephone bills. (What are they going to do—cut off service to the White House?)

To steal center stage in Miami Beach, you'll have to outcircus a great many veteran performers and at least one born vaudeville showman—Hubert Humphrey. Pretty girls in miniskirts or hotpants—with your name emblazoned on their skimmers and elsewhere—are crucially important, since they provide TV cameramen with what their directors lustily cherish as "honey shots": quick close-ups of fresh faces and an occasional high-stepping crotch. So open your Collins Avenue parades with dancing girls, à la 1968's Nixonettes (many of whom were Miami airline stewardesses on layover, whom Nixon rented especially for the occasion). You can also book Minsky's Burlesque—all 15 G-strung girls—for $2500 a performance. Follow them with at least ten high school bands (heavy on drums and tubas) and several hundred flag-waving supporters. If you're short on supporters, borrow some. Four years ago, Nelson Rockefeller padded his ranks with demonstrators on loan from Reagan and Romney. Supply the folks with hand-painted signs and deck them out in classy red-white-and-blue costumes. Unfortunately, Neiman-Marcus is sold out of L. B. J. embroidered patriotic vests, but they could produce new ones—with your own initials—for ten dollars each. If delegates don't show for parades, they will for stunts. Take a lesson from Teddy Roosevelt: During the 1912 Republican Convention in Chicago, his people circulated handbills proclaiming: AT THREE P.M. THURSDAY THEODORE ROOSEVELT WILL WALK ON THE WATERS OF LAKE MICHIGAN. He didn't, but thousands of credulous conventioneers turned out. Try it. And while you're at the water's edge, why not welcome a boatload of jovial Cuban refugees, whom you've airlifted out beyond the continental shelf and paid to drift ashore?

Don't let the Ringling Brothers ambiance of Miami Beach fool you: Assassins will lurk everywhere. You, as candidate, have a chance of getting into their cross hairs. Rocky Pomerance will tell you; he's the 260-pound police chief, and he's well equipped for trouble. Four years ago, he stocked his arsenal with flak vests, machine guns, Mace and an airborne spotlight that can flood a city block. This year the Justice Department gave him another $400,000 for unnamed "special security devices," which should put him one up on the forces of evil. You'll also be able to count on the presence, for your protection, of the military intelligence, the FBI, the Internal Revenue Service, the Bureau of Narcotics, the Border Patrol and Army demolition experts (for defusing bombs). Secret Service protection is available only to candidates who score more than five percent in the Gallup or Harris preference polls. If you don't rate, contact the Democratic National Committee, which is obliged to hire extra protection for **all** candidates, percentages be damned. If you're still paranoid, talk to Security Guard and Patrol, Inc. They'll rent you bodyguards for three dollars an hour; guard dogs cost $150 a month.

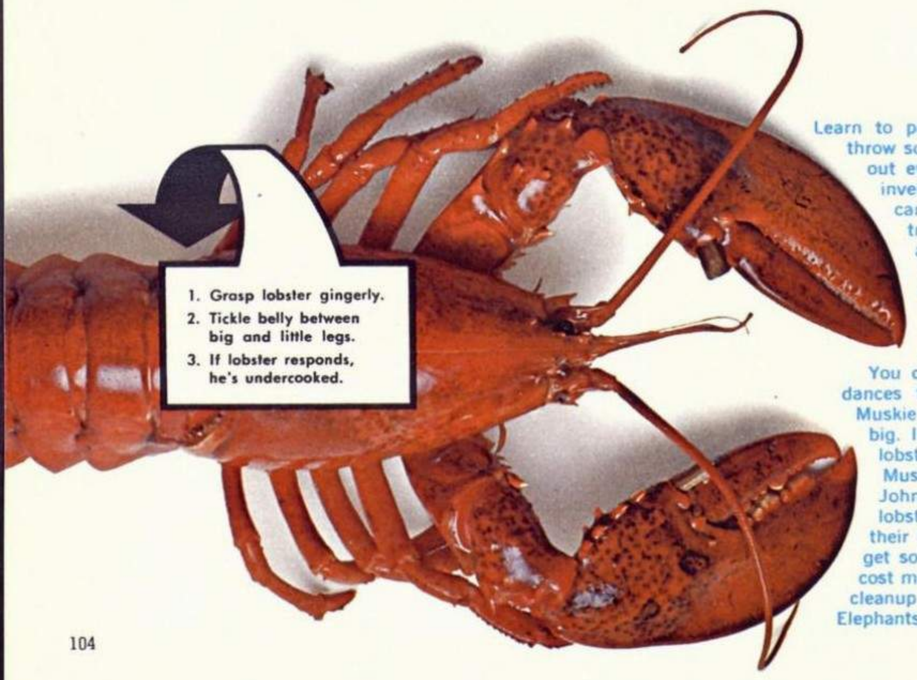
Although Presidential nominees are never picked in the convention hall itself, you will have to make a few token appearances to show the delegates that you have two arms, two legs, short hair and an ugly little smile. For this you'll need credentials. You can wire Larry O'Brien, asking for them. If he won't go along, use your imagination. In 1956, a Kefauver man got to the ticket printers and paid them to run off several dozen extras. In 1968, Mayor Daley was the only man who knew all along that Master Charge cards worked in the entrance-gate machines, and with this secret he packed the floor and gallery with his uncredentialed minions. You'll have to work harder this year, as credentials will not only be computerized but will bear the holder's photo (something like student I. D. cards at U of C Berkeley). For black-market credentials, look for scalpers in the lobbies of big hotels and the convention-hall parking lot. Be prepared to spend some money: Even 60 years ago, scalpers' minimum was about $100. Today, that wouldn't even get you into a Dolphins game.





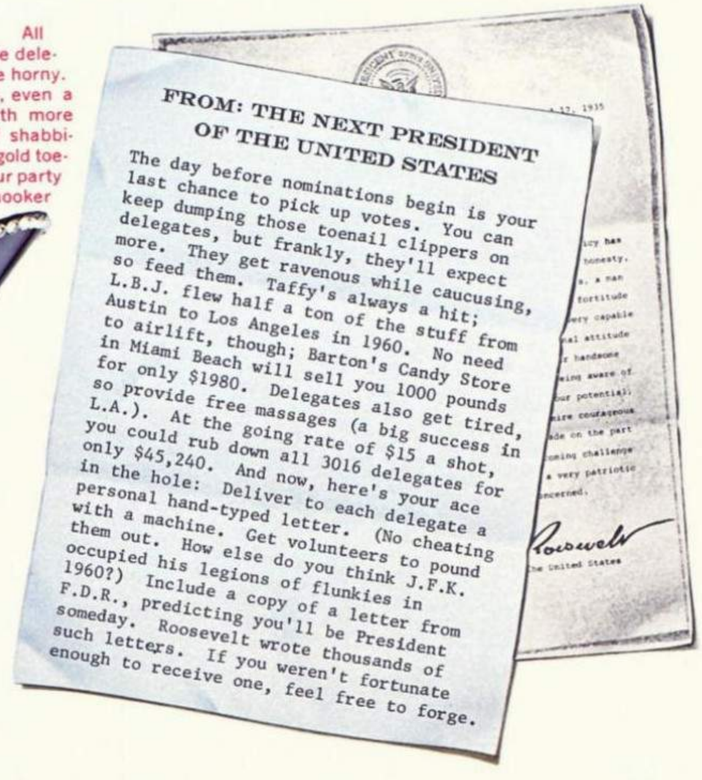
Find someone on your staff who is certifiably bananas and who had no taste before that, and put him in charge of your giveaway program. If you don't have such a man, buy him or you will have no way to beat this kind of competition: Hubert Humphrey likes to pass out gold toenail clippers with his initials on them, while his wife, Muriel, hands out autographed pictures of herself with her beef-soup recipe on the back. Scoop Jackson pushes—you guessed it—little scoops. Adlai Stevenson gave away replicas of his holey shoe, John Kennedy distributed PT-109 tie clasps and Stu Symington stuffed fortune cookies with paid political messages. You can get your gold engraved toenail clippers from Hit Sales Corporation, New York, for only 33 cents apiece, including a neat little vinyl case. Nickel-plated ones are cheaper, at 18 cents (you still get the case). Or you can really save with emery boards at 2.2 cents—from Campaign Communications Institute of America, New York. The Institute will also be happy to sell you skimmers at 42 cents each, large nine-inch balloons at three and a half cents, inch-and-a-quarter celluloid buttons at four cents and plastic rain bonnets (very popular among delegate wives, most of whom still rat their hair) at ten cents. You'll need at least 5000 of everything. When filling in the order blank, supply your name and picture, and the essential union insignia. You also might ask American Airlines for those cute paper airplanes that were so great for sending messages at the 1968 Democratic Convention, or have Aladdin Coconut Novelties in Opalocka cram coconuts with your promises and threats.

Sabotage opponents. They'll be out to get you. As the nominations near, it's every man for himself. Bug opponents' rooms, johns and headquarters. Install jamming devices in their communications equipment, as Barry Goldwater is said to have done in 1964. Cut every wire in sight. Question the health of other candidates, but be prepared for backlash. In 1960, John Kennedy made a not-too-veiled allusion to Lyndon Johnson's 1955 heart attack. John Connally responded by spreading the rumor that Kennedy had Addison's disease. Give delegates a taste of what New Hampshire voters received, late on the night before primary day: phone calls from a group called Afro-Americans for Muskie. There are infinite variations: Weathermen for McGovern; Ku-Kluxers for Wallace; Welfare Mothers for Chisholm. Search opposition wastebaskets for damning memoranda. In 1956, Kefauver hired a man to rummage through Kennedy's trash cans. Even if you find nothing, release some incriminating memos anyway, proving opponents' past alliances with Alger Hiss, Sherman Adams, Bobby Baker, Billie Sol Estes, Roy Cohn and ITT.



Learn to party. Don't get drunk. You'll need to throw some kind of hootenanny nightly, so rent out every ballroom in town. Bobby Kennedy invented this trick as a way to prevent other candidates from holding competing extravaganzas. You may also want to hire a permanent party hostess. Dig up Perle Mesta. That's right, Perle Mesta. She was a smash in 1964 in Atlantic City with her buffets, for which she provided a siren-escorted shuttle of minibuses that she called Perle's Party Line. You can count on hokey Forties-style dinner dances from the Humphrey people, and with Muskie in the running, clambakes should be big. In 1964, after trucking 3250 live Maine lobsters from Casco Bay to Atlantic City, Muskie scored media points by showing Luci Johnson the difference between boy and girl lobsters (males have this little thingy under their hind claws). And whatever else you do, get some donkeys to drag around. They don't cost much, about ten dollars an hour, including cleanup service. Be glad you're a Democrat. Elephants start at $400 a day and cleanup is extra.

All male delegates are horny. One hooker, even a fat one, is worth more in your arsenal of shabbiness than a thousand gold toenail clippers. Luckily, your party picked the second-best hooker town in America. Miami's North Bay Village has a higher concentration of callgirls than anyplace outside Las Vegas. Rocky Pomerance won't allow the girls on the beach (what beach there is), but during past conventions the girls have stationed themselves in nearby hotels and telegraphed their phone numbers to delegates in simple dot-and-dash code. Not cheap: $50 a trick, $200 a night.



FROM: THE NEXT PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES

The day before nominations begin is your last chance to pick up votes. You can keep dumping those toenail clippers on delegates, but frankly, they'll expect more. They get ravenous while caucusing, so feed them. Taffy's always a hit; L.B.J. flew half a ton of the stuff from Austin to Los Angeles in 1960. No need to airlift, though; Barton's Candy Store in Miami Beach will sell you 1000 pounds for only $1980. Delegates also get tired, so provide free massages (a big success in L.A.). At the going rate of $15 a shot, you could rub down all 3016 delegates for only $45,240. And now, here's your ace in the hole: Deliver to each delegate a personal hand-typed letter. (No cheating with a machine. Get volunteers to pound them out. How else do you think J.F.K. occupied his legions of flunkies in 1960?) Include a copy of a letter from F.D.R., predicting you'll be President someday. Roosevelt wrote thousands of such letters. If you weren't fortunate enough to receive one, feel free to forge.

Get ready to storm the hall. If you don't, somebody else will. Here's how: A speaker has just given a seconding speech for some guy. Stupidly adhering to the new convention rule, his supporters don't demonstrate. It's your turn. The conclusion of your "the man who . . ." nominating speech (preferably delivered by Teddy Kennedy) should signal a flotilla of small boats to toot by in the surf, while three tons of powder light the skies in fireworks, capped by a 600-square-foot pyrotechnic self-portrait in red, white and blue sparklers—a virtuoso performance that won high praise for L. B. J. in 1964. (Cost: $10,000 or so, from Florida Fireworks Displays, Inc.) You might try this in the hall; if the roof blows, so what? When the last sparkler has fizzled out and Harry Truman has delivered your seconding speech, volunteers with hidden floor mikes should begin a rhythmic chanting of your name (shades of Wendell Willkie). And now—rules be damned—this is the time for your spontaneous demonstration. Bring on the placard wavers, confetti throwers and contraband bands blaring "Happy Days Are Here Again." Dump the balloons, American-flag parachutes, Kansas sunflowers and real Iowa corn—all on the delegates' heads. Roll your juggernaut! And, what the hell, since you've paid for it in time, money and dignity: Relax, have a drink or two and try to forget—if you can—that Richard Nixon is waiting at the pass.

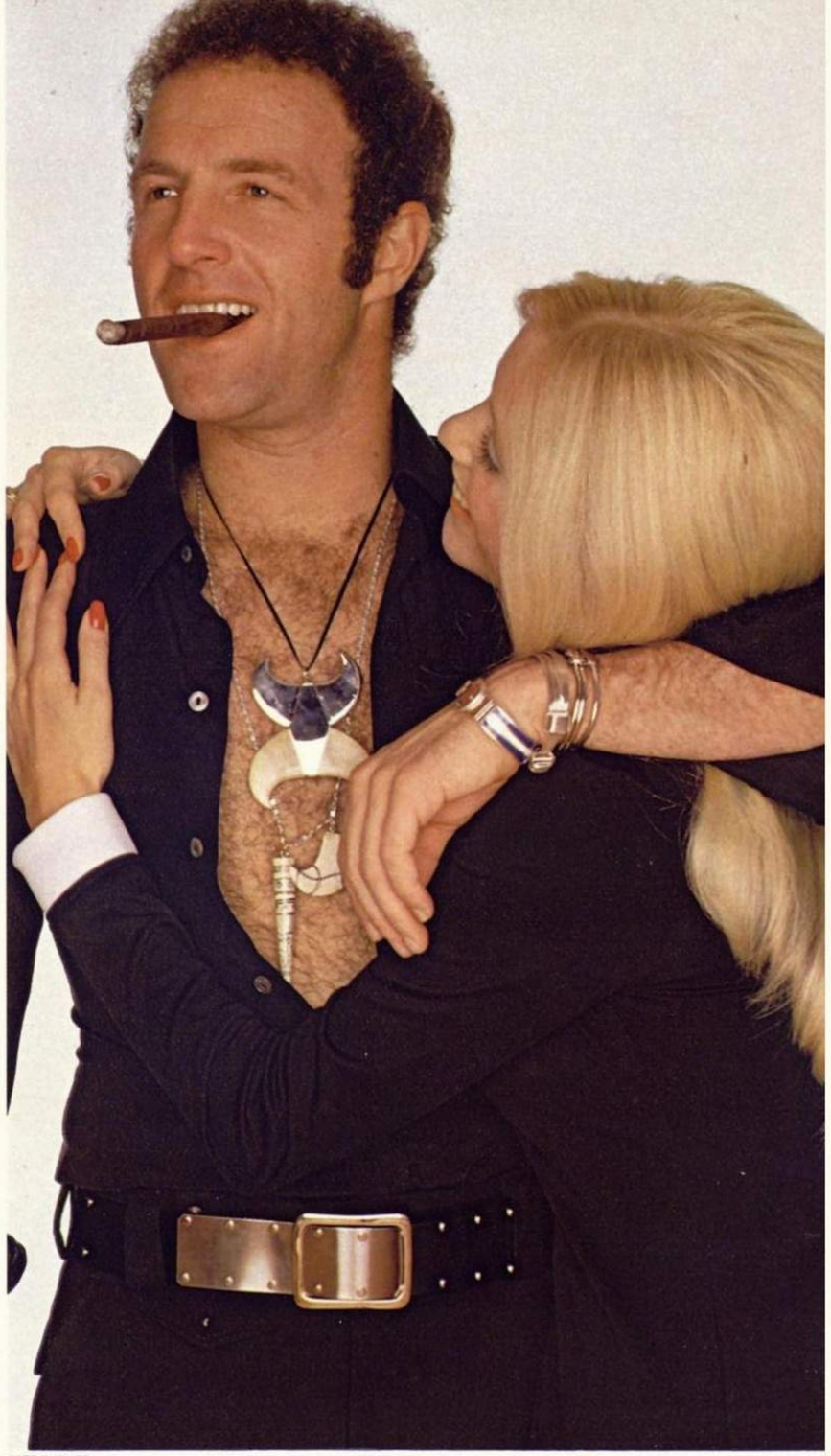
"so it's a bracelet. what's it to ya?"

if you think all that glitters belongs only on girls, tell it to these guys

accouterments

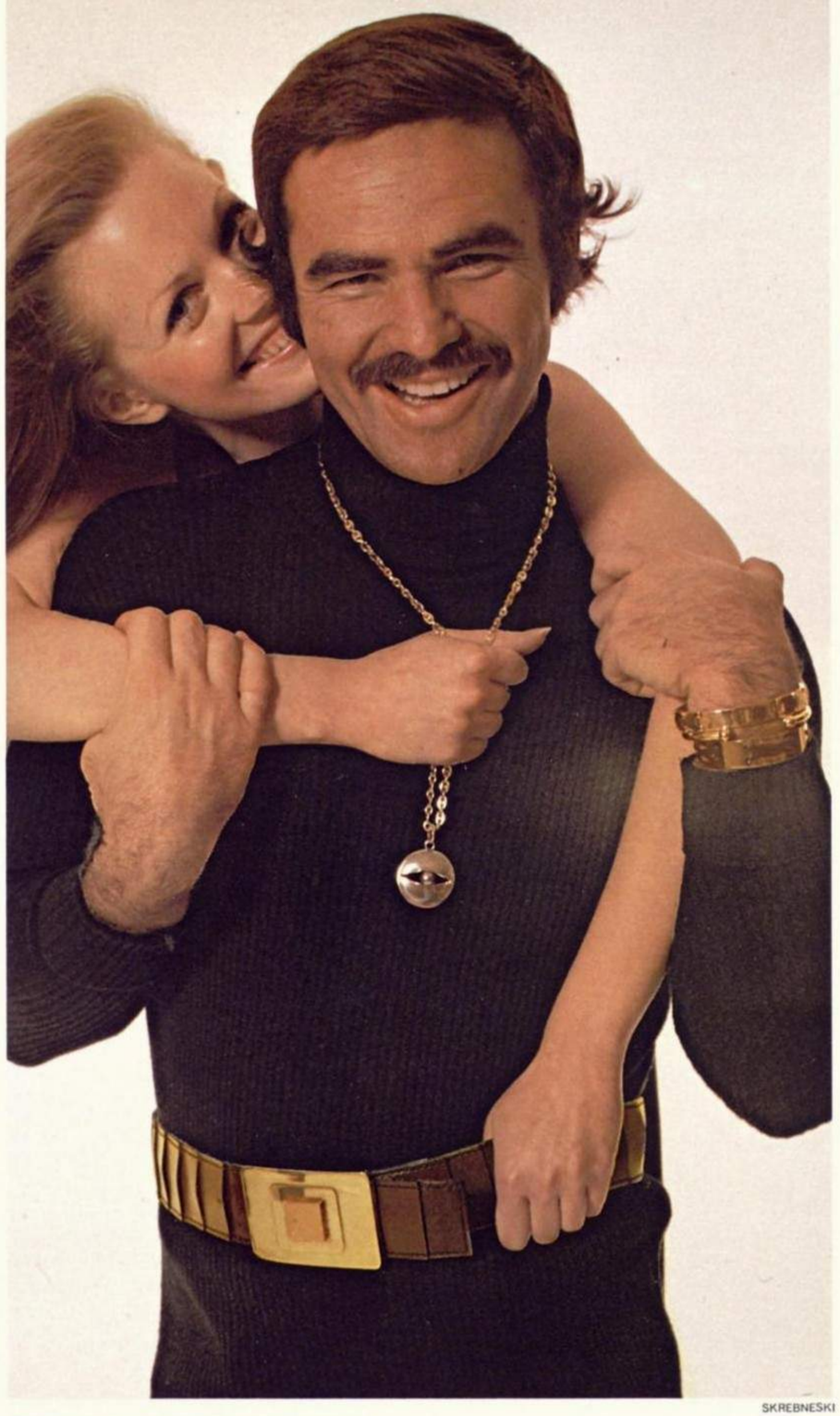
By ROBERT L. GREEN

EGYPTIAN KINGS and Indian rajas believed that those who wore gold ornaments "lived a long time in the abodes of the gods." Sumerians gilded themselves in precious metals for their magical qualities. And ancient Persians donned diadems as symbols of wealth and power. In fact, it's been only in the past century or two that men have eschewed wearing baubles and bangles. Well, guys are decking themselves out in fancy jewelry again and what they're sporting never looked better than with today's easygoing clothes. The trend, we think you'll agree, puts the well-known phrase "family jewels" in a whole new setting.



PETE TURNER

James Caan, who's currently knocking them dead in *The Godfather*, scores fashion points with Playmate-actress Connie Kreski. He's wearing a tiger-claw and sterling-silver pendant, $60, and a scrimshaw-type stag point, plus a stag-bone tiger claw, $50, all by Celia Sebiri for Henri Bendel. On his wrist is an enamel-on-silver bracelet, from Off The Cuff, $50; 14-kt. white-gold good-luck elephant-tail bracelet, from Hunting World, $485; silver-finished double-strand bracelet, from Bloomingdale's, $10; and a sterling-silver safari bracelet, from Off The Cuff, $20. Caan's patent-leather belt comes with a silver-plated buckle and matching studded trim, by Swank, $9. At right: A wide silver-plated clip-on belt buckle, from Bloomingdale's, $50.



SKREBNESKI

The cosmopolitan Burt Reynolds, now starring in the movie version of James Dickey's best seller, *Deliverance*, hangs loose with an 18-kt. gold marine link chain with eye charm, from Gucci, $510. On his wrist is an 18-kt. gold identification bracelet with an extra-heavy link chain, from Gucci, $681; gold-on-sterling single-strand safari-type wristband, by Pierez for Bonwit Teller, $15; and a wide gold-finished metal band with thin strips of leather lacing, by Swank, $7.50. Around Reynolds' waist is a layered belt in multicolored leather closed by a stacked satin-finished buckle with a geometric design, by Canterbury, $8. At left: A multicolored enamel buckle on a white patent-leather belt, by Paris Accessories, $12.

Above: 18-kt. gold arrow, from Cartier, $185. Below: Sterling-silver letter and chain, $35, and a plain sterling chain, $30, both from Destino; sterling-silver dog tag and chain, by Celia Sebiri, $55. Bottom: 18-kt. gold zodiac disk, from Dante Jewels, $550.

Sex and the Single Priest

(continued from page 100)

than older guardians of the cloister walls.

It is also naïve to think that the life of a religious order can continue if there is no difference between staying inside and going outside it. If there is nothing distinctive about this way of life, why belong to it? The crucial matter is not whether or not priests will marry in the future or religious orders find some new kind of communal discipline—I think both developments should take place and will (with time). What matters is that liberated young religious men be honest with themselves and realistic about what is at issue. Yet liberals are as subject to bad faith on the subject of sex as any target of their criticism. That was true of the nondebate at Woodstock College. It is true of many priests who leave to get married. There is continual nervous insistence that the priest had *other* objections to Church discipline, not merely to celibacy—as if an immaturity or shallowness attends any man who leaves "only" to marry. Friends would like to represent his act as one of all-inclusive protest against ecclesiastical backwardness. The *real* issue has been authority, or reform, or social concerns. And then—well, yes—as long as the protest involved leaving the active exercise of priesthood, one might as well get married, too.

There are some truths hidden in this line of argument, but they're twisted by the hiding process. The latent desire is to make marriage or nonmarriage incidental to much larger issues—which is rather an insult to any woman married to a priest. Not only was the man not "led astray" by her personally, their whole life together is reduced to an afterthought, made the vocational adjunct to more important decisions. The lucky woman is a beneficiary of her husband's dissatisfaction with the Roman Curia.

Why this denial that marriage can in itself be a worthy motive for vocational change? The argument is no doubt framed in response to right-wing prurience, which reduces all valid criticisms of the Church to mere excuses for getting married. Faced with these sexual obsessions, Church reformers insist that other reasons for dissatisfaction with the ministry do exist, that there are ways of repressing priests other than the sexual, that Church complicity in evil cannot simply be reduced to a man's desire for a woman. But this response is too symmetrical, framed to meet the other side on common ground. The prude says priests leave just to get married—other arguments are merely covers for concupiscence. His opponent answers that priests do *not* leave just to get married—other arguments *can* express good reasons for dissent. A tacit agreement has been reached that sex comes low in the scale of concerns—when priestly defectors are accused of submission to this inferior consideration, their defenders try to acquit them of it, forgetting in the process that sex is not something of which a man needs to be acquitted.

Both sides, in other words, treat sex as a separable part of life, something that can be placed over against other "issues." They do not recognize the way sex permeates all of life: the life of a man, of society, of a church. The priest who resents being set apart from life—political and intellectual, as well as social—cannot tick off what is sexual and what is nonsexual in his desire to reenter the human community. Those who believe in such neat divisions have retained some of the sterile habit of mind they are attacking.

This attitude is not surprising. Not only the Catholic Church but all Christian history—indeed, the whole Western religious tradition—is shot through with bad faith on the subject of sex. It shows in the customary defense made for a celibate clergy. Lack of a family is supposed to open a man to all people, make him more accessible, able to give himself wholly to others. If he had his own children, he would devote himself first to them, only secondarily to others. He would not have time to do all that priests should do. What is given to his family would be taken from what is given to his flock.

Merely to state this argument is to reveal its absurdity. Priests are not more accessible than other men, but less—at both the literal and the symbolic level. Most Catholics have easier access to their (married) doctor than to their (unmarried) pastor. I can more easily talk to my Senator than to my bishop. Many things explain this remoteness, but the most obvious explanation takes the form of a vicious circle: The priest (it is said) should remain celibate to be less remote; and then a remote life style is built up around him to keep him celibate. Grim rectory, forbidding chancery, sealed-off seminary, the "brand" of collar and black clothes—these are all meant to keep a man "safe," even when they destroy the justification for his remaining safe.

This "practical" argument of accessibility is based on a psychological fallacy, the quantification of love—as if one had a fixed amount to give and what goes to the family is lost to all others. It is everyone's experience that the more one loves, the more one can love, that love is denied not by intensity of love directed elsewhere but by general lovelessness and desiccation of spirit. (It is interesting that Catholic authorities abandon the quantum theory of love when they move from the question of clerical celibacy to that of birth control; none of them argue that the big family reduces love, that what one gives to a third or fourth child is necessarily subtracted from the first or second.)

Even if the quantum approach were valid, it would not serve as a defense of celibacy as it now exists, since most priests do not live by it, any more than they live by the norm of greater accessibility. If they did, they would seek to develop wider forms of love, social forms of giving and total ministry—yet the men most adamant on retaining celibacy are also most opposed to social activism. They try to *restrict* the range of services to be rendered by a priest. Some in this group are the victims of their training, so much of it focused on the repression of sexual love. This amounts to a systematic undermining of all kinds of love, which are all, in their own way, sexual, since they have to do with one's sense of self, and therefore with sexual identity.

The fact that sex itself, as well as marriage, is denied in this training is symbolized by nuns' old habits, which made breasts and hips not only invisible but nearly unimaginable. This explains that *frisson* of illogical guilt felt by two little boys in Elizabeth Cullinan's *House of Gold* when they catch a glimpse of the nun without her headdress. Her short hair covered only by a white cap is enough to suggest all the body's shame of nakedness. Not only breasts and thighs were to be hidden but also calves and hair. The face could not be entirely veiled, if nuns were to do practical work in the schools; but it was framed, cosmeticless and with very little mobility, in a stiff coif apparatus, cut off from the rest of the body as if floating above it—a picture hung on a wall or a waif face of indeterminate age and sex glimpsed through the grating of a cell.

This deliberate effacement of all womanly attributes was meant to affect others as well as to guard the woman inside. She was not to be made available as an object for concupiscence. Because of this laundering of possible responses to her, she experienced a diminishing reality. She was a neuter, felt and treated as such; and she had, for reasons of self-preservation, to shrink into this assigned state, learn to be content with it, not venturing out, not trying any but the most tested gestures of human affection or need.

Even when nuns were "humanized" in jokes and funny stories, there were unspoken rules to be observed. One could show their little foibles and vanities, as long as they were not feminine vanities—Ingrid Bergman up at bat during recess; Celeste Holm playing tennis in her habit; or a long-unsuspected, then dramatically revealed wizardry at playing marbles. A nun could even touch you, as long as it was a teammate's pat on the

(continued on page 195)

article

by robert sherrill

the question for "common cause" is: can you save the country without getting your hands dirty?

Cause Without A Rebel

IT ISN'T THE APOCALYPTIC sales pitch that guarantees success. It's the aroma of something special—a kind of sweatless sincerity—that exudes from the salesman. Your ordinary evangelist may say the same thing, but he just doesn't get the results that Billy Graham commands when he shouts, "Today the whole world is on fire! . . . The flames are licking all around our world—the roof is about to cave in . . ." etc. And when Ralph Nader warns, "This is not the time to fool around, wasting countless hours watching television or chitchatting . . . not when the future of civilization is at stake," he draws a much more universal and much more profound response than virtually the same admonition does when it comes from Lester Maddox.

Whatever singular quality it is that accounts for the difference, John W. Gardner certainly has it. If he had been an actor back in the days when Hollywood considered a potted palm in a hotel lobby the height of elegance, Gardner would have been cast as a don, an Episcopal minister or a banker. His voice and manner are right. And even though the idea packaged by his voice and manner may be stunningly naïve ("Why, the peace movement alone is as hard a political force as the oil lobby!"), the people believe in him.

So he is a first-rate apocalyptic salesman. "The nation is in deep trouble," he intoned in 1970, and nearly a quarter of a million people trembled and began sending in their $15 to join his organization, Common Cause—called a people's lobby and dedicated to promoting "housing, employment, education, health, consumer protection, environment, law enforcement, administration of justice [and the] reordering of national priorities and Governmental reform." A pretty big order for Common Cause's two full-time professional lobbyists to handle, you must admit, but for the moment let's not talk critically.

Common Cause is remarkable for a number of reasons. For one thing, its size. Even if nothing great emerges from it, Gardner will have put his tidy mark on history, for in slightly more than a year he pulled together an organization exceeded in size by only two dozen labor unions. Each person who paid his $15 hoped that it would be used to save his Government's soul, and the fact that even one 800th of the citizenry—fresh from five years of L. B. J. and four years of R. M. N.—believed salvation possible is also truly remarkable.

The third remarkable thing about Common Cause is that despite its many absurdities it's still quite appealing. Common Cause propagandists are uncommonly pious and windy and boastful about their work, and they are also quite inaccurate. They claim to have done much more than they really have done; they claim to be much more powerful than they really are; they offer as their very own ideas that were old long before Common Cause came into existence. In short, like all politico-evangelistic movements, Common Cause has its share of quackery and deceit. Yet, on balance, the nation is better

(continued on page 202)

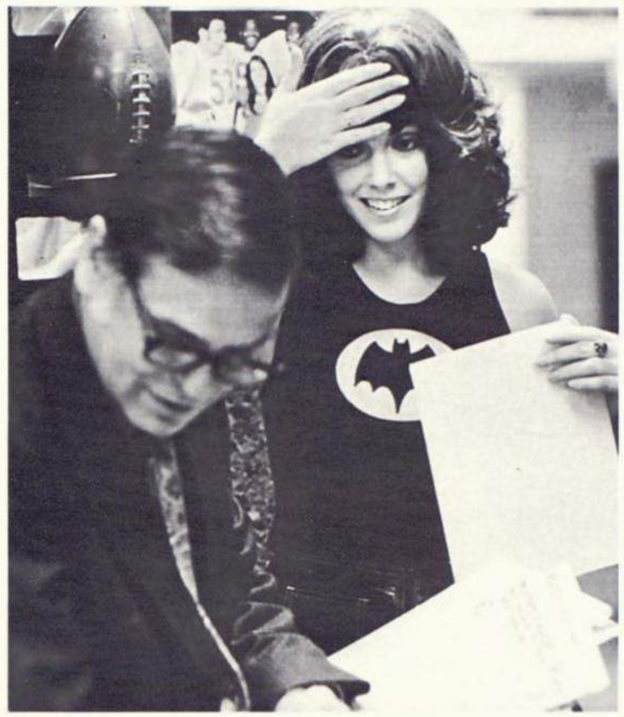
ILLUSTRATION BY KERIG POPE

CAROL'S WORLD

our july playmate finds a full life under playboy's business-and-pleasure dome

CAROL O'NEAL may be "biased on the side of astrology," but we'd be hard pressed to disagree with one horoscoper's description of those born, like her, on August 18: "You have a vigorous personality and will do well in the many enterprises you'll undertake." To Carol, that makes sense. "Recently," says our 23-year-old Playmate, "I've moved into the first house of a new career." She started work in 1970 as a Playboy receptionist. Since that time, the company's headquarters in Chicago have expanded; the Playboy Center now includes not only offices but a hotel, shops and a brand-new Playboy Club. Carol's duties have been enlarged also, to include screening job applicants for Playboy's Personnel Department. "I ask each caller what sort of job he wants, review his employment form and let him know what positions are open. Sometimes, on the basis of our conversation, I'm able to suggest alternate posts he might qualify for." Carol's paramount responsibility, as she sees it, is making prospective employees feel at ease. "That's important," she says, "because a person can best communicate what he has to offer if he's not uptight." Making people comfortable, in fact, has been a leitmotiv of Miss O'Neal's professional life. She first learned to deal with the public as an airline stewardess; but the travel and free-time benefits of the job weren't enough to outweigh her practical concerns about the future. "Hostessing was fun, but the opportunities for advancement were so rare that I decided to look for a more promising career." So she came to Playboy, where, in addition to her Personnel responsibilities, she is on call for assignments from Playboy Models. Looking ahead, Carol faces an enviable range of career choices. "I really enjoy personnel work," she says, "and I'm learning more about it every day. On the other hand, it would be exciting to become a top-notch model." Whatever she decides to do, Carol is fully confident that success awaits her. After all, she says, "It's written in the stars."

Above: Carol arrives at work after a 15-minute walk from her apartment on Chicago's Near North Side. "There are several routes I could take," she says, "past the mansions or down the lake front, but somehow I always pass this bakery, where they make the greatest marzipan tortes."



Soon after nine in the Personnel Department, Carol begins to welcome a steady stream of job seekers that won't abate until closing. Above left: A question clears up an ambiguity on an applicant's employment form. Since he's a candidate for an opening in Public Relations, Carol takes his résumé to Anson Mount (above right), Playboy's Public Affairs Manager and author of our college and professional football previews.

A call from Playboy Models summons our Playmate to the photo studio, where make-up man Jerry Weitzel (above left) readies Carol for some test shots. Later, a lunchtime breather with friend Chris Manahan (above right) at the Playboy Center's Sidewalk Café is followed by an amble along nearby Oak Street Beach (below). As a busy trio of visiting Japanese photo buffs attests, the lakeside view is quite sensational.

GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

MISS JULY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Above left: At her apartment, Carol dresses for a date with Chicago Bears quarterback Bobby Douglass, whom she's meeting at the new Playboy Club. There, she and Bobby converse over cocktails in the Playmate Bar (above right) as a prelude to dinner and the show in the Penthouse. Before leaving, they pause at the Club's Gift Shop—where Bobby helps Carol choose a souvenir of their evening together.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The young woman approached the executive and said, "Please give, sir, to take a wayward girl off the street."

"How much do you suggest?" he asked.

"It depends," she smiled, "on how long you want to keep her off it."

We just can't vouch for the accuracy of the rumor that an FBI agent who was given the task of shadowing a gay liberation leader has been summarily dismissed because he blew his assignment.

A honeymooning couple had purchased a talkative parrot and taken it back to their hotel room. The bird kept up a running commentary on their intimacies, and the annoyed groom finally flung a large bath towel over the cage and threatened to have the parrot sent to the zoo if it didn't behave. When the couple had finished packing the following morning, they had difficulty in closing a large, bulging suitcase and decided that one of them should stand on it while the other attempted to fasten it. "Darling," said the groom, "you get on top and I'll try." That didn't work, so he then said, "Now I'll get on top and *you* try." But that didn't work, either, so he went on to say, "Look, darling, we'll *both* get on top and try."

At that point, the parrot yanked away the towel with its beak. "Zoo or no zoo," it squawked, "*this* I've gotta see!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *peter pan* as a moving shot in a skin flick.

It was a mixed dormitory. One night there was a scream, and immediately thereafter a coed resident was seen running down the hall with one shoe off and one shoe on. After that she was naturally referred to as Hopalong Chastity.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *hangover* as the brew of the night meeting the cold of the day.

A crusty old country practitioner had been approached once too often by the town gossip, who wanted this time to know about Mrs. Brown's new baby. "The child was born without a penis," he said.

"Oh!" gasped the woman.

"But," added the doctor, "she'll have a damn nice place to put one in eighteen years."

Then there was the unreconstructed male supremacist who said that if all the women's lib activists were laid end to end, that would be the best thing that could happen to them.

Early one morning the personal secretary of a handsome president burst into his office in a rage. "Mr. Johnson, I have worked faithfully for you for three years," she said, "and I still don't have a name plate on my office door. Why not?"

Slowly rising from behind his desk, her boss unzipped his trousers and flamboyantly pulled out his manhood. "Miss Jenkins," he replied, "I call this 'quality,' and in this organization, the quality goes in before the name goes on."

The old gentleman was aging rapidly. "Your hearing is getting worse," announced his physician during a periodic checkup, "and you must cut out all smoking, drinking and sex."

"What!" cried the fellow. "Just so I can hear a little better?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *born loser* as a guy who has a wet dream and then wakes up to find he's contracted V. D.

Two men were discussing marital infidelity. One asked what the other would do if he found his wife in bed with another man. "What would *I* do if I found *my* wife in bed with someone else? Why, I'd break the son of a bitch's white cane and shoot his dog!"

An unmarried Catholic girl in Seattle went to confession, told the priest that she had had sexual relations on five occasions and was instructed to say 50 Hail Marys as penance. Shortly afterward, she moved to San Francisco with her family and in due course again went to confession. Once more, by coincidence, she said that she had engaged in the sex act five times. "As penance," intoned the priest, "say ten Hail Marys."

"Thank you, Father," said the girl, "but why only ten Hail Marys? I confessed to the same thing in Seattle and was told to say *fifty* of them."

"That may be true, my daughter," replied the priest, "but they're just not that used to fucking in Seattle."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Miss, how would you like to prevent a rare species from becoming extinct?"

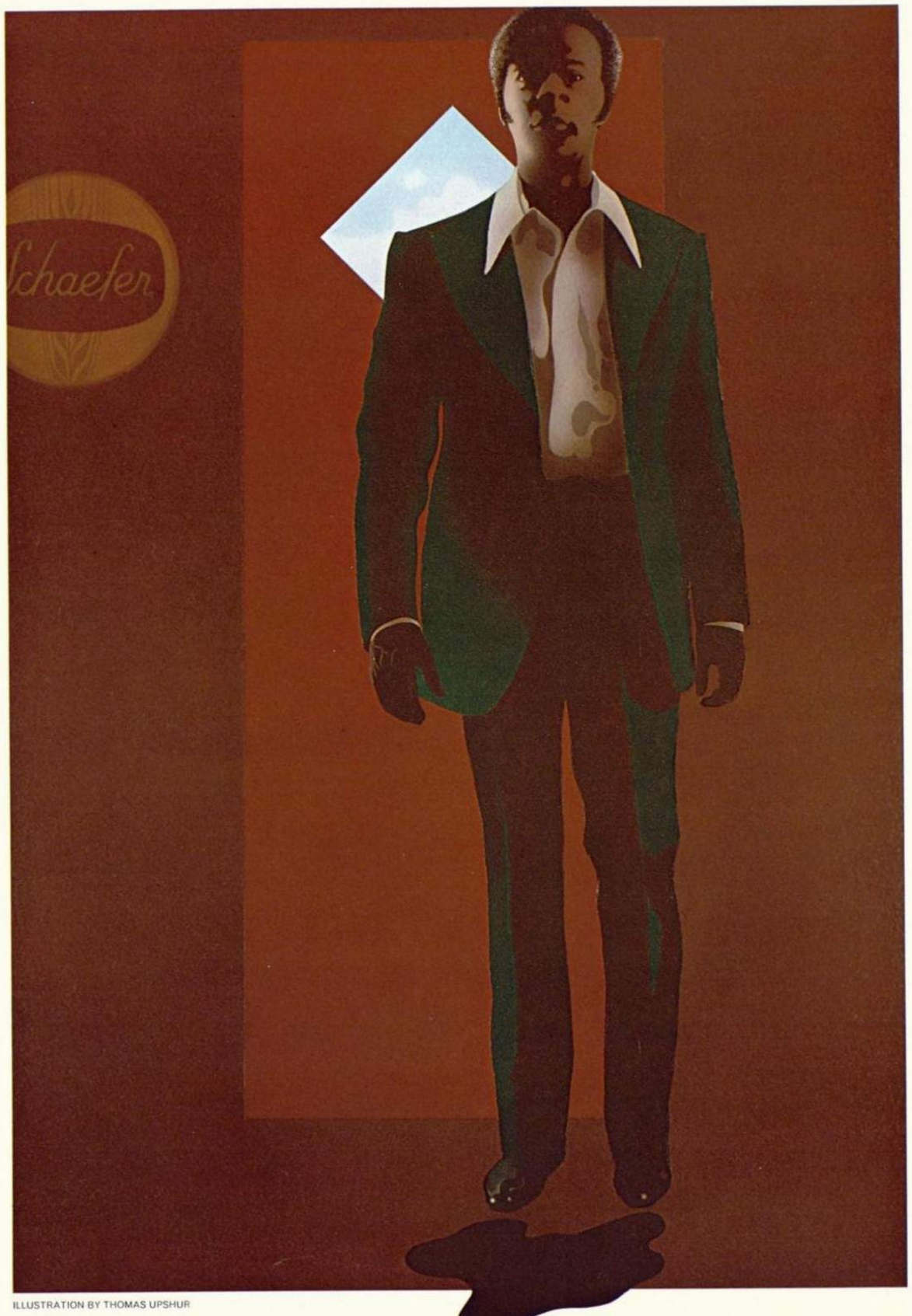


ILLUSTRATION BY THOMAS UPSHUR

fiction

By JAMES ALAN McPHERSON

those henry street guys were tough, the conchos were tough, the protection boys were tough, but the toughest of all was the dude in the deep-green suit

THE SILVER BULLET

When WILLIS DAVIS tried to join up with the Henry Street guys, they told him that first he had to knock over Slick's Bar & Grill to show them what kind of stuff he had. Actually, they needed the money for the stocking of new equipment to be used in a pending reprisal against the Conchos over on the West Side. News of a Concho spring offensive was in the wind. But they did not tell Willis this. They told him they had heard he had no stuff. Willis protested, saying that he was ready to prove himself in any way but this one. He said that everyone knew Slick was in the rackets and that was why his bar had never been hit. As a matter of fact, he did not know this for certain, but did not really want to do the job. Also, no one could remember having seen Slick around the neighborhood for the past three years.

"Slick ain't in no rackets!" Dewey Bivins had screamed at Willis. "You just tryin' to get outta it on a *humble*! Slick died of t.b. over in Jersey two years ago. And don't come tellin' me you don't know that." Dewey was recognized as the war lord of the group, and there were many stories circulating, some dating several years back, about the number of dedicated Concho assassins who were out to get him. Some said that at least two of the Concho membership had taken a blood oath and waited at night in the darker areas of Henry Street for Dewey to pass. Others maintained that the Concho leadership, fearing disproportionate retaliations, had given orders that Dewey, of all the Henry Street guys, should go unmolested. Dewey himself argued that at least four guys were looking for him, day and night, and liked it known that he walked the streets unarmed, all the time. In fact, each time he was seen walking, his reputation grew. People feared him, respected his dash, his temper, the way he cocked his purple beret to the side. The little fellows in the neighborhood imitated his swagger. He was a dangerous enemy, but a powerful associate. So Willis decided to give it a try.

But first he went around to see Curtis Carter, hoping to get him to go along. Carter wanted no part of it. "I know for a fact that Slick ain't dead," he pointed out. "You'd be a fool to mess with his establishment."

"Aah, *bull*shit!" Willis replied. "When was the last time you seen Slick? There's another guy runnin' the joint now." But his voice was not as convincing as he wanted it to be. And Carter was not moved, not even when Willis suggested that this job could lead to a closer association for both of them with the Henry Street guys.

Carter was not impressed. "If Slick takes after you," he said, "how can them guys help you run any faster than you'll have to run by yourself?" Willis did not like to think about that possibility, so he called Carter a ball-less son of a bitch and announced that he would do it alone.

• • •

But now that he was forced to do it alone, Willis began to really wonder about Slick's connections with the rackets. He remembered hearing stories about Slick in the old days. These stories frightened him. And even with Slick gone for good, the bar might still be covered. He wanted to ask around about it, but was afraid of calling attention to himself. Instead, he made several brief trips into the place to check out the lay of the land. The bar opened sometime between 11 and 12 o'clock, when Alphaeus Jones, the bartender, came in; but it did no real business, aside from the winos, until well after three. He figured that two o'clock would be the best time. By then the more excitable winos would have come and gone and the small trickle of people who went in for the advertised home-cooked lunch would have died away. Alphaeus Jones took his own lunch around one-thirty or two, sitting on the stool at the end of the counter, just in case any customer entered. And the cook, Bertha Roy, whom Willis recognized as a neighbor of his aunt's in the projects over on Gilman, left the place around that same time to carry bag lunches to the ladies at Martha's Beauty Salon down the block. This kept her out of the place for at least half an hour. He did not want Bertha to see him, so he decided the best time would be the minute she left with the lunches.

Again he went to Curtis Carter, begging for help. Curtis worked in an auto-parts warehouse about four blocks away from Slick's. Willis told him that the job would be much softer if they could pull it off together and then make a run back to the warehouse to hide out until after dark. But Curtis still did not want any part of the operation. He made a long speech in which he stressed the importance of independent actions, offering several of his own observations on the dependability of the Henry Street guys; and then disclosed, by way of example, that he already had a nice steady income produced by ripping off, from the stock room, new accessories and mended parts, which he sold to a garage over on the West Side. "There ain't no fair percentage in group actions," he concluded, the righteousness of a self-made man oiling his words. Willis called him a milk-fed jive and said that he was after bigger stuff. Curtis checked his temper and wished him luck.

The following afternoon, Willis waited across the street, leaning against the window of a barbershop and smoking a cigarette, until he saw Bertha Roy come out the door with the lunch bags. When he was sure that she was not going to turn around and go back, he threw the cigarette into the gutter and crossed over, trying to work up a casual amble. But his knees were much too close together. He pushed through the door, sweeping with his eyes the few tables against the wall on his left. The place was empty. Alphaeus Jones, a balding, honey-colored man with a shiny forehead, looked up from his lunch. A blob of mustard from the fish sandwich he was eating clung to the corner of his mouth. "What you want?" he asked, chewing.

Willis moved closer to the end of the bar and licked his lips. "What you got?" he asked.

Jones raised his left arm and motioned to where the sunlight glittered through the green and brown and white bottles on the shelves behind him. With his other hand, he raised the fish sandwich and took another bite. Willis licked his lips again. Then he shook his head, trying hard to work the amble up into his voice. "Naw, man," he said, his voice even but still a bit too high, "I mean what you got in the register?" And he

made a fist with his right hand inside the pocket of his jacket.

Jones eyed him, sucking his teeth. Then he said, "A silver bullet." And, looking up into the space above Willis' head, his right hand lifted the sandwich again. But just before it reached his mouth, he looked Willis directly in the face and asked, impatience hurrying his voice on, "You want it, Rosco?"

"It ain't for *me*," Willis said very fast.

"Ain't for nobody else. You the first fool to come in here for years. You want it now, or later?"

Willis thought it over. Then, ever so slowly, he took his right hand out of his jacket pocket and laid both hands, fingers spread, on the bar.

Jones sucked his teeth again. "You done decided?" he asked.

"A beer," Willis said.

• • •

When he reported to the Henry Street boys what had happened, Dewey said: "You a silver-bullet lie!" The other guys crowded round him. They were in the storage basement at 1322 Henry. There was no door. "Chimney" Sutton, high on stuff, stood by the stairs leading up to the first floor, smashing his fist into his open palm. Besides needing the money for the coming offensive, they did not like to have an initiate seem so humble in his failures. "First you come with that mess about Slick," Dewey said. "Now you say old Jones bluffed you outta there on a bullshit tip." He paced the floor, making swift turns on his heels and jabbing an accusing brown finger at Willis, who slumped in a green-metal chair with his head bowed. Sutton kept slamming his fist. The others—Harvey Gomez and Clyde Kelley—watched Willis with stone faces. "I know what your problems is," Dewey continued. "You just wanna get in the club without payin' no dues. You didn't never go in there in the first place."

"That ain't true," Willis protested, his hands spread out over his face. "I'll pay. You guys know how bad I wanna get in. But there wasn't no sense in takin' a chance like that. A guy would have to be crazy to call a bluff like that," he said, peering through his fingers at Dewey. "I tell you, his hands was under the counter."

"Aah, get off my case!" Dewey shouted. He jerked his head toward the stairs where Chimney Sutton was standing, still pounding his fist. Willis slid off the chair and eased across the room. Sutton was about to grab him when he saw Dewey wave his hand down in a gesture of disgust. Sutton moved a few inches away from the bottom step. Willis got out of the basement.

He hurried away from Henry Street, thinking it through. He still wanted to get into the organization. He felt that a man should belong to something representative. He was not against people going to work or joining churches or unions if these things represented them. But he wanted something more. And the Henry Street guys were not really bad, he thought. The papers just made them out to be that way. Several of them were family men. Dewey himself had been a family man at one time. That showed that they respected the family as an organization. But this by itself was not enough. There was not enough respect in it. And after a while you realized that something more was needed. Willis was not sure of what that thing was, but he knew that he had to try for it.

In the late afternoon, he went back around to the warehouse to see Curtis Carter. It was near closing time, but Curtis was still sorting greasy valves and mufflers into separate piles on the floor. His blue overalls were dirty and rust-stained. When Curtis saw him come in, he motioned him over to the john in the rear of the shop, where McElrath, the manager, could not hear them. "You do it?" Curtis asked, his voice hollow with suppressed excitement.

"No."

Curtis grinned. He seemed relieved. His mouth was smeared with black grease from his hands. "Couldn't get up the balls by yourself, huh?"

Willis told him about the silver bullet.

Curtis laughed aloud and said, "That's some more jive. Jones wouldn't never shoot nobody in there. In the afternoon they wouldn't have no more than fifty dollars in the register, anyhow. You think he wanna get in the news for somethin' like that?"

Now Willis felt bad. He knew that, from all angles, Curtis was right. He could see that Curtis knew it, too. He began to feel cheated, tricked, a laughingstock. "What can I do now?" he asked. "The guys are gonna be hard on me 'cause I didn't deliver."

"I told you so in the first place," Curtis said. "Now you go'n get it, no matter whichaway you turn. Don't think that old Jones go'n keep his mouth shut about what happen today."

"What can I do?" Willis asked, his lowered voice begging support.

"Get yourself some protection," Curtis said. "Maybe try a new approach."

"Like what?"

Curtis, still with the air of an objective advisor, told him about some guys with a new approach. They were over on the West Side. He offered no names but gave Willis the address of an office that, he suggested, might be friendly to Willis' situation.

• • •

On Wednesday morning, Willis took the bus over to the office. Once he had located it, he began to suspect that he might have been given the wrong address. This office had the suggestion of real business about it, with large red lettering on the window that read: W. SMITH ENTERPRISES. When Willis entered, he saw two new hardwood desks and tall gray file cabinets on either side of the small room. On the floor was a thin, bright-red wall-to-wall carpet; and behind one of the desks sat a man who wore a full beard, with a matching red shirt and wide tie. The man was watching him and looking very mad at something. Willis approached the desk, holding out his hand as he introduced himself. The man ignored the hand and continued to look very mad. The new hand-carved name plate on the desk said that his name was R. V. Felton. He was the only person in the office, so Willis had to wait until Felton was through surveying him. Finally, still not seeming to focus on the physical presence before him, the man named Felton asked: "What you want?"

Willis said what he had been told to say: "I got a problem in community relations."

R. V. Felton looked even madder. His cheeks puffed out. His nose widened as he sat erect in the brown-leather chair. Then, as if some switch had been clicked on, he began to speak. "Well, brother," he said, "that's our concern here. This office is committed to problems vis-à-vis the community. That's our only concern: an interest in the mobility of the community." His voice, as he talked, seemed tightly controlled and soft, but his hands suddenly came alive, almost on their own, it seemed to Willis, and began to make grandiose patterns in the air. The index finger of his right hand pumped up and down, now striking the flat palm of his left hand, now jabbing out at Willis. The hands made spirals, sharp, quick cutting motions, limber pirouettes, even while the fingers maintained independent movements. "There are profound problems that relate to community structure that have to be challenged through the appropriate agency," he continued. "We have friends downtown and friends in the community who see the dynamics of our organization, vis-à-vis the community, as the only legitimate and viable group to operate in this sphere. They support us," he said, his eyes wandering, his hands working furiously now, "we support the community dynamic, and together we all know what's going down. That's our dynamic. Dig it?" And he fixed a superior eye on Willis' face.

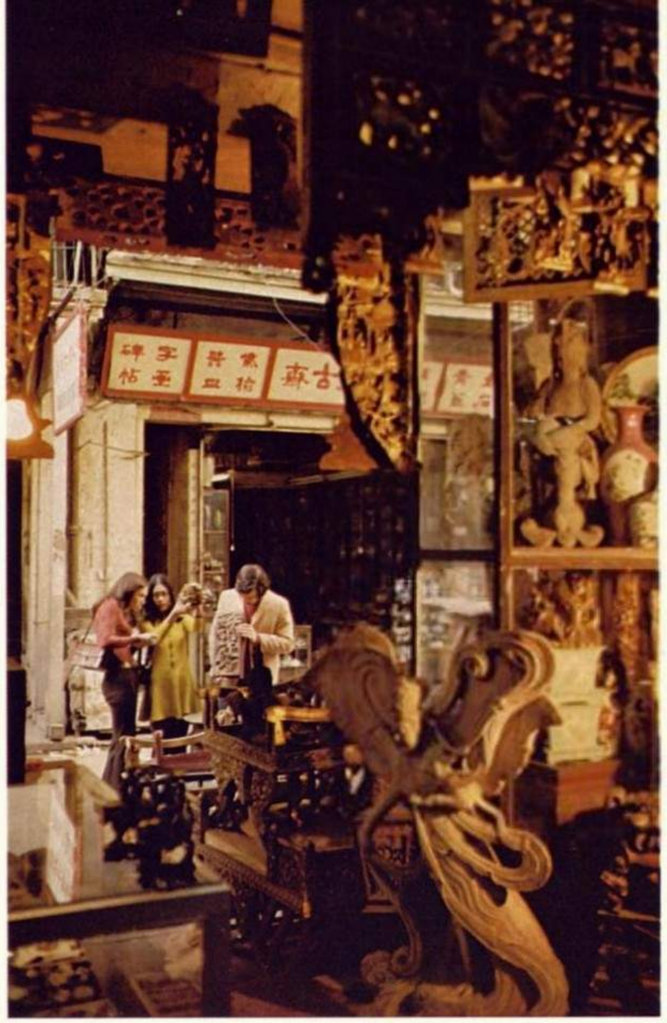
"Yeah," Willis said.

Now R. V. Felton relaxed in the chair and lifted a pencil from the new brown holder at the edge of his desk. "Now, brother," he said, "suppose you articulate the specifics of your problem."

• • •

At one-thirty that same afternoon, Willis, with R. V. Felton behind him, walked into Slick's Bar & Grill. Bertha

(continued on page 198)



Once Hong Kong's red-light and opium-den district, Cat Street (right) is now a teeming market place stocked with everything from Ming vases to copies of *The Thoughts of Chairman Mao*. Aberdeen (below), the colony's major fishing port, is thronged with sampans that serve as homes for thousands of Chinese families.

THE RED AND THE GOLD

travel

By REG POTTERTON

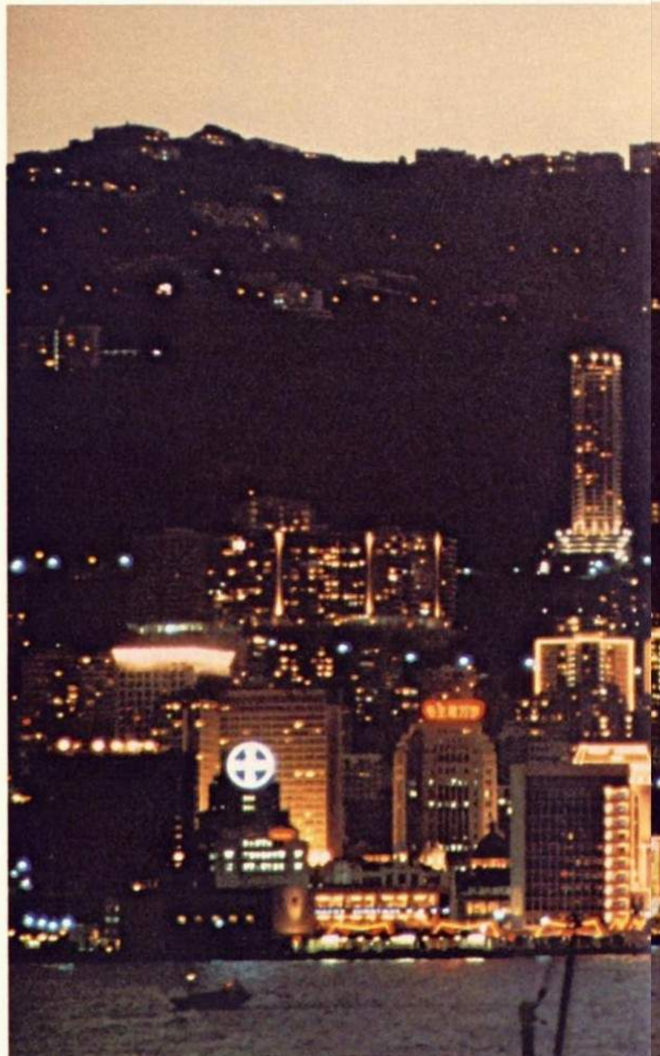
communism and capitalism peacefully—and profitably—coexist in that exotic outpost of british colonialism: hong kong

BUILT ON CONQUEST and contraband, founded by men whose lack of moral principles would have endeared them to the Mafia, the British crown colony of Hong Kong is, in the purest sense of the word, a freak, a congenital malfunction of history and politics. Illegitimate by birth, it took to crime at an early age and, though it has been a loyal son—sending everything it can spare home to mummy in London—it has never gone straight. Having

outlived the empire that created it, Hong Kong thrives as a blatantly capitalist colony, nine tenths of which sits on the mainland of the most Spartan Communist society the world has ever known.

With no natural resources to speak of, Hong Kong must rely on this theoretical adversary for food and water. More than 98½ percent of its 4,000,000 people are Chinese, nearly half of them refugees from the mainland. They represent conflicting manners of custom and culture, they don't all speak the same language and there is traditional antipathy among regional groups. They are loyal to Chairman Mao, to Chiang Kai-shek or simply to China; rarely to the queen of England. Yet they live under the union jack and accept *(continued on page 176)*

Despite the crowded conditions of Hong Kong's waterways, secluded bays and inlets still can be found (top). Seventy-five minutes away by hydrofoil, on a peninsula of mainland China, is tiny Portuguese Macao, with its tree-lined esplanades and battlemented Monte Fortress (above), formerly the province's military stronghold. All that remains of Portugal's once-world-wide system of trading posts, Macao today depends largely on China for its subsistence. Seen from Hong Kong's Kowloon section, a ferry ride across Victoria Harbor (right), the fading glow of sunset is eclipsed by the nightly spectacle of lights on Hong Kong Island.



"Well, that was certainly an interesting variation on mouth-to-mouth resuscitation."

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

HANGING LOOSE

wide-legged, roomy or rainbow-hued—summer slacks designed to free you from that uptight feeling

Left: Multicolor patchwork cotton madras jeans with belt loops, patch pockets and slightly flared leg bottoms, by Country Britches, $20. Above: A pair of plaid-patterned, soft cotton slacks with extension waistband, by Charles Fournier for Nicholas Leigh, $55.

Left: Rayon-nylon-acetate slacks with a single-pleated front and three-button waistband, by Paul Ressler, $12. Above: Striped cotton-denim jeans with checked roll-up cuffs and straight-cut legs, by A. Smile, $10, worn with a check-trimmed chambray shirt, by Van Heusen, $10.

ROBERT GOINES is, perhaps, a hero of our times. An ordinary man, he is the manager of a Dance Oil service station in Indianapolis. It is a station stocked with the customary maps and stacks of tires, equipped with the ordinary pumps and lifts. And it was furnished with an ordinary soft-drink machine—which routinely bilked Goines's customers of a couple of bucks a month. It did, that is, until the 29th of December three years ago. On that fateful afternoon, Goines fed it 15 cents and it balked—yielding neither bottle nor change. "I shook that machine," he reported afterward, "then I walked over to the desk drawer, got my .22 revolver and I shot it dead." Watching the fizzing stain spread across the concrete floor, he cried, "That's the last time *you're* going to cheat anybody."

Goines's machine was not the only one murdered in recent years. Indeed, Americans have lately put a surprising number of rifle slugs into public vending machines, coin changers and pay phones. And those that got away have often been clubbed, hatcheted, burned and, in the case of phone booths on isolated roads, run over. Goines had a fictional model: Keenan Wynn wailed, "*Now* you'll have to answer to the Coca-Cola Company," after Peter Sellers had forced him to turn his carbine on a Coke machine in *Dr. Strangelove* way back in 1964. And who can doubt that for every overt act of antimachine violence, there have been untold thousands of spindled IBM cards, washers slipped into gum machines and long-distance calls charged to other people's numbers?

It is more than mindless vandalism. True, hapless toasters and unoffending phones are often clobbered for kicks alone. And cigarette machines and gum vendors knocked over by crooks who would just as willingly steal from *people*. But in cases too common to ignore, mechanical gadgets have been calmly murdered, quietly uncoupled or coldly abandoned by people who simply hate machines.

The first massive attacks on machinery took place in Nottingham in the early years of the English Industrial Revolution. Called Luddites after their apocryphal leader, Ned Ludd, clandestine bands of English stocking makers and cloth finishers worked havoc with the newfangled gins and mills that were eliminating their jobs.

article **By PETER SWERDLOFF**

in the battle against machines, man usually comes up on the short end, but there is a growing number of guerrillas who have managed to deliver some telling blows

In some ways we have come full circle. While the Luddites of Robin Hood country feared machines that did what people could not, the Neo-Luddites of America oppose machines that fail to do what people can. The old Luddites hated machines that could knit faster than they could. The Neo-Luddites hate machines that can't say good morning when they sell you a newspaper. And there is an added slight. The Luddites of Nottingham were replaced by mills that made *better* stockings. Today's computers often give less service than the clerks they replace.

Norman Mailer encountered the malaise right in the heart of technologyland, Cape Kennedy, where Apollo 11 was set to take men to the moon for the first time:

> The trailer interior consisted of a set of vending machines for chiliburgers, hamburgers, pastries—all people wanted were cold drinks. So the line crawled, while everyone waited for the same machine. Nobody was about to have machine-vended chiliburgers at half past eight in the morning. Still so many demands on the iced-drink machine caused malfunctions. Soon, two vending-machine workers were helping to service the machine. But it took forever. Coins had to go into their slot, change be made, cups filled, tot of cracked ice be dropped, syrup poured, then soda. Just one machine. It was pure American lunacy. Shoddy technology, the worst kind of American shoddy, was replacing men with machines which did not do the work as well as the men. This crowd of a hundred thirsty reporters could have been handled in three minutes by a couple of countermen at a refreshment stand in a ball park. But there was an insidious desire to replace men everywhere with absurd machines poorly designed and abominably put together; yes this abominable food-vending trailer was the proper opposite number to those smug and complacent VIPs in their stands a half mile away; this was the world they had created, not the spaceship. They knew nothing about the spaceship but its value in the eyes of the world—that was all they had to know. The food-vending trailer was their true product.

After three quarters of a century of unbridled machine worship, a new heresy is abroad in the land. Brought up believing that every electric can opener or hydraulic dam was an unqualified boon to mankind and that when better cars were built Buick would build them, Americans are beginning to lose their technological innocence. They are learning that detergents may be more dangerous than dirt and automobiles more deadly than wars. Appliances, they are told, work better than ever—only they can't be fixed when they finally break down. The supersonic transport is now 100 times as fast as the bus to the airport. "Things fall apart," wrote Yeats in another context. They do, indeed.

It isn't necessarily when machines break down, but when they work, that many find them distressing. Not only do they multiply at an alarming rate but their evolutionary patterns would stump a Darwin. In the face of all logic, perfectly sensible machines sprout chrome-plated knobs and plastic fins; they merge with one another to form freakish combinations; and they spawn endless and more expensive progeny. We are learning that mechanical progress is not without cost, that like the blob from outer space, technologies seem to prosper at the expense of living things, and that they appear to have no natural enemies.

Most disturbing, machines are beginning to make people mechanical. Laborsaving devices alter the nature of labor. The evidence can be found on any production line. And computers, even where they make no mistakes, can allow no exceptions to the rules. Progress has its own refugees. Unwilling to be mechanized, constitutionally opposed to vandalism, a number of people simply abandon machines altogether. Bicycles are appearing where there were once only cars and trucks. People walk where they once rode. After a century of trying to go as fast as possible, men are standing still, and after 5000 years of trying to overcome the vagaries of wind and tide and weather, people are returning to farms. Who would *(continued on page 146)*

DESIGNED BY TOM STAEBLER / PHOTOGRAPHED BY DON AZUMA

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL WILLIAMS

NO PLACE TO BE NOBODY

for the hot-shot college quarterback, it's the first pro training camp —for others, it's the last

article By DOUGLAS BAUER

CHEQUERS' RESTAURANT sits at an angle to black-top crossroads on the western edge of Amherst, Massachusetts; it's a low, attractive brick building fringed by squat evergreens. East from Chequers' corner, the road rises leisurely with the hillside, past large genteel New England homes with yards of thick shade, and meets South Pleasant Street at the town's busiest intersection. Three blocks from there, the academic-red brick and rolling lawns of Amherst College begin. Many stores on the square post NO BARE FEET signs in their windows, taking dead aim on fashionable student slovenliness.

A wide banner sags high above South Pleasant. Its red capital letters say WELCOME PATRIOTS. The banner has yellowed, having hung through three summers while the New England Patriots football team has trained in this town. North from Chequers' are the dormitories and football stadium of the University of Massachusetts, Amherst's second campus and the Patriots' training site.

Chequers' draws a mix of college students, local families and passing salesmen who often stop before they reach nearby Northampton to have a quick drink and dust off their sales-pitch voices in conversation with bartenders.

For the past three summers, Chequers' has also filled up with another group of customers. From mid-July until late August, it is where Patriot football players have come to drink. Most of them prefer beer from frosted mugs, but tonight a few gin and tonics and a glass of tequila on the rocks are in evidence.

"These guys have been, historically, the worst bunch of drinkers I've ever seen," says the bartender, Bill Carty. "They used to come in here at seven-thirty, eight at night and start drinking like there

was no tomorrow. They'd every one of them drink eight gallons of beer, not have the sense to stop and eat something, and by nine-thirty they were completely shitfaced and looking for a civilian to beat on until they had to be back for curfew at ten." Carty is young, has a beefy face and is very large, easily 6'4", 250 pounds; not someone to beat on. His size and the weight that has sifted down from his chest to rest ponderously over his belt indicate that he's had experience with drinking *and* football. He played tight end for the University of Massachusetts in the stadium just a half mile from Chequers', was drafted by the Dallas Cowboys and quickly cut. The brevity of his stay bothers him today. More than anything, he would like to sit on the other side of his bar, at the table with Jon Morris, Tom Neville and Joe Kapp—the tequila drinker—and complain with them about the injustice of assembling football players in the middle of July. As it is, Carty draws pass patterns in beer foam on the bar and gives bold preachments about the game.

"Tight end is the most important position on a football team," he says to a customer.

"Well, it's certainly *one* of the most important."

"It's *the* most important," says Carty. "I should know, I *played* the fucking position."

Many New Englanders share Bill Carty's enthusiasm for football, but that doesn't necessarily make them Patriot fans. This has long been New York Giant country. Steve Owen, Mel Hein and Ken Strong were their early heroes, Charlie Conerly, Kyle Rote and Frank Gifford their more recent ones. Since the Patriots have played poorly during most of their history, they've been unable to lure huge numbers of Giant supporters.

In January of last year, during the professional draft, the Patriots attended to the matter of winning future football games. Head coach John Mazur left his chair at the club's Boston-area draft office and dialed the Downtown Athletic Club in New York to tell Jim Plunkett, who was there to receive the Heisman Trophy, that he was now one of the Patriots. Plunkett accepted the news with no surprise, since Patriot president Billy Sullivan had asked him to inform the Patriots where he'd be at ten A.M., when the first pick would be made. No other team had made that request.

Plunkett, still to sign his contract, is not in Chequers' this night but in a room at the Orrington Hotel in Evanston, Illinois, studying his College All-Star playbook, preparing to face the world-champion Baltimore Colts. Even if he had been in Amherst, he would not have been at Chequers'. Rookies leave Chequers' to the veterans for a respectful week or so before making a first appearance. This is unspoken but understood, and custom is a most resistant force in professional football.

Many players believe that making this trip, to sweat at some isolated college for six weeks, is itself a musty custom. "We could get just as much accomplished—and it would be a helluva lot less boring—if we stayed at home to work out," says center Jon Morris at the table in Chequers'. "But George Halas started doing it this way and no one wants to be the first to change it."

• • •

On the practice field behind the University of Massachusetts football stadium, Mike Taliaferro is running a mile and a half. A narrow highway parallels the long sides of a half-mile rectangle that he is lapping for the first time. On the other side of the pavement, green terrain slopes to a sprawling New England farm, its big white main house supported by additions built onto all its sides, giving the place a rested, haphazard architecture. Above its shingled roof, the Berkshires are blue and final.

As a quarterback, Taliaferro is expected to run the distance in ten minutes or less. Linebackers and linemen, weighing 20 to 50 pounds more than backs, are given 12 minutes.

As Taliaferro moves into the second half mile, he's pleased that it's his chest that aches and not his back. In the second regular-season game the year before, against the New York Jets, he had just released a pass and a defender jumped on his shoulders. The weight squeezed Taliaferro's back like an accordion. He was assured by trainers that the damage was muscular and temporary, but that diagnosis was increasingly hard to accept. Each time he raised his throwing arm, he felt a stabbing pain. After the season, a Patriot trainer suggested he fly to Boston from his Houston home for further tests. They revealed a ruptured disk, which was repaired by surgery that April.

Taliaferro had been the starting Patriot quarterback in the Jet game and had been satisfied with his early-season performance. (He is coolly objective about his talent, a mental exercise perfected when he was with the Jets, watching Joe Namath flick his wrist, releasing a football faster than Taliaferro could believe.) Because of this contentment, his mind went blank with confusion when he answered the phone at nine o'clock on the Tuesday morning after his injury and heard a coach say, "You'd better drive in to practice. Joe Kapp's here." Taliaferro started the following game against Baltimore, was replaced in the third quarter by Kapp and played rarely thereafter.

Taliaferro's back feels good and his wind is holding as he moves into the final 300 yards of the run. Some of the backs running with him are whining and snorting for air. Taliaferro trained for this run every day in Houston after he had recovered from his operation. Taking a stop watch with him to a local track, he learned the precise exhaustion required to run three 3:20 half miles, gauging his pace by the pumping rhythm of his heart and the tightening in his thin calves. He has trained harder for this season than he has for any since he's played football, and has come to Amherst in the best shape of his life.

"I was just cocky enough to believe that they had made a horrendous mistake last year by bringing in Kapp and that it was up to me to show the coaches. I wanted to put them on the spot and prove that I could do a better job than Kapp. You see, I never resented a day sitting on the bench behind Namath, because I knew that every other quarterback in the league would be sitting there with me. But I resented like hell sitting on the bench one minute behind Kapp."

Taliaferro eases past the stop watch and bends for air.

"Keep movin'. You'll get your breath faster if you're movin'," shouts line coach Bruce Beatty.

Taliaferro's time is 9:48.

• • •

Joe Kapp leans into camera range for photographers who want to file a shot for their evening editions. Kapp's skin is brown. His black hair, which is graying evenly at the temples, hangs over the tops of his ears and curls up from the back of his neck. When he smiles, his teeth are very white and fill an inordinately large area of his face. He looks like a handsome Anthony Quinn, say the Amherst matrons watching this Press Day picture taking. The litheness of Kapp's body will surprise you if your indelible image of him is the moment when he hurdled Cleveland linebacker Jim Houston, knocking him unconscious, in the 1969 N. F. L. championship game. You somehow assume the body that did that to be low and compact.

Taliaferro, aware of the attention Kapp is receiving, sits in the first row of bleachers, elbows on his knees. No one has asked him to pose for a photo. His face is long and thin and has kept some freckles. His brown curly hair lies flat near a high part and stays close to his head. His eyes are pinched, causing wrinkles to spread out from the corners when his face erupts in a full smile or when his mood turns dark, as it is now. Finally, he stands and walks toward his friend Bake Turner. The two of them were teammates with the Jets when Turner was single and used his easy Southern charm to great romantic advantage in East Side singles bars.

"Mike has a hell of an arm," says

(continued on page 156)

"Mother! What do you do up that damn beanstalk?"

TWO MUCH

a pair of paulas—pritchett and kelly, both of whom were introduced in playboy—are now fulfilling our predictions of stardom

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI AND RALPH NELSON, JR.

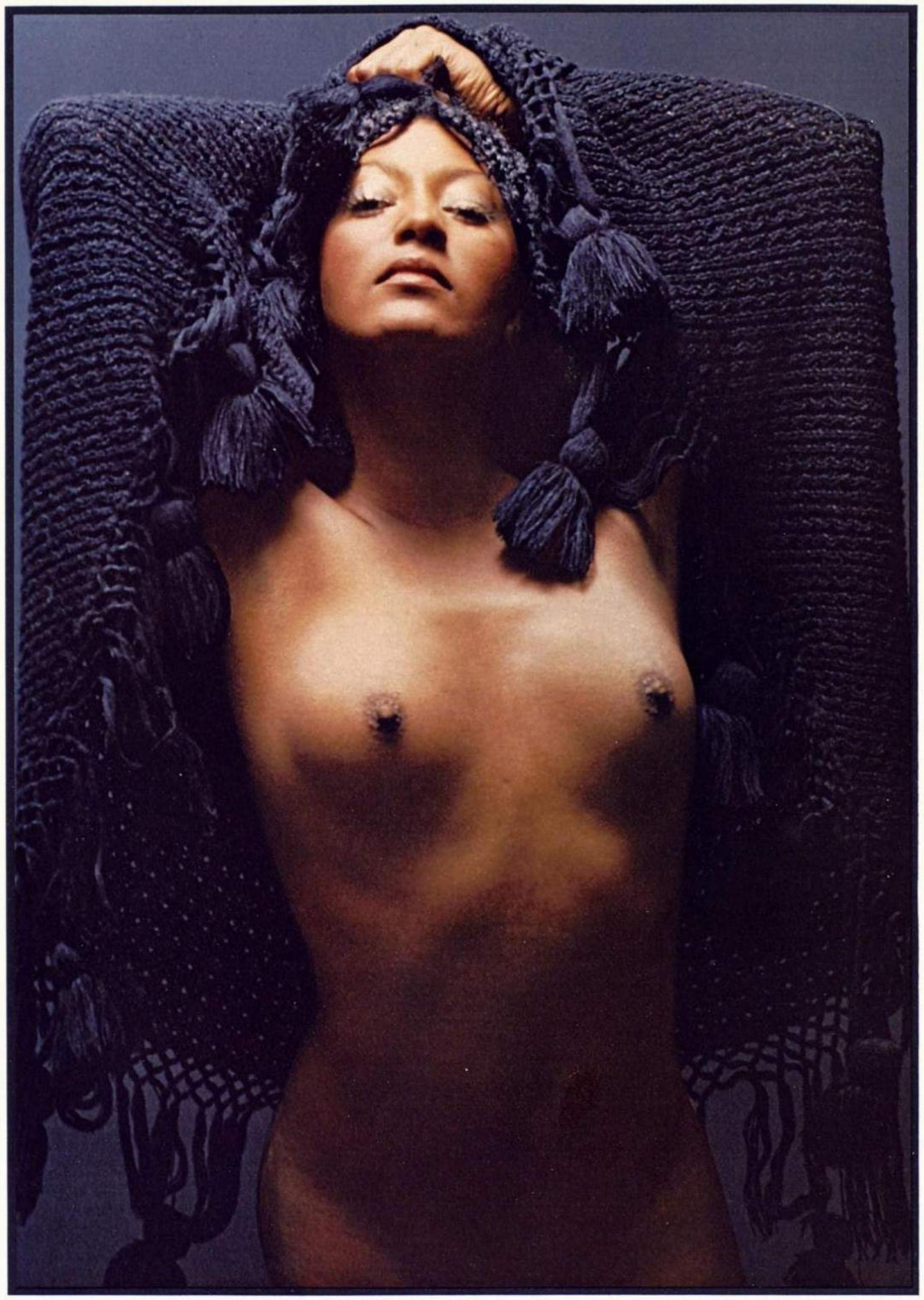
PAULA K

in "top of the heap" she plays a cabaret singer who's mistress to an uptight cop

WHEN SHE first appeared in PLAYBOY back in August 1969, Paula Kelly was singing and dancing in the national road-show production of a hip musical, *Your Own Thing*. She had also just completed her maiden film, *Sweet Charity*, in which she re-created her award-winning stage role as a hard-boiled taxi dancer. Paula told us then that she'd like to do more acting and less hoofing—a wish that appears to be coming true. To her dramatic credits—which include TV's *Medical Center* and *The Young Lawyers*, plus Hollywood's version of *The Andromeda Strain*—she now adds *Top of the Heap*, written, produced and directed by Christopher St. John, who played a militant Harlem leader in *Shaft*. Paula is cast as a night-club performer who's being kept by St. John. Although it's primarily a dramatic role, she's also called upon to display her considerable talents as a singer. New York–raised, Paula majored in voice at Manhattan's High School of Music and Art and switched to dance at Juilliard School of Music. An invitation to perform at the 1969 Academy Awards led to a saucy—and show-stealing—interpretation of *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*; subsequent TV gigs included the Dean Martin and Carol Burnett shows, and specials by Soupy Sales and Sammy Davis Jr. One day soon they may all be looking for spots on the Paula Kelly show.

Top of the Heap takes a hard look at the frustrations of a black cop, played by author-director Christopher St. John, whose brother in real life *is* a cop. St. John's character fails to communicate with his wife and kids, with his white patrol-car partner, with the owner of the club at which Paula works and with just about everyone he encounters in the line of duty, from dope dealers to hard-hats and demonstrators, bus drivers and troublesome passengers. His outlets are Paula (above right), the violence he deals out daily—professionally and otherwise—and his dreams, in which he fancies himself both a warrior in an African jungle and the first black to walk on the moon.

In addition to pursuing her career in films, Paula K. is writing both drama and music: She has authored a Christmas show set in Harlem and intended for production as a TV special, and she's set to music several poems by ex-footballer Bernie Casey. She's also managed to find enough time to do some teaching at Mafundi Institute, a community workshop in Watts.



PAULA P

as a mute indian girl in "the wrath of god," she doesn't need words to get her message across

"SHE's a very strange girl," say the people at MGM for whom Paula Pritchett works these days. "She disappears every now and then, and it's impossible to find her for weeks." At presstime, however, we located Paula in the midst of moving to L. A. from New York, where she spent seven years as a model with Eileen Ford's agency, specializing in offbeat TV commercials—often plugging as many as five products, usually beauty aids, per week: "I did them all, made a mint—you can't believe the residuals. Or how I spent them." A self-taught actress, Paula considers her dramatic career a fluke. It began in 1967 when she appeared in Conrad Rooks's phantasmagorial *Chappaqua*, and got a boost when Czechoslovakian director Jan Kadar, after two years of searching for the right actress, cast her in *Adrift* as a dream girl who is pulled from a river by a fisherman, then destroys him. Our reviewer, describing the movie, praised the "bewitching presence" of Miss Pritchett—who had made her PLAYBOY debut in a December 1970 pictorial. In *The Wrath of God*, Paula plays a 17-year-old Indian girl, mute since the slaughter of her parents, who miraculously recovers her ability to speak, then helps end the rule of a Central American despot. Her part is a strong one and it will be anything *but* a miracle if it leads to a solid career for the elusive Paula P.

Top right: Paula P. confers with Ralph Nelson, producer and director of *The Wrath of God;* the film sites, all in Mexico, included the granite-spired landscape of Los Organos, and La Luz, a mining village 7000 feet up a mountain. Center right: Paula clowns with stars Rita Hayworth and Robert Mitchum, as well as Ken Hutchison, who plays the Irish adventurer with whom she falls in love. Bottom right: In a scene from the film, Paula is about to be raped by a gang of soldiers when Hutchison saves her, with a last-minute assist from Mitchum. Later, after Hutchison has been coerced into aiding a revolutionary leader, Paula offers to help him escape, but he elects to stay and fight.

Modeling was Paula's ticket out of Norfolk, Virginia, where she grew up: "I was hot to leave, and it was the best way to make it. My mother put copies of *Vogue* and *Cosmopolitan* in front of me and told me I looked like the girls in those magazines." Her mother's words may have helped build up Paula's hopes and confidence—but we disagree. Nobody looks like Paula.

TAKE THAT

(continued from page 131)

have thought, 20 years ago, that men would boast of owning no television, that they would be thought daring for living without a telephone?

As with the original Luddites, however, the machines usually win. Bob Goines was convicted of drawing a deadly weapon, shooting a gun inside city limits and disorderly conduct. He was sentenced to 60 days in jail (50 suspended) and fined $160 plus costs. The masses, though, were with him. More than 150 strangers wrote, offering aid. Several lawyers, a policeman and a judge were among those who helped pay his fine. Other Indianapolis lawyers offered to handle an appeal, and an organ player was willing to serve part of his sentence. (Still, how Nottingham has changed! Neo-Luddite Goines is a new Robin Hood who no longer steals from the rich to give to the poor but, rather, can do no more than put sugar in the sheriff's gas tank.)

The Neo-Luddites, to be sure, have other champions. *Chicago Daily News* columnist Mike Royko, for example, last year wrote a column on "How to Kick a Machine." Royko reported watching a man lose a dime in a coffee machine, then prepare to walk away. "If he had gone in a bar," Royko ruminated, "and ordered a beer, and if the bartender had taken his money but not given him a beer, he'd do something. He'd yell or fight or call the police. But he let a machine cow him."

"Kick it," Royko called to him. "But not like that. You are going to kick it with your toe, but you can hurt yourself that way." "I stepped back," he continued, "and showed him the best way. You use the bottom of your foot, as if you're kicking in a bedroom door." Another spectator disagreed. "I prefer pounding on it. I'll show you." "But why just one fist?" queried yet another bystander. "I always use two."

But there is little point in clobbering your own dishwasher when it leaks. It just increases the repair bill. And it is equally self-defeating to poke holes in the fuselage of a plane because it is still circling Washington when it should be in Boston. Pent-up hostilities, though, generally find outlets, and it seems likely that much of the violence aimed at public pay phones and gum machines was meant for private toasters and vacuum cleaners—or the adding machine at work. What would appear mindless vandalism may in fact be sublimated Luddism, for if one's own expensive machines are off limits, someone else's may be fair game. "The answer," wrote Royko, "is to kick and punch them." "If you are old, lame or female," he added, "bring a hammer to work with you, or an ax."

Some people do. William Lynch, the general manager of New York City's Interborough News Company, is in the unenviable position of viewing Neo-Luddites as the machines see them, and he knows all about hatchets and crowbars. For Interborough owns (and Lynch is responsible for) the 6666 gum, candy, mint, ice-cream, potato-chip, lipstick, comb, novelty, shoeshine and weight machines in the city's subway stations.

Lynch's machines are constantly assaulted by Neo-Luddites, vandals and crooks. The problem, he says, is that no one can tell who did what—or when. A gum machine may have been ripped to shreds by a gang of thieves, an irate gum-chewer stripped of his last penny or a tired commuter furious with his car. What's more, the machine may have kept the penny because of poor maintenance or perhaps because of an earlier attempt to rob it.

Whatever the cause, there is growing evidence public machines don't work as well as they used to. According to a survey recently undertaken by New York's Department of Consumer Affairs, the number of subway machines in some way defective jumped from 36 percent to 62 percent in the past two years, while the number producing neither product nor returned coin rose from 23 percent to 38 percent. Most blood boiling was the 11 percent to 57 percent increase in the number of machines that gave no clue as to whom to write or phone for refunds. That kind of hauteur creates people willing to invest considerable time and ingenuity for the simple pleasure of fooling a machine.

On an average day, New Yorkers slip 250 slugs (mostly washers), 100 filed-down pennies (good as dimes) and upwards of 150 foreign coins into the gullible mouths of Interborough's vendors. In one three-day period, Lynch found coins from 55 nations, including Iceland, Surinam, Ceylon and the Netherlands Antilles—as well as four tokens for the Delaware River Bridge and one for the Toronto subways. Leading the list, for some reason, were 263 Trinidad pennies. Lynch sells the foreign coins to dealers, returns the filed pennies to the mint, keeps the usable washers for his repair shop and dumps the remaining slugs and buttons into Long Island Sound.

• • •

America's largest corporation (and, indeed, the world's) is, to no one's surprise, the favorite target of this country's Neo-Luddites. But while it is hardly news that there are those who steal from Ma Bell, it is remarkable how little of the damage comes from the simple theft of cash. Of the $23,000,000 A. T. & T. lost to thieves last year, only $750,000 was taken from pay phones. And of the $11,000,000 Bell suffered last year in property damage, only $1,250,000 was connected with larceny. The vast bulk of the company's losses—$22,200,000 last year and $28,300,000 the year before—came from thefts of service: calls that were billed to other people's phones and credit cards. And the overwhelming majority of service thieves were neither professional criminals nor very heavy phone users. Not all who filched service, to be sure, were Neo-Luddites, nor were all the vandals who ripped up A. T. & T. property. But it seems safe to assume that a great many people harbor some hostility toward the phone company, since it is, after all, the largest machine in America. And telephones are handy and faceless. A shoplifter has to face, or at least consider, the human being from whom he is stealing, while a service thief is knocking over an innocuous black-plastic box—taking money no one will try to collect until next month.

Some addicted Neo-Luddites also argue that the war against A. T. & T. is just—fought for the humanist cause. Filled with unanswerable recorded remarks, linked to ranks of computers and forever beeping and buzzing back when spoken to, they feel the telephone is an upstart machine trying to ape its betters. Cheating it, beating it down and showing it to be no more than a dumb collection of plastic blobs and wires, they maintain, is a victory for people.

The telephone company has also given the matter some thought. Hank Boettinger, the Bell System's director of management sciences, thought a lot of toll fraud—calls billed to others' credit cards and numbers—might come from a kind of prankish urge to play with machines. In his youth, he recalled, kids used to hang around railroad yards to watch the engines. But people no longer simply gape at mechanical marvels, he continued. "What happens now is that they turn them on." A Boston train was, in fact, recently taken on a short jaunt—off the tracks—by a young man who wanted to see how it ran.

The cultists who call themselves "phone phreaks" also seem to have more fun playing with the phone system than making free telephone calls. Using small electronic devices (called blue boxes, for reasons lost to history), they have learned how to make unlimited, undetectable long-distance calls and they've set up what amounts to a private phone network. What do they discuss? *New* ways to make free calls.

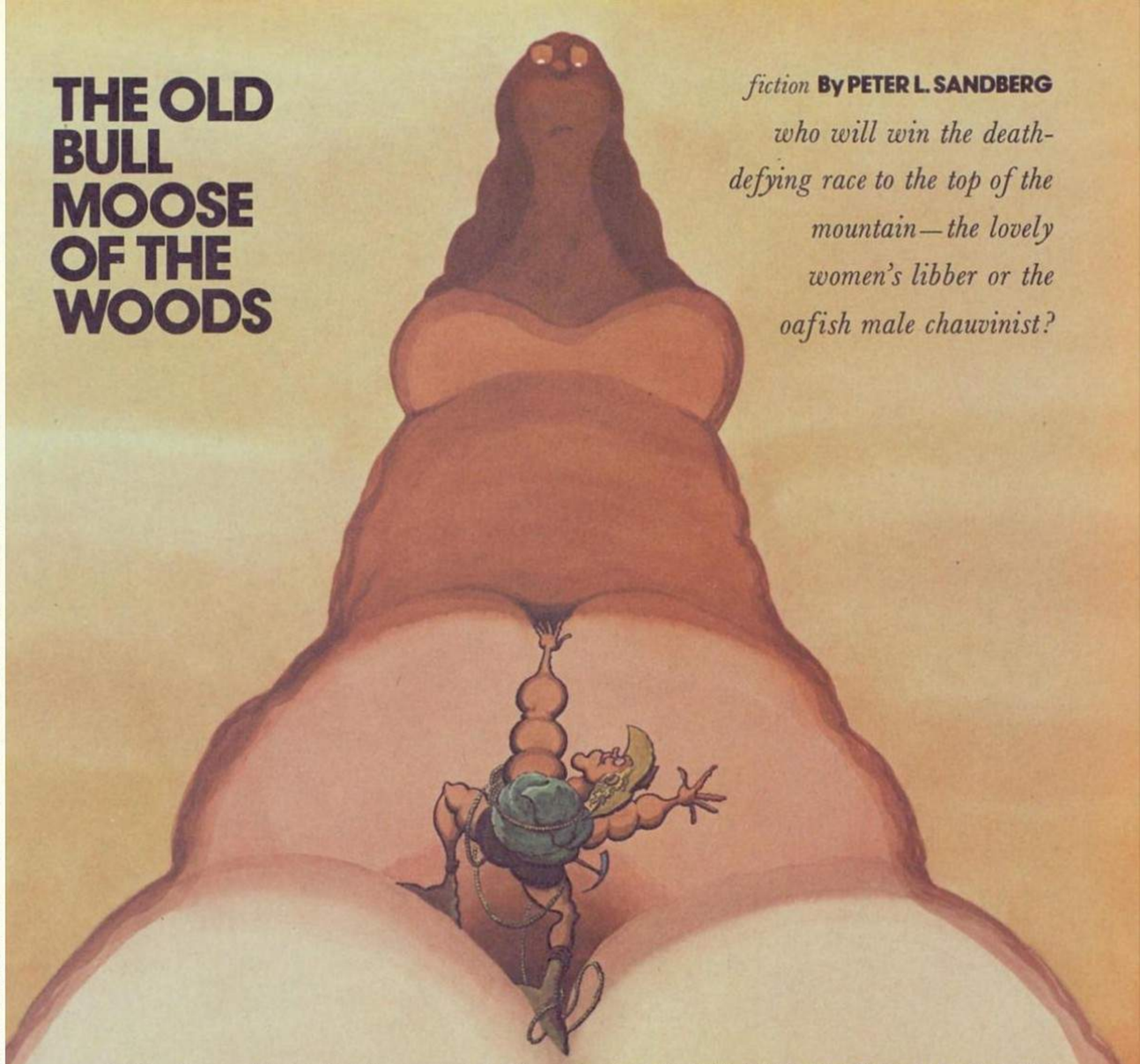
The story of the phone phreaks illustrates the special vulnerability of the

(continued on page 170)

THE OLD BULL MOOSE OF THE WOODS

fiction **By PETER L. SANDBERG**

who will win the death-defying race to the top of the mountain—the lovely women's libber or the oafish male chauvinist?



GATE. Kachina Canyon, Arizona. Forty-foot aspen pole balanced on log fulcrum by 100-pound sack of meal. Gatehouse shaped like coffin on end containing one 150-year-old Indian chief. White shoulder-length hair under black Navaho hat, bleached denim, skin color of walnut, hollow cheeks, eyes locked in winter past, mouth sewed shut with a deer gut.

"Howdy!" Jay-D said.

Clipboard over door of Old Bull Moose. *Experience.* Jay-D filled it in. *Number in party. Name and address. Registration. Next of kin*!!

"Rat fan day!" Jay-D said.

Steel strongbox over door of Old Bull Moose, lid up, sign taped there: $100—IN ADVANCE. "Yessir, rat fan!" C-note plucked from sweatband of bush hat, held for moribund chief to see, dropped into steel box, BANG! "Fella could lose his fingers," Jay-D said.

Clipboard, strongbox tucked into coffin. One 40-foot aspen so neatly balanced it could be raised and lowered by the oldest man alive on the desert reservations. Jay-D idled under gate. Uneasy. Question to ask, but how?

• • •

Wicker, Jay-D. Hero of piece. 21. Lubbock, Texas. Rover a birthday gift from his pappy ("Jest tell me whut yew want, boy!" Jay-D told him). Only child. Bleached blond hair, blue eyes ("Handsome Daddy," the *Lubbock Annual* said. "Ladies' Man." "Candy Is Dandy, but Wicker Is Quicker!"). Glen Campbell voice, hillbilly drawl, not as tall as would like to have been, 5′ 10″ with rock shoes on, red socks, high-cut dark leather climbing shorts (Austrian), bush hat with chin strap (Australian), no shirt, bodybuilder's physique, chiseled and planed, 16-inch arms, abdominals like briquettes, exposed surfaces tanned and haired, square white teeth. . . . Rising climber, Southwest. First ascents 26 pinnacles, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah. Cover story last month, *Texas Parade* (Question: What accounts for your success as a climber, Mr. Wicker? Answer: When Ah want somethin', Ah go fer it.). Wanted Cholla Rock, Kachina Canyon.

• • •

THE OLD BULL MOOSE OF THE WOODS. Words lettered in red on driver's door of black 1971 Rover. Rack of moose antlers (genuine) fitted forward on hood. Decals of Satan astride gold fork and phrase (get close if you want to read it) AH'M A HORNY DEVIL! Tape deck. Sixteen cassettes. Everything Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs ever recorded (*You Are My Flower* just ending, *Salty Dog* about to begin). Indoor-outdoor red-pile carpet on floors, walnut dash and wheel,

silver inlays, leather map pockets, air horn . . . climbing gear under neoprene tarp in back, 150-foot coils of red-and-white Perlon rope, bandoleers, *étriers*, swami belts, wedges and nuts, *pitons* and carabiners, enough for the Eiger North Wall, the best money could buy, $3,000,000 in the trust fund. . . . Jest tell me whut yew want, boy.

• • •

Cholla Rock. 860-foot red-stone pinnacle. Never been climbed. Sacred to Indians. But hard times in villages now, new generation. For $100, cash in advance . . . apply at gatehouse (story by Newhall, *Albuquerque News*). Wanted that rock, Jay-D Wicker, a long time. Feather in bush hat. April 1972. Clear day, bright sun, top down. 84 west-northwest from Lubbock. Interstate 40 (old 66!) west to Gallup. Then north on Indian roads, winter-cut, dust-dry. Fort Defiance. Sawmill. Chinle formation. Flocks of sheep led by belled goats. Tumbleweed, mesquite . . . Flatt and Scruggs . . . (*Cripple Creek*). . . .

• • •

Too many winters in that old chief's eyes, like holes in a frozen lake. The mouth a three-quarter-inch seam between two empty cheeks and a pointed chin.

"This here's mah vee-hickle," Jay-D said. Patted walnut wheel. Saw movement in chief's eyes. "Got 'er all bored out, she'll do a hundred thirty on the flat. . . ." Words lettered in red on black finish. Chief close enough to read.

"Horny," he said. Voice came from last year. Very deep. Arm rose to point, motion smooth as gate rising. Grin spread seams of cheeks to leather lobes of ears. Gums revealed. Could bite bolt in two. "Horny-ho-ho."

"Dōgged!" Jay-D said. "Ah knew it!"

CHOLLA ROCK 6 MILES / CAMPGROUND 3 MILES / CLIMBERS REGISTER AND PAY FEE / CANYON FLOODED IN SPRING / CARRY OUT GARBAGE / NOTHING ELSE.

"Be seein' yah!"

(*Goin' Down That Road, Feelin' Fine.*)

• • •

Two miles into canyon before he saw girl ankle deep in flood, wading away from him, short pants, long legs, Kelty Pack bobbing red under late sun (*must* have heard Old Bull Moose whining behind her, Jay-D, Flatt and Scruggs, but never turned around).

"Dōgged," Jay-D said. Lit himself a Between-The-Acts, pushed bush hat back, edged up into corner between seat and door, brought the Rover up, idled alongside her, sighted down nose, squinted eyes. "Dōgged!" he said. Little cigar between his teeth.

No reply. Same steady pace, straight ahead, splashing through the flood. Long brown hair tied off with rubber band and hung along close side of face in mare's-tail. Good-looker. Built. 18. Jay-D idling alongside, eyes watering from smoke. Walked up out of flood onto stretch of sand past stand of cottonwood where birds sang old melody. What approach to take? Females delicate. Required special treatment. ("Yew got tew be subtul," his pappy said. "Yew wouldn't tickle yore nose with a fence post!") Decided to blow air horn. Reached out, touched lever. Horn had always been loud. Here in canyon, it was louder than any horn ever heard in life, four times as loud as horn on tandem ten-wheeler. Scared himself with it, by golly.

And the girl who had walked through the flood and across the sand without breaking stride or looking at him jumped one foot above the ground and let out shriek.

"Howdy, ma'am," Jay-D said.

Unshouldered Kelty Pack. Turned to face him. Down front of denim shirt two bands of sweat where padded straps had been. No underthings. Jay-D looked. Good tits. Mad as a hornet.

"You idiot!"

"Ma'am?"

"*What* do you think you are doing?"

"Well, now. . . ."

"Why are you doing this? What do you want?"

Jay-D tipped head, squinted eyes, moved cigar between teeth. "Ma'am?"

"Why are you following me? What do you want? Your truck is obscene!"

"*Whut?*" Jay-D hollering over Scruggs-plink and Flatt-twang. Turned stereo down. (*Hard Travelin.*)

"Ob," she said, "scene."

Jay-D nodded.

"Blatant and ludicrous."

"Yas, ma'am."

"Utterly without redeeming qualities. Patently ridiculous. Buffoonish. Obviously owned by a lout. Turn it around, please, and go back where you came from."

"Whee-oo!" Jay-D said.

Arms folded across front where he had been looking. Raised eyebrows thick, real; vein beating in center of forehead. "Have I made myself *quite* clear?"

"Ma'am, whut is a purty thang lak yew——"

"I am not the least bit interested," she said, "in your dull-witted assessment of me as a 'pretty thing.' "

"Sorry, ma'am."

"You *exude* male chauvinism."

"Ma'am?"

"Male," she said, "chauvinism." Picked up Kelty Pack. Shouldered it. Padded straps in place over sweat lines.

"Yew headin' that way?" Jay-D asked.

"Obviously."

"Campground's 'nuther mal. Rat proud tew give yew a lift. . . ."

"I do not want a lift, thank you."

"Tote yore freight fer yew. . . ."

"I am quite capable," she said, "of 'toting it' myself." Walked away from him, across what was left of sandy stretch, back into flood. Jay-D watched movement of shorts, heard feet splash above idle of Old Bull Moose. Patches of snow on canyon rim crimson in westering sun. Ejected cassette. Injected another. Lit fresh cigar. Drove on. When passing girl thigh deep in flood, smiled, tipped hat. (*The Last Public Hanging in West Virginia.*)

Question: What do you do, Mr. Wicker, when you reach, say, an unclimbable section of rock, something extremely difficult, impossible even? Answer: "There's more'n one way tew shuck corn."

• • •

Campground deserted. Maybe not for long. On to Cholla Rock. 800-foot red-stone rocket on 60-foot launching pad. Good crack *(continued on page 224)*

the mender of pots from *L'Almanac d'Amour*, 1781

Ribald Classic

A VERY CURIOUS MARRIAGE custom among the ancient Thalamians has always puzzled scholars and historians. It is referred to in Thalamian literature as the *donolla* and it seems to have been strictly observed. In this culture, nubile girls would possess something equivalent to the hope chest of later eras. Besides a store of clothing and a marriage portion in gold coins, each girl treasured a fragile, miniature pot, hardly larger than a demitasse. Unfortunately, none of these has survived, but we know from the descriptions by Thalamian lyric poets that this wedding gift was charming in shape, rose color by tradition and decorated with a rich foliage in either gold or ebony hue.

An enormous, superstitious importance was placed on the perfection of the delicate vessel. The writers tell us that young husbands were often thrown into an irrational despair when the pot proved to have even the slightest crack, chip or fissure. This was even stranger when considered in the light of the next step—the bridegroom was obliged to take the pot and shatter it with a single blow. The firmer the pot and the harder it was to break, the more delighted was the Thalamian man. This act of violent destruction seems to have had deep cultural roots.

Such was the custom of the *donolla*—but what ritual significance was attached to it has been the subject of much scholarly debate. The German author Von Spaltjaeger has argued that after the shattering of the pot, the newlyweds would carefully count the number of fragments and deduce from it the years of happiness they might expect. This theory, however, is supported by no actual evidence and, in fact, any rationale for the *donolla* is difficult to perceive from the viewpoint of our enlightened 18th Century, which has put aside so many fears and stupidities belonging to the infancy of mankind.

Be that as it may, we do know that Thalamian girls protected their precious objects with the greatest of care. Fearing danger to the pots, they would rarely expose them to currents of air or even to the inspection of other people. Whenever they took them outdoors, they made sure to wrap the objects in the finest silk or woolen fabrics in order to guard them against curious stares and rude knocks or blows.

Nevertheless, it seems that there existed certain bullies and blackguards among Thalamian men, and it was their doltish humor to try to jostle the girls and to crack their pots before the marriage day. Often, too, a girl might make a misstep, stumble and suffer damage to her fragile vessel. Little good it did them to plead that this was no more than an unfortunate accident. No man would wittingly

BRAD HOLLAND

accept that tale, and such girls remained unwed. Others who managed to conceal the damage until their weddings were afterward faced with violent husbandly rage. Thus it was that, out of both avarice and compassion, a new breed of artistic specialist was born. He learned the art of skillful restoration, more commonly known as pot mending.

The most talented and famous of these practitioners, the records tell us, was a certain Master Pintadius. Because of the excellence of his work, young women flocked to him from all corners of the land and in time he became very rich. Whatever may have been the secret of his technique, the Thalamian chronicles contain no hint of it, and it is very likely that he took it with him to his grave.

We do know, however, that a few days of his expert treatment were sufficient to cure any cracks or rifts in a damaged pot. Later, it would shine before the bridegroom's eyes in all its pristine, rosy splendor—firm and resilient, ready to be smashed as if for the very first time.

Naturally, with such a remedy at hand, young girls tended to be rather more careless about their marriage tokens than they had been before, especially after Pintadius developed methods of restoring even those pots that had suffered vigorous pounding. And, naturally, he acquired a great many slanderers and detractors, who said that he did no more than apply a little fish glue to fool the gullible. But one day something happened that stilled all doubts forever.

Master Pintadius was sitting in his luxurious consulting room, already having dealt with a dozen or more ladies, when a couple was ushered in. This was not at all usual and Pintadius, as he glanced at the slim, pretty girl and the handsome young man, thought, "Here's one who brought her brother along to give her courage."

When they were seated, he said to them, "Now, if I may guess, the young lady has had a slight mishap, a simple fracture that is easily mended?"

The girl blushed furiously and put her hands over her face. The young man replied, "On the contrary, Master Pintadius, we have trouble of the opposite kind. You see, we've been married for two weeks and—terrible to say—we haven't been able to go through with the age-old Thalamian marriage custom. Though I've got a big muscle and a heavy fist, I just haven't been able to do it. That little thing looks small and delicate, but it's really hard as a rock. So, you being a specialist, we came here."

The celebrated restorer was rather amazed. Thousands of pots were so frail that they broke on the first impact. Others resisted a little longer. A few required repeated efforts to shatter—but Pintadius had never heard of one so stout as to last two whole weeks. He began to examine this apparently unbreakable object with the liveliest interest.

There was nothing about it that seemed extraordinary. It was lovely and fragile in appearance, ornamented charmingly with a fleecy gold. He bent closer. Then something about it—some secret trace visible only to the eye of the great artisan—struck him as familiar. He looked up in astonishment and, for the first time, recognized the girl as one of his hundreds of former clients. This great pot, this marvelous, unbreakable pot was the product of his own restorative craftsmanship. The ultimate perfection had been reached.

Most scholars of our century date the subsequent decline of the ancient custom of the *donolla* to this very moment.

—*Retold by Paul Tabori*

"SOMMELIER! ANOTHER WELL-CHILLED BOTTLE OF CHÂTEAU APPLE DAPPLE, S'IL VOUS PLAÎT!" *drink* By EMANUEL GREENBERG

for those without grape expectations, today's pop wines provide an easy-does-it change of pace

WE AMERICANS are soaking up wine at a faster rate than ever before—305,000,000 gallons this past year, a smart 90 percent increase in the past decade. Conservative Bank of America prognosticators figure that, collectively, we'll be knocking back better than 600,000,000 gallons per annum by 1980—which would make it a very good year, indeed! You'd expect that this new-found devotion to Bacchus would enchant the vinophiles, who've been relentlessly urging us cultural heathens to get with the grape. Well, that's not quite the way it is. You see, a hefty proportion of the increased guzzling is in such *arriviste* categories as flavored wines, fruit wines, cold ducks and numerous effervescent spin-offs of that frigid fowl. There are those—snobs and ritualists—who wail about this new development. To them, the wine game is all. They revel in the swirling and sniffing, the *macher* or ceremonial rolling on the tongue, the everlasting discussion of vintages and "finds" from little offbeat châteaux. If that's your bag, then pop wines won't make it with you, because the word for them is uncomplicated. The true sophisticate knows how to enjoy both—the new and the traditional. For there is a place for both in the life we lead today. A *Wall Street Journal* story, "Watch Out, Burgundy, Here Come Spanada, Zapple and I Love You," offers these pertinent consumer comments: "This is good

CONSTRUCTION BY RONALD STEIN

Ronald Stein '72

stuff for a party. It's much cheaper than hard liquor and you don't get bombed on a couple of drinks. . . . We just pour a lot of it into a bowl and we have an instant punch. There's no work." That about sums up the appeal of pop wines. They're easy to take, easy to serve, informal sipping or entertainment beverages. Ice does a lot for them; so do a splash of soda and two or three slices of fresh fruit. They're good mixers, especially the ones with a fruit base. At a recent tasting, one young participant confided modestly, "The secret ingredient in my famous punch is Bali Hai." Now the secret's out.

A great deal of the enthusiasm for pop wines comes from what Casey Stengel called "the yout' of America." Contemporary wines are gregarious. You'll see them being poured poolside, dockside or *en bateau*—in posh surroundings as well as at peace rallies and campus rap sessions, where they are giving beer a run for your money. At ski resorts, the *sangria* types are warmed with cinnamon and served in mugs. But there's no question that the under-25 consumer has led the swing to contemporary wines, and he is still the primary wine-industry target, because he's not bound to the conventional manners and mores surrounding wine.

Some people, including a few in the trade, maintain that flavored wines, fruit wines and the new sparkling wines are just a fad and will pass into limbo, like the Hula-Hoop. No way, says Joseph McDonald, Canandaigua Industries' marketing man. "Today's 'pop' wines or others like them will become America's *vins ordinaires*." And they'll be with us for many years to come, because they fill a niche in our hedonistic life style in a way that is singularly American. This is not to imply that contemporary wines can or should ever take the place of table wines. The seasoned winebibber, with a nose for lusty Burgundies, château-bottled Bordeaux or aged Cabernet Sauvignons, crisp *brut* champagnes and flinty Chablis, will certainly continue to seek out and savor their many-faceted delights. More than likely, he will be joined in his quest by many whose first pleasurable encounter with the fermented grape was Spanada, Key Largo, Aquarius, Yago Sant'Gria or Richards Wild Irish Rose. And, no doubt, they'll launch wine prices farther into the stratosphere in the process.

The Internal Revenue Code defines Special Natural wines as products made from a base of natural wine exclusively, with the addition of natural herbs, spices, fruit juices, aromatics, essences and other natural flavorings. Sounds like a canny modern caper, right? In fact, the practice of flavoring wines is ancient. As far back as you can go, there are records of men trying to improve or vary the flavor of their wines with such hoary aromatics as myrrh, lovage, maidenhair fern, balm, horehound, grains of paradise and other suggestively titled botanicals. Don't let the names fool you. Neither the herbals nor the wines they embellished were in any way aphrodisiac.

Vintners have never abandoned the custom of flavoring wines, to lend piquancy or savor or, on occasion, to mask taste. In France, flavored wines are called aperitifs, which seems to impart a suave Continental cachet in our eyes. Along with Dubonnet, the most glamorous, there are Byrrh, Lillet, St. Raphaël and literally dozens more—all grape wines with natural flavors added. In Greece, the popular wine is retsina—flavored with resin—a drink that only a Spartan could love. Germans and Austrians steep their young white wines with waldmeister (woodruff) and call them May wines. Vermouth is probably the most universal flavored wine. Producers boast of having upwards of 25 different herbs, spices, barks, seeds, roots and aromatics in their "secret" formulas. It would seem that American vintners are Johnny-come-latelies to the flavored-wine field.

What, then, is so special about *our* Special Natural wines? Simply this: They were created to please the *American* palate. The flavors added are those we've known since childhood and that have been accepted and enjoyed in this country for generations. The new wines first hit liquor-store shelves in 1957 and came in a mind-blowing assortment of popular flavors and hues. There were cherries, colas, lemon-limes, oranges, chocolates, mints, you name it—just about everything but candy cane and chicken fat. In the main, the wines were relatively sweet—though hardly as sweet as ports and olorosos. The flavors were frank and forthright, with very little subtlety, occasionally harsh, and fairly potent—most running to 20 percent alcohol, about the same as dessert wines and European aperitifs.

The new flavored wines seemed to be an instant smash, reaching a healthy 14,000,000-gallon annual figure by 1964. And there they leveled off. Though the "pops" were intriguing and lots of people were interested enough to sample them, they didn't appear to have broad appeal. Apparently they were too close to the soda-pop image that inspired their nickname. The most faithful flavored-wine customers were what the liquor retailers euphemistically call the "proof per penny" crowd—those who measure the amount of kick against dollar cost. But the door had been opened. This limited success finally convinced vintners that they would do better formulating wines that appealed to the indigenous taste buds than by trying to transform existing tastes along Old World lines.

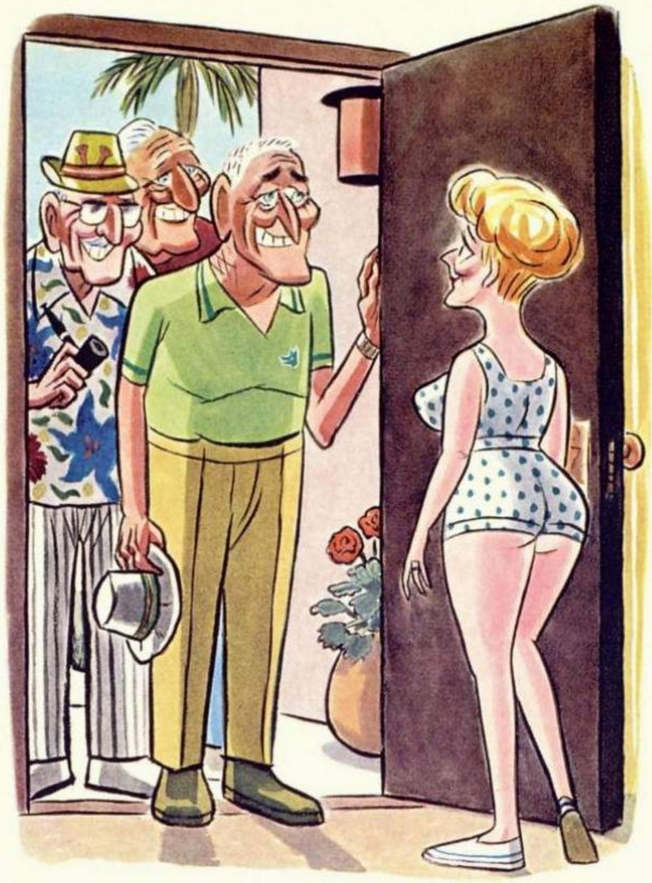
There were some pretty good indications. The unabashedly pop flavors such as the straight colas, chocolates and larger-than-life rock wines were falling by the wayside and have pretty much disappeared by now. Fruit-flavored Bali Hai and fruity Ripple, familiar and somewhat muted flavors—both at a low level of alcohol—were faring well. So the boys went back to the drawing board.

After a five-year period of gestation, phase two of the pop phenomenon materialized. If the original flavored wines were a revelation, the second coming was closer to a revolution. As a group, they're considerably lighter, smoother and lower in alcohol by almost half—generally running between nine and 14 percent, as opposed to the 20 percent formerly marketed. Many are slightly effervescent—no dancing bubbles, just the merest prickle on the tongue. The sensory range is much wider, combinations being both more complex and more subtle, with lemon, lime and orange tones predominating. There are the citrusy *sangria* types; wines touched with exotic tropical fruit such as guava, mango and passion fruit; and there are wines flavored with cranberry, strawberry, tangerine and such nonfruits as almond, cinnamon, mint and coffee. Even the old hot-shots have been restyled. Thunderbird is now also available at 13 percent alcohol, Silver Satin and Swiss Up are now also available at 14 percent. Silver Satin also has a companion, Silver Satin / Bitter Lemon. A detailed chart on page 190 lists the specific properties and characteristics of many of the brands.

Perhaps the most significant departure in phase two is the emergence of non-grape, or fruit, wines—the apples, pears, pineapples, peaches, apricots, plums, currants, cherries and the numerous berries. Most of these are technically not Special Natural wines. Their flavors come from, and are remarkably true to, the fruits from which they are made; no added flavors. They seem to capture the essence of the fruit and are immediately identifiable. As with the flavored wines, they're not the choice to accompany a prime rib roast or beef Wellington, but with a fresh-fruit dessert, or in a shoes-off situation, they're just right. At least one vintner, San Martin of California, puts out sparkling fruit wines—an Aprivette (apricot) and a Cham-berry (blackberry).

The apple types are far and away the biggest factor in the category. Boone's Farm alone reputedly laid 6,000,000 cases of the stuff on the populace in the past 12 months. Zapple—with a sprinkle of cinnamon—Apple Dapple, Richards Old Style Apple Wine and Boone's Farm Strawberry Hill (apple flavored with strawberry) are among the apple brands contributing to the acute shortage of this plain Jane of the orchard. Major

(continued on page 188)



"Now, if there's anything we can do for you while Herb is recuperating at the hospital, Marge, just anything. . . ."

PASSION IN SENIOR CITY!

By JOHN DEMPSEY

what really goes on behind that medicare curtain of shuffleboard, bingo and square dances

"Would you answer that, dear? I don't have my dentures in."

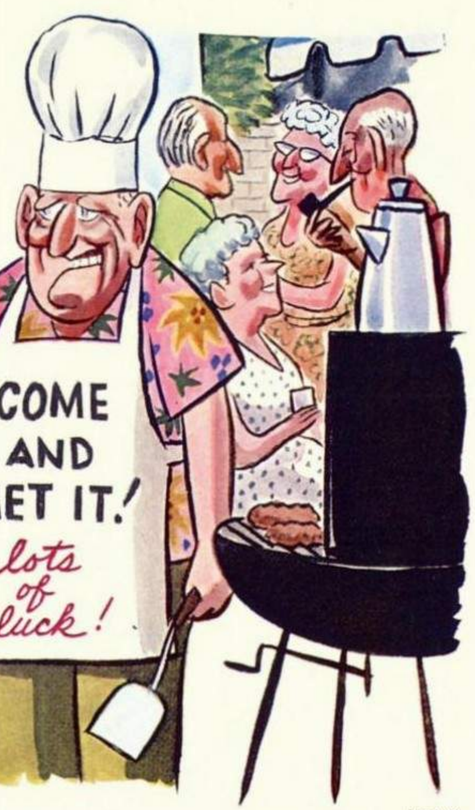
*"Oooh, Andrew!
Oh! Aaaaah. . . ."*

*"Why should I turn it back to the post office?
I can use all the help I can get."*

*"Dear, if you'd just stop worrying about the
lays dwindling down to a precious few. . . ."*

*"Please, Sam. Not during
a Billy Graham Crusade!"*

"I'm gonna be a little late for the shuffleboard game this morning, Ed. . . ."



"My wife, the jokester."

JOHN DEMPSEY

NO PLACE TO BE NOBODY

(continued from page 134)

Turner. "I'd rather catch him up to forty yards than any quarterback I've ever played with. [Turner has played with Namath.] He puts it right in your gut." Turner is beginning his second year with the Patriots, his tenth as a pro. "I thought about retiring after last season, but it means more pension money for me if I play ten years. I'll hang 'em up after this year, if I make this team."

He talks about Taliaferro's attitude in light of Kapp's presence and the attention that's waiting for Plunkett. "It's been rough on Mike. He went through this same thing in New York when he lost his job to Namath. But he'll catch on with some team."

The sun holds the temperature in the 70s through the noon hour and early afternoon. After lunch, some of the players mill outside their dorm, James House, chewing on fruit and hooting at braless summer school coeds sloshing by. Others hurry to the third-floor lounge to play poker until 1:45, when they leave for the locker room. Mike Taliaferro, on the other hand, occupies the noon hour by calling on general manager Upton Bell and asking to be traded.

"There was complete disregard for my existence on Press Day. It all added up, so I figured, why beat my head against the wall? Bell and I agreed that it would be the best thing for me to be traded." Bell assures him that there will be interested teams. He knows this because he had previously decided to trade Taliaferro and has had promising reactions to already-placed telephone calls.

• • •

A few hundred people, mostly local businessmen, have come to watch the first full practice. A group of bare-chested boys run to the top row of bleachers, wanting the warm sun. Summer school students with books lie on the grass. Two middle-aged couples, wearing Miami Beach outfits and nursing deep tans, shield their eyes from the sun as one of the husbands points to the field, where Bell is inspecting the ground.

"See that guy in the red shirt?" says the husband. "That's the general manager, Bell. He's Bert Bell's son."

"Who's Bert Bell?" asks his wife.

"He was the first professional football commissioner. That's his son and he's the general manager here. He's only twenty-nine years old."

Actually, Bell is 33, but he could pass for a man in his early 20s. His black hair sweeps down and across his forehead, almost to his eyebrows, and he looks too boyish to be handsome, although he frequently jokes that he is. He can be disarming, if one prejudges the personality by the innocent face that accompanies it. Bell has come to the Patriots from Baltimore, where he was the Colts' player-personnel director. He has supreme confidence in his ability to judge football talent and sometimes his comments suggest that he has special perceptions.

"I'm not high on Jack Tatum," he says of Oakland's number-one draft choice. On another occasion, he will predict that "Archie Manning will be the league's prize bust."

At 3:15, players walk from the locker room, cleats grinding on the parking-lot gravel. There's a bit of applause from the spectators. "Where's Jim Plunkett?" many of them ask.

The offensive backs group with coach Sam Rutigliano. The first-string backfield —Kapp, the quarterback, Jim Nance, the fullback, Carl Garrett, the other running back—always rehearses together. Its timing is critical. Other backs fall in without regard to rank when the second- and third-string quarterbacks, Taliaferro and Brian Dowling, call the plays.

Kapp looks to his left and calls a play, looks to his right and repeats it. His voice is dry and hoarse—he even *sounds* like Anthony Quinn. He hands the ball to Nance, then follows through, giving Garrett, who trails a step and a half behind Nance, his empty hand.

Mazur runs a clean, disciplined offense, a reflection of his conservatism. A Notre Dame quarterback, Marine officer and devout Catholic, he is excited by austerity. (He abhors white football shoes.)

Rutigliano detects a tiny flaw in the motion of a play. "Take your depth step, Jim! Take your depth step." He's telling Nance, who's taking a pitchout, to step away from the ball as the guards pull from the line to lead interference. They do it again and Rutigliano senses guards moving majestically and in time.

"Much better! Much better."

The backfields now work on passing plays and all the quarterbacks, without the distraction of a defensive rush, throw with mechanical accuracy.

"Everybody up!" yells Mazur. Players run instantly toward him for a light-contact scrimmage. He refers to this as "nudging each other around." Blockers hit, hold, and no one tackles the quarterback. Considering this restraint, pads crack with a force that startles the ear; it's the same surprise the eye gets watching a golf ball fly to the green from the impact of Julius Boros' slow-motion stroke.

The quarterbacks are passing on nearly every play. Kapp drops straight back, plants and throws long, incomplete. If his throwing motion were filmed and run in stop-action segments, it would look disjointed. He stands very erect and leads radically with his chest, back bowed, at the moment of release. His body comes all the way through, spends its force, then waits for the arm to follow. The addition of a defense in front of Kapp takes the edge off his accuracy and he doesn't complete a pass in this scrimmage.

Taliaferro's passes smack insolently into receivers' hands. He is bitter, for things have not gone as planned in Amherst.

As he thought about this camp during the winter, did he give much consideration to the rookie Plunkett? "I didn't follow the draft news, since I was sure they'd pick the guy number one anyway: not like I did when I was with the Jets and they drafted Namath. Jesus, I read everything I could find about Joe. Of course, I was just a rookie then. But chances are Plunkett won't be able to contribute much this season."

Taliaferro throws what receivers call a heavy ball, much harder than Kapp's. Now that he can't have this job, he wants to refine his accuracy for some new team.

"Mike believes," says Bill Rademacher, a wide receiver who played in New York with Taliaferro and Namath, "that he has as good an arm as anyone in football. He's told me this. He remembers the days when he's accurate."

As Kapp seems to grow taller than 6'3" when he stretches to throw, Taliaferro appears to shrink shorter than 6'1" while passing. Taliaferro sets up and throws high and long to Ron Sellers for a touchdown. His long passes, according to the Boston press, are often underthrown, but this one leads Sellers perfectly.

"Everybody up!" shouts Mazur to end practice. It's five o'clock and players are exhausted from this 30-minute scrimmage. Kapp refuses fatigue, running backward off the field. He does this to get the feel of moving quickly away from the center.

• • •

At 9:30 P.M. Eastern daylight time, Bell calls a press conference. A media room has been improvised in a long tiled lounge off the James House lobby. Bell walks through the door to a television cameraman and about ten reporters, including a long-haired editor of the university newspaper, who regards this event with the requisite youthful cynicism. "I came over only because nothing else was going on."

Bell begins. "I'm happy to announce that we've come to terms with Jim Plunkett. The final conditions of his contract were worked out last night. Discussions with Jim and his lawyer, Wayne Hooper, have been friendly from the very beginning and I'm sure they're pleased with the settlement." Bell offers that the contract is a "multiyear" agreement but declines to give a dollar figure, since he doesn't believe in revealing players' salaries. He goes on to say that Hooper and team

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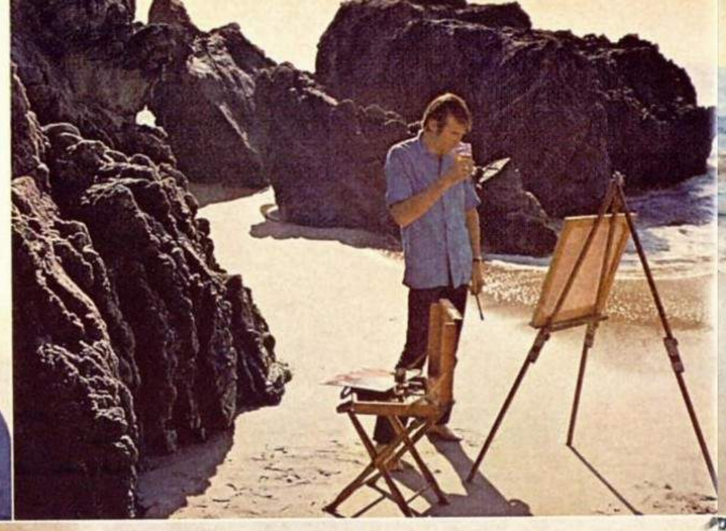

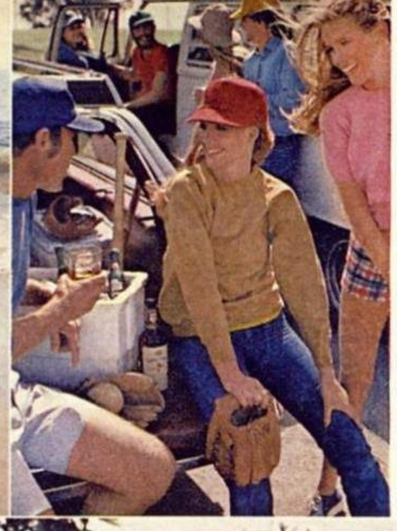

America's a big country.

A country where tastes are different. Where styles are warmly accepted in one place, and coolly ignored in another. In short, a country where it's hard to please everyone.

But there's a whiskey that comes pretty close. Seagram's 7 Crown. Year after year 7 Crown outsells every other brand. Of any kind. And emerges clearly as America's favorite whiskey.

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SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

Thank you, America,
for making our whiskey
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president Billy Sullivan are now waiting in a room at the O'Hare Inn in Chicago and that Plunkett will be calling momentarily to answer reporters' questions.

Across the room from Bell, a telephone-company electrician is setting up an amplifier so that the conversation with Chicago can be easily heard. Bell sits down after finishing his statement and there's an odd silence in the room. Reporters drink cans of Schaefer beer, scribble notes and prepare questions, leaning over classroom desks that have been provided. They look like students in an adult-education class.

"Do you think we should call him?" Bell is asked.

"No."

"This is about as exciting as watching last year's games," says a writer from the *Worcester Telegram*.

The phone rings. When Plunkett comes on, a reporter asks how he feels.

"I'm relieved to have the load off my back."

"Are you satisfied with the contract?"

"Yes. I'm very happy with it." Now Plunkett's lawyer takes the receiver and says that he's happy because his client is happy. All the while, the telephone company's amplifier is squeaking intolerably while the electrician wildly turns knobs that don't stop the noise. The television man is noisily dismantling his equipment and throwing parts into a large trunk. The student editor scornfully sips his second or third beer. Bell hangs up the phone and the reporters flee to typewriters, one of them grabbing a six-pack to help the words come. The telephone man is winding wire into concentric circles. He shakes his head and apologizes in behalf of New England Telephone and Telegraph.

• • •

Kapp moves furtively about the dormitory quadrangle on the morning after Plunkett's signing. He disappears down the stairway to Bell's room for minutes at a time, then goes back up to the lobby phone, ducking his head deep into the phone box. He's talking to his lawyer, John Elliott Cook, in San Francisco, turning his back to the continuous lobby traffic in order to hear Cook's words. Kapp is involved in his second contractual fight in as many seasons. When he came to New England, he had been allowed to sign something other than a standard player's contract. In January, Cook had resolutely refused to consider an official contract, insisting that his client already had one. In Amherst, Bell has met three or four times daily with Kapp, sympathizing with his devotion to his lawyer while reminding him that there is also an obligation to his teammates. Bell has also assigned Kapp's friend, Patriot kicker Gino Cappelletti, to work on him, and the two of them have stood outside James House after dinner for long conversations, arms folded, staring down at the lawn. Now everything has come down to this very nervous day. Commissioner Pete Rozelle has ordered Kapp out of camp unless he signs.

Kapp is finally convinced by Cook's long-distance assurances and begins to pack at 3:30 P.M. Sullivan and Bell call another press conference and explain the news to virtually no one, since most reporters left Amherst the previous night with the week's big story. After the press conference, Kapp and Sullivan leave James House together. Sullivan carries Kapp's bags as they walk down cement steps to the driveway where a limousine is parked. The chauffeur meets them at the trunk and lifts the lid while Sullivan opens the rear door for Kapp. The limousine backs slowly out of the driveway and turns toward Boston.

• • •

"The boy's all football," says John Elliott Cook to reporters over the phone, drawing his voice out dramatically. "Joe just wants to play. And that's all I'm at liberty to say."

• • •

Taliaferro first felt Kapp's absence at the afternoon team meeting, noticing, around one o'clock, his empty front-row chair. Other players saw it, too, but for Taliaferro it had reminiscent importance.

"Namath used to do this kind of thing all the time, but he'd always be back after a day or two. The first thing that came to mind when I realized what had happened was how glad I was that I hadn't signed *my* contract. Since I was the only veteran quarterback in camp, I figured that this would be a good chance to negotiate. But I wanted to get my lawyer up here right away. There's no telling when Kapp might come back."

Taliaferro hurries to the lobby phone and calls his attorney in Boston, Bob Woolf. Woolf agrees that the timing is indeed opportune and fills his briefcase with Xerox copies of Boston sports columns that give unkind reviews of Taliaferro's leadership qualities. That night, Woolf spreads out the Xeroxes on Bell's unmade bed to instruct him on the deep abuse Taliaferro has taken. A figure is agreed upon.

"Kapp's absence allowed Mike to get a very generous contract," says Woolf.

• • •

It's raining hard on July 30, All-Star game day, a full, rinsing rain that turns parched lawns soft. Exactly two weeks have passed since Kapp departed, leaving players to work out their confusions and sorenesses in the summer heat. Roughly 70 players remain of the 110 that arrived here on the 13th. Many of the men cut early had brought small expectations to Amherst and could leave camp content that they had been given the chance to officially fail. Those remaining have practiced twice a day.

"The worst part of two-a-days," says Taliaferro, "is having to put on pads in the afternoon that are still wet from morning practice."

Tonight, players are gathering in the room that has formerly accommodated the press to watch the College All-Star game. Couches and chairs have been collected and grouped over a yellow rug. The room has been ruled off limits to coaches and reporters.

"I want my boys to be able to relax and say anything they want to, without having to worry about a reporter or a coach hearing them," coach Mazur explains. He is watching the game with his friend the monsignor at the university's Newman Center. "I'll have a hotline to the Man Upstairs if one of our rookies gets hurt," he says with a smile.

The players applaud an end sweep by John Brockington for the All-Stars' first touchdown, set up by a Plunkett pass and a pass-interference call that put the ball near the goal line. Later in the first half, Plunkett rolls to his left, is rushed and tackled hard by Colt defenders.

"I'll bet Mazur just lost fourteen pounds," says a Patriot scout. The first touchdown drive is Plunkett's best series of the night; he will play disappointingly, seeming confused by the Colt zone defense.

Earl Morrall's head and arm keep Baltimore fully in control and, except for some spots of unintimidated All-Star defense, there is little to distinguish this game from most of its predecessors. The All-Stars lose, 24–17, but the game wasn't that close.

In Evanston, Plunkett returns to the Orrington Hotel around 1:30 A.M. to drink medicinal beers with teammates until he and other Patriot rookies Julius Adams and Tim Kelly catch a seven-A.M. flight to Bradley Field, 40 minutes south of Amherst. A Patriot official meets them and they drive north, pulling into the James House parking lot at 11 o'clock. Their arrival qualifies as the secondary news item of the morning.

Carl Garrett has been traded to the Dallas Cowboys. At 9:30 A.M., Mazur tells him that the Patriots are getting running back Duane Thomas, lineman Halvor Hagen and wide receiver Honor Jackson for Garrett and two draft numbers. The news that he's expendable startles and shocks Garrett, who believes in his desirability as an athlete and a specimen. Within an hour, however, he has fully recovered.

"At first I was depressed. Jim Nance and me, we'd had a lot of long talks about what we were going to do this year. And I like Boston. But then I got to thinking, the Patriots were getting three players and giving up me. It makes you feel good to know you're worth three players." He pauses to consider his future. "I wonder what number they'll give me. Danny Reeves already has number thirty for Dallas."

At 10:30, Garrett sits in the large

James House office that is serving as a general reception area, a telephone receiver cradled deep in his neck, telling his wife the good news.

• • •

Plunkett has spent his first morning in Amherst, having met the press, eaten lunch across the table from a TV movie camera and its floodlights, and returned to his room for a nap that lasts the afternoon. Around five o'clock, he wakes, dresses in red Bermuda shorts and walks to the dining hall. Many of the players have gone home for the weekend, free, after a morning scrimmage, until six P.M. Sunday. The dining hall is scattered with those few who remain. Plunkett stands in line, waiting to be served two seared steaks. One of the cooks, who looks like an owl wearing a silver wig, says, "Are you one of the boys who just came in today?"

"Yes," says Plunkett.

"You aren't Jim Plunkett, are you?"

"Yeah, I guess I am." Plunkett is awkwardly shy.

"Well!" says the lady, having waited two weeks for this moment. The steaks come. "Here you go. Now, you just watch the other fellows and do like they do and you'll be just fine."

After dinner, Plunkett returns to James House and sits with Tim Kelly and Julius Adams to watch a telecast of the Oilers-Rams Hall of Fame game.

Plunkett is still tired and he eases his head down to his shoulder. The most striking thing about him is his thick neck, which he habitually moves in slow circles, as if he had a nagging cramp. He seems uncomfortable with its size, not quite knowing what to do with it. When Plunkett rests, he stares with an open, vulnerable expression. His skin is very dark and he looks more Mexican than he photographs.

After the game, he and Adams hitchhike uptown to a bar called Quicksilver, one of the few places in Amherst that welcome bare feet and animals and that is, therefore, filled with both. They drink one hurried beer.

• • •

Bake Turner and reserve linebacker Ed Toner are carrying bags to Toner's car. They have been cut. On a team that loses, veterans are susceptible to quick unemployment. The two men drive south, swing into the stadium parking lot to cruise past Monday's practice, then change their minds and turn out again. The car continues down the road and pulls into Chequers'.

While linebackers hop back and forth over conical tackling dummies to the arm direction of coach John Meyer, and receivers chase passes thrown teasingly long, the ball boys wheel a construction of metal poles onto the field. It's an involved piece of welding that looks like a horse-racing starting gate and seems obliged to have a motor, to be powered in some way, but is a total invalid. It's called a passing pocket and substitutes for an offensive line during drills in which the quarterback, running backs and receivers try to complete passes against linebackers, cornerbacks and safeties.

Standing in the middle of the passing pocket, Taliaferro grips a football with his right hand and calls a play. Looking into his face is a ball boy, holding a stop watch in one hand and a whistle in his mouth. At the moment Taliaferro steps away from the pocket, the ball boy will start the watch. When it runs to 3.2 seconds, he will blow his whistle. Patriot coaches calculate that if Taliaferro has not thrown the football in that length of time during a game, he'll find himself between the ground and defensemen.

"Shit, I wish I *had* three-point-two seconds in a game," he'll say privately. Taliaferro is not agile; in order to give himself maximum quickness, he wears no pads below his waist—no kneepads, no thigh pads, no hip pads. The area from head to chest takes most of his contact as he stands, waiting to release the ball or watch its flight. He runs with the ball only in moments of crisis.

"Blue thirty-five," says Taliaferro. This is an audible signal that, in practice, means nothing. "Blue thirty-five! Hut! Hut!" His right leg starts back and he takes eight steps, then sets his right foot into the ground. While he watches backs and receivers run patterns, his heels come up into the air and he begins to dance on his toes, the football at his ear. Twelve yards downfield, Sellers turns left and into the middle. Taliaferro throws. Complete. No whistle is blown.

Plunkett steps into the passing pocket. He has never seen one before. ("It bothered me at first, trying to see over it.") Plunkett looks very large in pads. He weighs more than 220 pounds but feels strong and the coaches have told him to report at a weight he feels comfortable carrying, an uncharacteristic concession.

"Green eighteen," says Plunkett, looking to the New England postcard farm. "Green eighteen"; he turns his head to the largest number of people ever to watch the Patriots practice. "Hut! Hut!" Plunkett pulls away from the poles, straight back nine steps, and plants. His body jiggles and jerks from the impact of his feet meeting the ground. He holds the ball at his chest and it jumps in his hands as if it were alive and squirming. Receivers and backs scatter hectically in front of him. On his left, end Gayle Knief slices toward the middle of the field. He is the primary receiver on this pattern. Plunkett's arm moves forward, releasing his first pass as a contracted member of the New England Patriots. Mazur's eyes, hidden under his baseball cap, follow the ball. A muscle in his cheek twitches. He looks thin. Fifty-seven of the 70 players are not moving to catch the ball or to prevent it from being caught. They are watching it in the air, intensely curious. Plunkett lifts himself to peer over the passing pocket as the ball seeks Knief, and sees that he's overcompensated for the height of the pocket. The ball continues past Knief, high above his hands.

"Bring it down, Jimmy. Bring it down," says Rutigliano. Plunkett will complete his second pass and most of the others he'll throw in his first practice. One will be intercepted.

• • •

Duane Thomas and his friend linebacker Steve Kiner are standing beneath the parking-lot lightpost behind Herman Melville House, leaning against a brown Ford, talking softly. It is Monday, 11 P.M. Thomas has been in Amherst since Sunday afternoon, 30 hours that have built to this unfortunate night.

He is wearing a knee-length brightly patterned *dashiki*, blue jeans and sandals, and carries a cellophane bag filled with fruit, which has swung at his side as he's walked around the campus. Thomas has had to reach into the bag often, for he has become a vegetarian and has found no sympathetic menu in the training-camp dining hall. The *dashiki* hangs full and loose, hiding his physique. He is thin, weighing 204 pounds, more than 15 pounds below 1970's weight and, according to alarmed coaches, too light to carry the football.

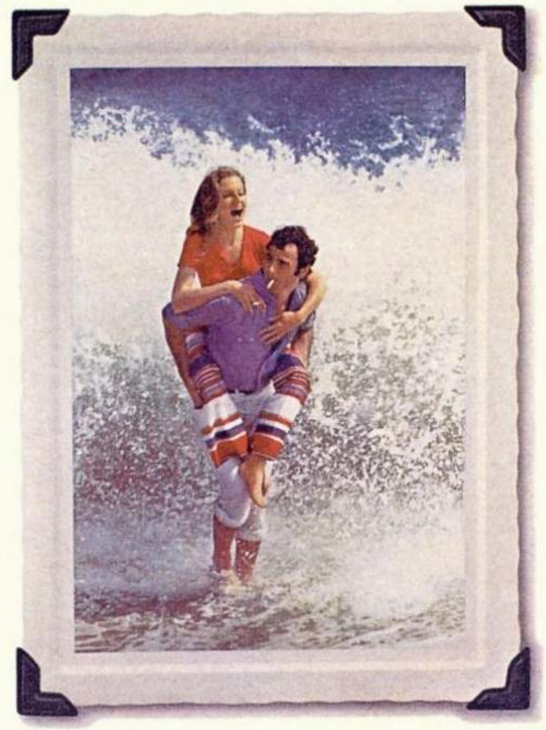
The Patriots had been able to trade for Thomas because of an angry impasse between him and the Dallas Cowboys. Going to Dallas from West Texas State, where he had played a schedule that produced easy Saturday heroics, he signed a three-year $20,000 contract. In 1970, he gained more than 800 yards, and before this season, asked for a raise. Tex Schramm, the Cowboy general manager, pointed out that he was already signed. Things stayed that way until Bell called Thomas and welcomed him to New England.

Soon after meeting on Sunday, Bell brought up the subject of football and the amount of money Thomas expected to receive for carrying one. They talked without the inconvenience of a lawyer and were close to agreement. Sunday night, Thomas was pleased enough to relax and share some opinions with his roommate, Brian Dowling, who found them out of place in Amherst.

"I knew after twenty minutes of talking with him that he wasn't going to be playing football for this team. He was talking about how we should all love each other and that individualism should be rewarded. I couldn't agree with him more, from January until July. But you have to set those feelings aside when you put on pads."

On Monday morning, Thomas came

"Bobby and Me"



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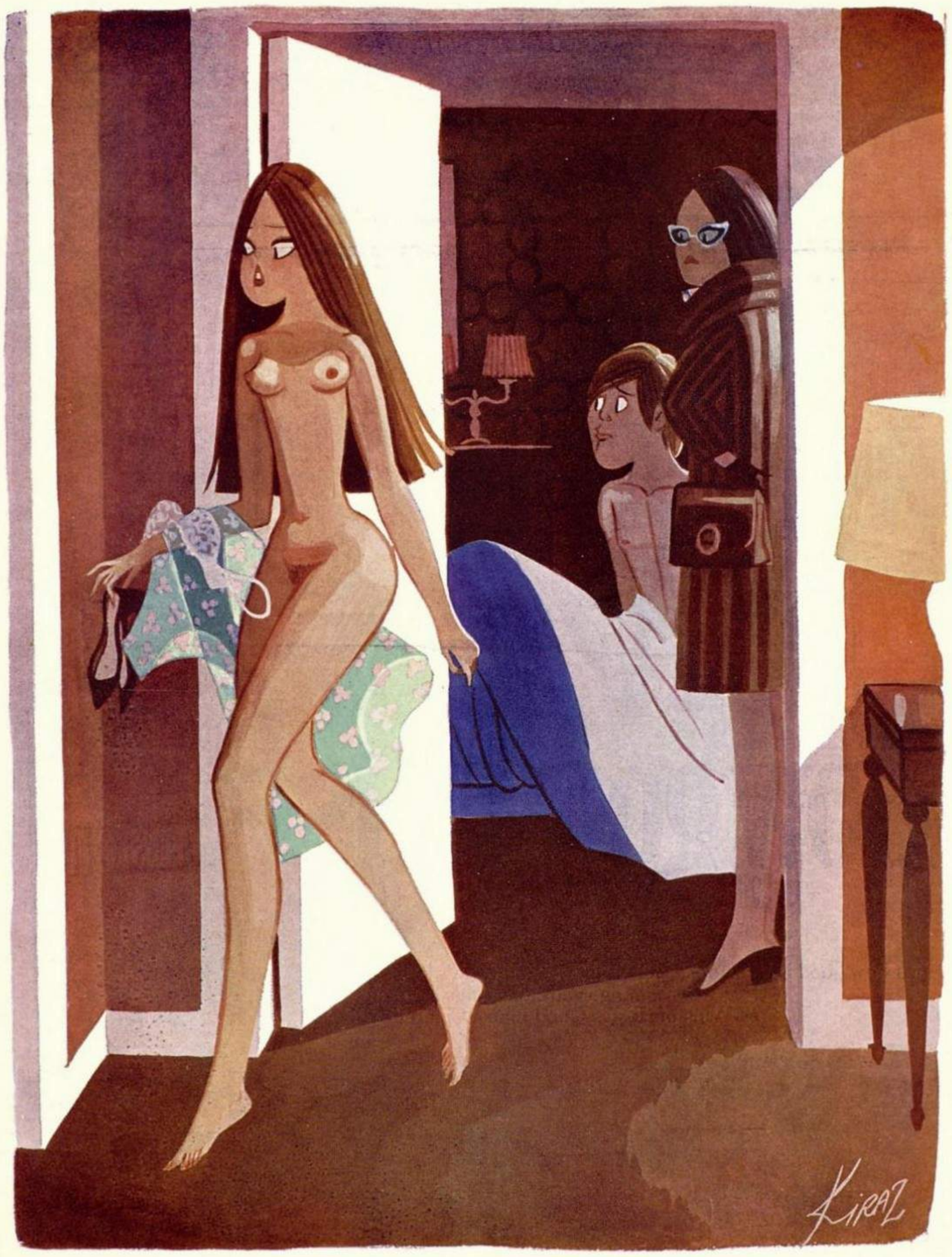


"Anyway, now I know that my neighbor's grass is not as green as it seems."

late to the team meeting. Afterward, Rutigliano asked him to stay and talk about the Patriots' offense. "Don't mess my mind, man," said Thomas.

After lunch that day, a sportscaster stood beneath the second-floor bay windows of Melville House with Thomas to get an interview for the 11 P.M. news, while players idled down the cement staircase from the dining hall to the lawn and took in the conversation.

"What's Duane doing," asked tackle Mike Montler, "announcing his retirement?"

At five P.M., after practice, Mazur and Thomas remained on the field to review some primary Patriot football.

"In Dallas, the backs set up with their hands on their knees so they'll be higher and able to look over the line at where the linebackers are standing," explained Thomas.

"Well, here, our backs come to a set in a three-point stance."

"I think I'll still set like I did in Dallas."

"You're not going to set *any* way. Get the hell out of here!"

Three hours later, the Patriots' team physician drove with his wife from their home in Concord, New Hampshire, to hear Thomas refuse to complete the Patriots' physical examination, which included a urinalysis.

He was then asked to leave.

Now, at 11 P.M., Thomas and Kiner, his roommate when they both played for Dallas, wait to be driven away by the Patriots' pro scout, Rommie Loudd, whose blackness, the team's management reasoned, especially qualified him for this tense drive. Kiner will ride along to lubricate the silence in the car. He is sitting on the trunk lid, dangling his legs. The white clogs he wears pick up and throw back the light. Words stay low and are extinguished almost immediately in the heavy air. Occasionally, Thomas becomes animated. When he does, the fruit bag swings and his words rise up and over the top of the Ford, but they are only sounds by that time. At 11:40, Loudd drives into the parking lot and, just as president Billy Sullivan's chauffeur did two and a half weeks earlier, he helps two people with car doors, then heads toward Boston.

Bell remains in his room for 36 hours as he sits on the edge of his bed, talking on the phone, working to erase the trade. His meals are brought from the dining hall. The empty trays are picked up from the floor beside his closed door by a secretary; everyone acts as if the person in the room were ill.

On Wednesday afternoon, the Patriots announce that Garrett is coming home and that they will be allowed to keep the two other players who came to camp with the Thomas trade: Hagen and Jackson. They have forfeited two draft choices in return. From Dallas, Tex Schramm issues a statement that says he feels "morally and ethically bound" to negate the trade—after 36 viciously argued hours. That night, Bell sits in the lounge, talking with reporters until four A.M. He feels very sly.

• • •

"What's the news on the waiver wire?" a reporter from *The Providence Journal* asks Bell, who is ducking under the ropes and walking out to the practice field. Every afternoon at four o'clock a telex machine hidden behind a wooden folding screen in the big James House office starts to print names onto a roll of yellow paper. The names are those of players who have been placed on waivers by all the other teams. The Patriots' last-place record gives them first claim to any waivered player. So Bell steps eagerly behind the screen and waits for the machine to give him a name that might be coming to Amherst.

"A body every day," he replies with a big grin, "a body every day." This is what he asks of the telex, but it is not always so benevolent. He is in a good mood, perhaps having seen a name.

It is cool and clear after a week of rain, a fact that displeases him. Bell feels the weather has been too kind to his players. "Hell, in Baltimore, it was so hot and muggy where we trained that everybody came out of camp in fantastic shape. I don't think these guys have sweat enough up here."

The crowd is large at practice today, after the rain that kept them home. Among them, drinking beer from a six-pack, is a long-haired reporter from *The Phoenix*, a Boston underground paper. He had planned to see Duane Thomas in Amherst. He shrugs, feeling the beer in the sun, and says he'll interview Thomas' friend Kiner instead. "He'll be of interest to our readers. He was busted for dope, you know."

Taliaferro plays catch with Sellers. Plunkett does the same with Dowling, as the passing pocket is moved into position. Taliaferro is asserting his first-string status, never choosing another quarterback to catch his football but always a receiver. Taliaferro throws compulsively. Between turns in drills, he tosses quick passes, as if he feared instant atrophy of his passing arm if he were to rest it. If he can't get anyone to catch him, Taliaferro will throw at the goal post or a blade of grass.

Al Sykes breaks from the huddle and sets wide on Taliaferro's left. Sykes, a rookie 14th-round draft choice from Florida A&M, is showing enough natural ability to be playing first string. This is surprising to no one more than to him, and he spends so much time wondering how long it's going to last that he often runs sloppy patterns. At times he will even forget the count.

"Can't anyone count past the number two?" asks Mazur. Sykes has started his route one count early. "Think, Al!"

Sykes glides into the center of the field and Taliaferro's ball ricochets away from his shoulder pads.

"Get big in the middle, Al! Big in the middle!" A coach is telling Sykes to turn so that his shoulders are perpendicular to the passer's arm as he fights for space with defensive backs. In that way, the ball will have a better chance to find some part of his body. There is not much of knife-thin Sykes to find.

Sykes starts on the count, cuts to his right and drops the ball. "Catch the football, Al! That's what you're paid to do! Catch the football!" By the end of the pre-season schedule, a combination of player trades and Sykes's continued inconsistency will force him to a spot on the reserve taxi squad, where he'll spend the remainder of the year.

Plunkett calls his signal and starts back, his feet beating the ground; now he rolls to his left and his steps are lighter. He throws to Sellers 40 yards downfield. The ball clatters as it settles into Sellers' pads.

Quarterback Dowling is watching. "He threw that ball with his arm. He was running to his left and threw it with just his arm. I can't do that."

• • •

The first game of the 1971 season, against the Vikings in Minneapolis, was arranged to exploit Joe Kapp's popularity in Minnesota. But only 30,000 people have come to watch Minnesota play a bad football team that no longer has Kapp. From the field, the steep, bowl-shaped stadium seems close and intimate. Nearby 3M Company has supplied the playing field. It's called Tartan Turf and looks like a living-room rug.

"I'm afraid to spit on it," says Taliaferro.

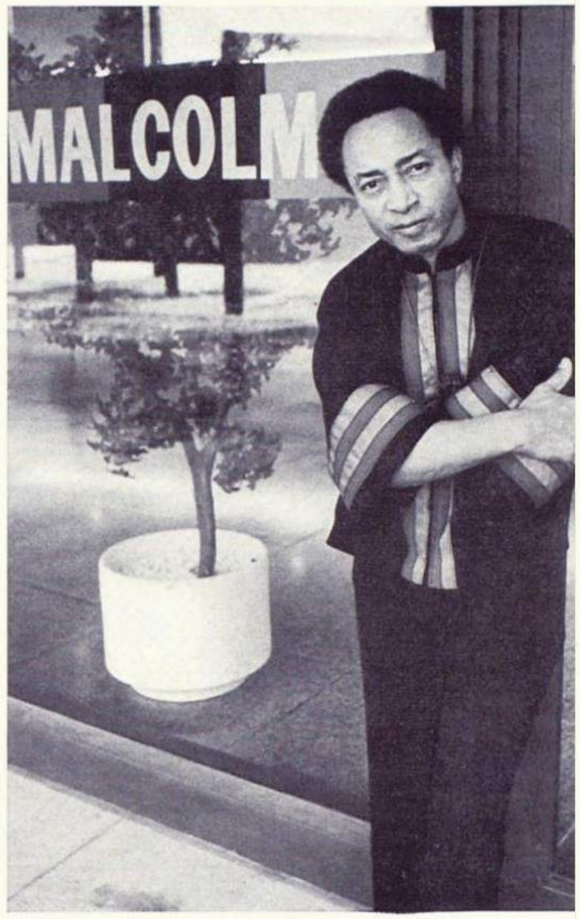
In warm-up drills, players, wearing rubber-cleated shoes, move about with a new silence over the carpet. Taliaferro, on top of his nerves, throws to Sellers. Plunkett throws beside him. This is the first football game in his memory that he will not start.

On the Patriots' bench, trainers are soaking large green bath towels in pails of ice. When the game begins, they will distribute the towels to players coming off the field, who'll wear them like head scarves to fight their body heat. Taliaferro walks to a table and finds a can of resin to powder his hands. Sellers, wearing a glob of Vaseline to grease a shin splint, takes an aerosol can and coats his hands with sticky spray.

"Here we go! Big season, Ron Sellers! Big season!" shouts center Morris.

From the field, there is the thunderous impact of pads and the players' obscene shrieks and grunts. From the

(continued on page 168)



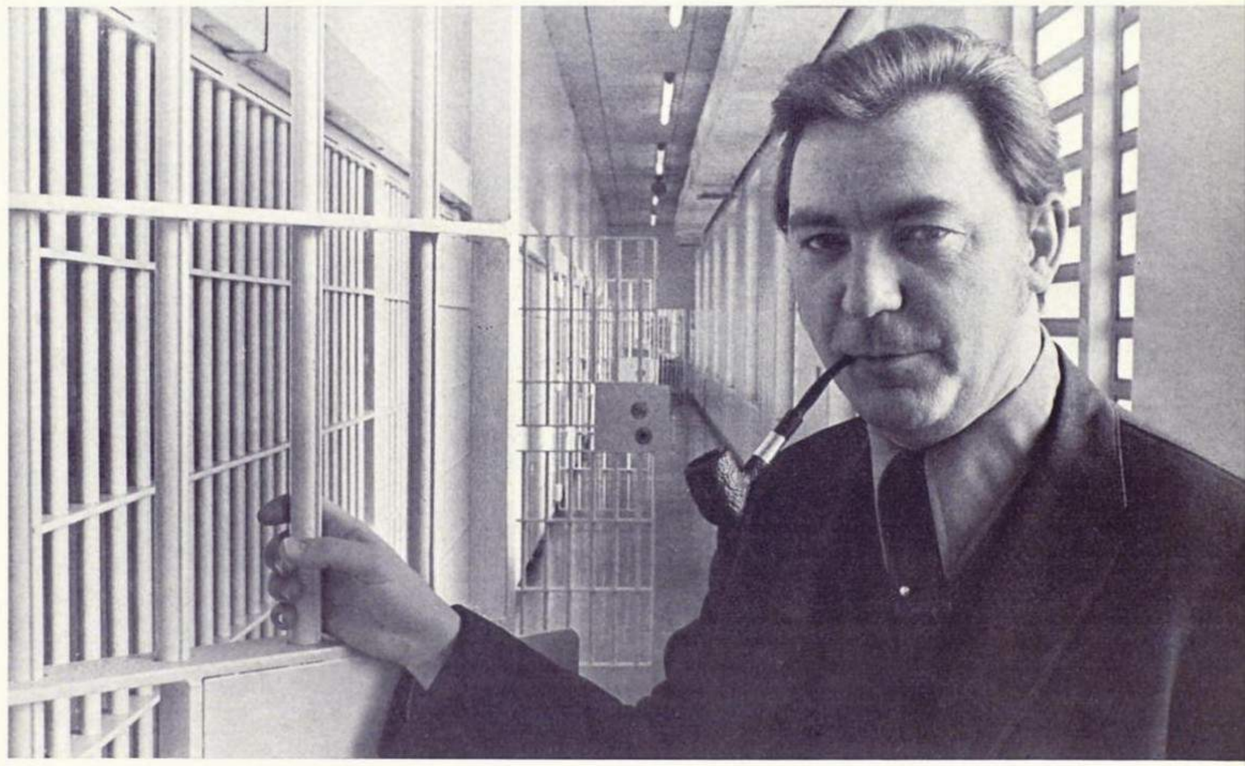
ON THE SCENE

JEFF GREENFIELD *vox populist*

MOST KIDS WHO TRY TO BREAK into politics do it the hard way: a lot of precinct canvassing, maybe a big chance to lick envelopes or paint posters. Not Jeff Greenfield, who, at 29, already has written speeches for Robert Kennedy and John Lindsay, has served as a consultant on Senatorial and Presidential campaigns handled by Dave Garth Associates and has co-authored two popular political books. A 1967 *cum laude* graduate of Yale Law School, New York–born Greenfield says he got into politics by a fluke. "Every year Senator Kennedy would hire a 'bright young law student' as a legislative aide. Well, this B. Y. L. S. needed a job, so Bobby put me to work writing speeches." He was still at it when Kennedy was assassinated in June of 1968. Then, after several months of "getting my head together," Greenfield joined Lindsay's staff, but he left in 1970 to work for Garth, mapping out John Tunney's California Senatorial campaign, John Gilligan's race for the Ohio governorship and, this year, Lindsay's Presidential-primary effort, which he accurately predicted would fold "if the mayor doesn't run ahead of George McGovern in Wisconsin." Politics has also provided fodder for Greenfield's books. Last year, with former Kennedy scout Jerry Bruno, he turned out *The Advance Man* and, more recently, with Jack Newfield, he's confronted the politico-business establishment with *A Populist Manifesto: The Making of a New Majority*. Challenging the distribution of wealth and power, *Manifesto* proposes reforms that range from nationalizing utilities to banning huge mergers. According to FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, "Any Presidential candidate who would run on this book could win." But even if 1972's Democratic nominee did so, we doubt if Greenfield would get into the campaign. "I'm ready to finish a book on the Fifties rock-'n'-roll generation," he says. Is he dropping out of politics? "Let's just say that after July they won't have Greenfield to kick around anymore."

DR. CHARLES G. HURST, JR. *parchment power*

HE'S BEEN CALLED DEDICATED and innovative by some educators, militant and revolutionary by others. Whatever the label, there's no doubt that Dr. Charles G. Hurst, Jr., is making waves in academic circles as president of Malcolm X Community College in Chicago's West Side ghetto. A product of the ghetto himself, 44-year-old Hurst dropped out of high school at 15 in Springfield, Massachusetts; married (the first of his three wives) at 16; boxed for two and a half years, trying to emulate his cousin Sugar Ray Robinson; drifted through various laborer jobs; and spent four months in a North Carolina jail, charged with possession of untaxed liquor. After release, seeing education as his only way up, he entered Detroit's Wayne State University on probation and in less than six years earned bachelor's and master's degrees and a Ph.D. in hearing therapy. Following this impressive turnabout, he rose quickly from teacher to dean of speech at Howard University. But with the death of his son in Vietnam, Hurst decided to return to the ghetto to help black youths. So in 1969 he accepted the presidency of Chicago's Crane College, where only 15 of 1000 students had completed their year of study in 1968. Hurst immediately instituted a "get-tough" policy with moonlighting teachers and initiated such controversial programs as Project Raise for parolees and a learning-skills center for remedial students. Further controversy resulted when Crane was renamed Malcolm X, with critics charging it would become a "black-power training school." "There is black pride here, but we're developing humanists, not militants," says Hurst, whose book *Passport to Freedom*—about failing educational structures—was just published. "Among our 8000 students, there's a strong belief that education is the key to liberation. We're building an academic institution that will liberate not only the student body but the entire black community—and nothing's going to get in our way." We believe him.



RICHARD HONGISTO *cons' man*

"THIS JAIL IS DISGUSTING as hell; it's illegal and unsanitary." The newly elected sheriff of San Francisco County, 35-year-old Richard Duane Hongisto, had invited the press on a midnight tour of his own jail so they could see for themselves the bitter facts of prison life. "Jails," he said indignantly, "are low-profile institutions because they're rotten to the core." Realizing that reform starts at the top, Hongisto last year put together a coalition of minority groups and liberal whites and polled a surprising upset victory. A maverick ex-cop as much at home with North Beach transvestites as with Nob Hill aristocrats, the outspoken candidate was by far the best qualified. Armed with an M. A. in criminology from the University of California, Hongisto, a native San Franciscan, was a much-decorated veteran of the police department, a founder—and only white member—of the black Officers for Justice and community-relations officer in Haight-Ashbury when the Summer of Love was disintegrating into the murderous "Winter of Discontent." Campaigner Hongisto's views were radical: He suggested that justice might be better served if municipal judges started earning "their fat salaries by working full days and knocking off their three-hour lunches" and favored reduced pot penalties and legalized prostitution. As sheriff, Hongisto put his principles where his mouth had been: Among other innovations, he offered to rent cells at ten dollars per day to citizens interested in a prisoner's-eye view of life and encouraged contributions of money and services to a nonprofit corporation devoted to inmate welfare. Equally controversial were his appointment of a gay chaplain and submission of a budget raising a prisoner's 68-cent-per-day food allowance closer to the $1.75 lavished on an ape in the zoo. "Fifty years from now," the new sheriff predicts, "people will look back on our jails and ask, 'How did they let that happen?' " If Hongisto's reformation succeeds, it won't happen anymore.

NO PLACE TO BE NOBODY

(continued from page 165)

stands comes a persistent buzzing, flavored with pleas for enemy blood. "Tear him in half, Carl! Tear the bastard in half!" yells a red-faced man in the first row to Viking defensive end Carl Eller.

Offensive tackle Tom Neville is being cannonaded by Eller's arms and hands. At the snap, Eller pounds Neville's helmet and moves past him. "Eller is the best I've ever played against," he will say later. "I didn't know anyone could be so fast. Every time I looked up, he was running by me. In our huddle, everybody kept complaining about the Vikings' tackle Alan Page and how fast he was. He can't be faster than Eller."

Taliaferro bends over center and takes the football. Eller is already sliding past Neville. In desperation, Neville is holding onto Eller's jersey, so openly that he is penalized. Neville, on his knees, pounds his fist on the Tartan Turf.

Eller brings only efficient brutality to his work. His quickness allows him to play football at a graceful level that is beyond violence. He has no need to waste contact at the line, taking the easy way into the backfield, past Neville's outside shoulder, avoiding the dark unnecessary pile in the middle of the line.

Mazur sees this. Between offensive series, he groups his backfield on the side line. "OK, Mike, I want you to run a sixty series. That'll keep your backs in to block and give you protection. Now, listen, Garrett, if nobody else gets through and Eller's coming in, I want you to slice his ass!"

It works. Taliaferro retreats and Eller is around Neville. Garrett ducks low and cuts Eller to the ground. The pass is underthrown, incomplete. But on the next play, Eller moves to the inside and starts to climb bodies like steps. Taliaferro throws into his forearm.

"Eat him alive, Carl!" screams the red-faced man.

The Vikings lead 10–0 at half time and early in the third quarter, when the Patriots are called for pass interference in the end zone, Dave Osborn scores from the one-yard line: 17–0.

Neville is frantic, working to think of a way to slow Eller. He begins to take his stance some distance from the line of scrimmage, so that when he stands to block, Eller will not be already behind him. He also drops his right foot back in the manner of a receiver as he crouches into his stance. That way his body will be at a better angle to meet Eller outside. This is good strategy, but Eller has Neville upset. At the snap, Neville first brings his right leg forward, losing both angle and time. Eller flies past him.

"Jim! Jim!" yells Mazur, turning to the bench early in the fourth quarter. Plunkett rises and trots to Mazur.

"Do you feel like going in?"

"Yeah."

Warming up, Plunkett throws deliberately off his front foot, a habit he believes hastens the blood through his arm. While the Vikings are moving the ball, Taliaferro talks with Plunkett. "Delayed passes over the middle will work for you. Their linemen will rush and their linebackers drop off, so that frees the middle." He wishes Plunkett luck and walks away, to the soothing Texas sympathies of his friend punter Tom Janik.

With 11:09 left in the game, Plunkett steps over the side line, having earlier decided what play to call. The score is 17–7. The Patriots' touchdown came minutes earlier on an intercepted pass.

Plunkett looks to his bench as his hands reach under center. "Blue eighty-eight!" He turns his head and repeats, "Blue eighty-eight. Hut! Hut!"

As he drops back, he reads the Minnesota defense. Their backs are floating into a loose zone, concentrating their coverage on his left. He has called a "44 out." The split end on his right side—Gayle Knief—is the primary receiver. Plunkett has called the right play.

Knief, nine yards downfield, turns right and to the side line. As his shoulders begin to move with his cut, Plunkett releases the ball and it arrives, hard and low, slapping into Knief's stomach.

After a few running plays, he completes a pass to tight end Roland Moss, who turns into the center, six yards past the line of scrimmage.

"Roland really should have run farther and not cut until he had the first down. As it was, we only got six yards and had to punt. I'm a firm believer in a curl pattern. There's not much chance of interception."

On his second series, Plunkett moves the Patriots, calling a good mix of running plays. On third down, from the Minnesota 27-yard line, he throws incomplete into a crowd of defensive backs and receiver Tom Richardson. The Patriots take a field goal. The final score is 17–10. In his quarter of play, Plunkett completed two of five passes.

"I threw well. Actually, every one of my passes could have been caught. If we're going to win, our receivers are going to have to come up with those catches when it counts."

Taliaferro walks slowly up two steps and onto the team bus as it pulls away from the stadium parking lot.

"How do you feel?" asks Janik.

"Shell-shocked."

• • •

Three days after his first professional game in Minnesota, Plunkett stands in the dark doorway of James House watching the rain. Taliaferro comes down the stairs, heading for Chequers', and asks Plunkett if he'd like to come along.

"Sure."

The conversation in the car during the short drive is difficult for both men. Plunkett unconsciously catches some of Taliaferro's Houston accent and his words stretch and flatten. At 8:30, they pull into the parking lot to begin Plunkett's first night at Chequers'.

Plunkett is squirming in his chair at a table with Taliaferro, Morris and Len St. Jean. He is very nervous in their company. His voice starts loudly, then catches itself and adjusts to a low volume. The words are so eager to be out of his mouth and finished that they stack up at a point just beyond his lips. His speech pattern is like the turning of a radio dial across the band, picking up sharp bursts of sound and static.

"Let the rookie buy," he says, waving a dollar bill, a "multiyear" dollar bill. He is still naïve about his salary, having had little to do with negotiating his worth. His lawyer often praised Plunkett for avoiding contract talk.

"Let the rookie buy," he says again, but Taliaferro has already paid for the pitcher and is filling mugs.

"That's all right, Jim," says St. Jean. "With the war between the leagues over, you probably didn't get much to sign."

"Yeah, that's right," lies Plunkett. He continues to be uneasy and sings monotone lyrics to the jukebox.

Taliaferro is relaxed. He uses his eyes to illustrate his conversation. He raises his brows to underline a word and it has the same impact the slapping of a palm on a tabletop has for men who gesture with less thrift.

The talk is of Tartan Turf. "It burned my elbows like hell," says Taliaferro. "I don't wear elbow pads, 'cause their weight affects my passing arm."

"They're really not that heavy," says St. Jean. "You ought to try them."

"Well," says Taliaferro, "if one of my offensive linemen tells me to wear them, maybe I should get some."

Plunkett says, "Elbow pads don't bother my throwing."

Earlier in the evening, he told a reporter, "I think I'm a better passer than Mike." Then he quickly added, "But he has the experience." Plunkett thinks this camp has been easy.

To the question "What if you fail as a professional football player?" he says, "Oh, I can't do that." He needs the sport. It keeps any notion of poverty in the past, where it belongs, and justifies his right to a bit of quiet conceit.

"What time is it?" asks Morris, sucking the ice in his gin-and-tonic glass.

"About a quarter to ten," says Taliaferro. "We'd better go." He has paid for all the beer with after-dinner poker winnings.

"Man, it's been raining up here since I can remember," says Plunkett back in the car.

"If you want sunshine," says Taliaferro, "you've come to the wrong state."

• • •

The drive from Boston to Foxboro and the Patriots' new stadium is scenic and relaxing, with late-summer evidence of New England's finest scenery along the way. Branches extend high out over narrow Route 1, paving stretches of the road with late-afternoon shade. But today, over 60,000 people are making this drive within a few hours of one another, too many for the unsuspecting countryside to bear. Traffic becomes choked and backed up for miles. People leave their cars on the highway or alongside it. The first game to be played in Schaefer Stadium—fittingly, against the New York Giants—will begin in a few hours, and the crowd is nearly double this team's previous record.

The stadium sits on a high dirt hill. From inside, its aluminum-bench rows glimmer under the lights and make the structure look portable.

As the game begins, both teams trade spectacular plays—it's *N.F.L. Highlights*, with the dull plays edited out. Giant rookie Rocky Thompson runs the opening kickoff to the Patriots' 31-yard line. On the Giants' first series, Tucker Frederickson fumbles on a draw play. The Patriots recover. They move close enough to get a field goal: 3–0.

The Patriots kick to Thompson again and he starts north, splitting the field's width in half. At his 25-yard line, the blocks are on time and he is through, the side line drawing him close. Now he becomes another runner, with long strides, and uses them all the way to the end zone. New York 7, New England 3. The Patriots' lead lasted 11 seconds.

Garrett takes the following kickoff, heads upfield, finds the blocks, makes the side line and gets to mid-field. On the next play, Taliaferro gives Nance his hand and Garrett the ball. Garrett is through a big hole made by Neville. Garrett breaks a tackle, throwing his course right, breaks another and beats a defensive back to the end zone. New England 10, New York 7.

Everyone stops for a moment to inhale and things become a little more sane. Now neither offense works consistently, although Neville is keeping his side of the line clean.

Near the end of the half, Sellers breaks from the huddle and moves wide to Taliaferro's right. Sellers bends into his stance, stretching his right leg out behind him, setting it, then kicking it into the air again, like a sprinter settling into the blocks.

At the snap, Sellers breaks with agonizing slowness, or so it looks. His legs

"That? That's the standard flag warning that there's a diver down."

are actually consuming yards at a time and he is free down the side line. Taliaferro gathers his body around him and throws for a spot well in front of Sellers. Sellers sees that the ball will be behind him unless he shortens his stride and waits. He has his defender so badly beaten that, although the ball is underthrown, he is able to move ahead a few yards after catching it to the Giants' nine-yard line before being tackled.

"A dying quail," says a Boston sportscaster in the press box. "Should have been intercepted."

Two running plays get two yards and Taliaferro throws incomplete on third down. The Patriots take a field goal. At half time, the score is 13–7.

Midway through the third quarter, the Patriots put together a drive and go ahead, 20–7, when Nance slides into the corner of the end zone.

At 3:46 of the third quarter, Plunkett moves onto the field and the crowd erupts. On his first play, Garrett gets one yard. Now Plunkett calls a curl pass pattern. He takes the snap, finds halfback Odell Lawson cutting across the middle, throws a soft lob into his stomach and is gone, beneath Giants.

"Did you see that?" says the Boston TV man. "The way he stood in there? Reminds me of Roman Gabriel."

Later in the period, Plunkett rolls to his right as Sellers angles toward the goal line on a deep post pattern. Plunkett rears and releases, the ball spinning hard off his fingers, looking for Sellers. It's a low line drive and Sellers opens his arms to take it. It is intercepted. The Giants' free safety returns the ball to the Patriots' 33. It is a costly mistake. The Giants get a quick touchdown and the score tightens at 20–14.

But Tarkenton is having a bad night for the Giants. Everyone knows he must pass in order to catch up. He's throwing long on every down but isn't accurate. New England keeps the ball primarily on the ground. Plunkett throws five more passes, two of them complete, two incomplete, and has another intercepted. On the final play of the game, he ducks ahead for a yard gain. New England wins, 20–14.

In the locker room, tucked into unfinished wood cubicles, the players sit in stages of nakedness, surrounded by stacks of cement blocks covered with plastic blankets. The smell of sawdust deodorizes the room.

Plunkett's locker is located just inside the doorway, a convenience to reporters, who are already encircling him. He answers their questions crisply and confidently, the game still with him, stripping while they write in note pads.

"I played well. I threw two interceptions, sure, but the first one was a good pass. I *was* at fault on the second one. They always tell you in college, 'Don't pass over the middle when you have to throw late.' So what did I do? I threw late, over the middle. But that's just inexperience."

Morris is drenched with sweat but still fully dressed and smoking hard on a cigarette. The players are happy, a few even boisterous, but the room, more than large enough to accommodate the mood, is quiet.

Taliaferro, outside the showers, is talking to no reporters. He stands, drying himself, looking pale and pubescently naked. His eyes are narrowed. Taliaferro is not tired, having rested for more than a quarter. He has finished his shower quickly, as he did after games last year, and when he played for the Jets in New York.

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SELECTED FOR USE BY THE U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM

TAKE THAT

(continued from page 146)

most complicated machines—a weakness Luddites have always been quick to note. The Bell System some years ago allowed a technical journal to print the frequencies of the beeps it uses to route long-distance calls—the notes in the little jingle heard just before a call connects. Before long, private musicians were playing their own little tunes for Bell's switches and relays. Using blue boxes to produce the notes—or, in the case of one young man with perfect pitch, simply whistling—they are able to make calls that not only go for free but also leave no trace. And there is apparently no way to stop them—short of junking a few billion dollars' worth of beepers and electronic ears.

The New Left has also made the phone company its own plaything. The editors of underground newspapers, for example, take great pride in being the first to publish the credit-card numbers of the nation's great corporations—and they have so successfully spread the word that the Dow Chemical Company was reportedly billed for 10,000 bogus calls last year. Credit-card calling, however, requires a bit of acting ability. More commonly, long-distance calls are simply charged to other people's numbers. Or placed on pay phones—with the help of a portable tape recorder and a short tape of dimes, nickels and quarters dropping into coin boxes.

Even truck drivers subvert the phone company, as Bell discovered some years ago. Drivers, it found, were carrying peculiar code books that connected messages like "Proceeding Pittsburgh on schedule" or "Tied up for repairs in Newark" with lists of ordinary names. Drivers on the road would place person-to-person collect calls to their home offices and the offices, equipped with their own copies of the code book, would know what was the matter from the name requested. The calls, of course, were not accepted, giving the truckers their own free communications system.

As Boettinger points out, the Neo-Luddites simply inflict the cost of their attacks on the public at large. This argument, however, does not exactly ring. The enraged misanthrope who takes his ax to the phone whose recorded voice insists the Pentagon's main number has been temporarily disconnected is not likely to be deterred by the thought he has added $.000000046 to the bill of every phone user in Virginia. What's more, the pass-through of increased expenses is a notion that, rightly or wrongly, angers many Americans. If A. T. & T. cannot pay its bills, then, goddamn it, some officer should sell his yacht. The public image of most large American corporations, laments Boettinger, is not what it could be.

If the image of the corporation is slipping, that of its most conscientious servant, the data-processing computer, has dropped out of sight. Americans today fold, spindle and mutilate with complete abandon. There may have been a time (in the early Fifties, perhaps) when people took the punched cards in their electric bills as a bright omen, but those days are long gone. Too many years of blackening little boxes, copying 19-digit identification numbers on checks and writing irate letters have reduced romance to drudgery. We have learned that computer programs are designed to make people compatible with machines, not the other way around.

Everyone is eventually billed for last year's paid-for merchandise or someone else's extravagant clothes hamper. Now and then, someone receives nine bills and four threatening letters about an outstanding debt of "$00.00." Writer Rex Reed was computered in a fashion that may, however, be unusual. Shopping in a New York department store, Reed was briefly put under arrest for using a stolen credit card. Upon producing identification, he was informed that Rex Reed was dead. Finally, persuaded Reed was alive, store authorities destroyed his card, explaining that their computer's conclusions could not be altered.

Neo-Luddite reaction to computerized billing has been mild up to now, according to utility spokesmen. Some people rip their punched billing cards into little pieces before they send them back, while others simply write obscene remarks on them. A few refuse to pay postage and return their checks in unstamped envelopes (the same people, perhaps, who always return the prepaid-postage envelopes that come in junk mail).

More subversive voices, however, are being heard. Most persuasive, doubtless, is that of ex-Communist Harvey Matusow, an American living in London who is the founder and main mover of the International Society for the Abolition of Data Processing Machines and the author of an anticomputer text called *The Beast of Business*. Admitting computers are of value in science, Matusow claims their commercial applications sacrifice individual freedom to simple cost efficiency. What to do? Subtlety, argues Matusow, is the rule. A ripped or obviously vandalized card is easy to spot before it enters the machine. "The object," as one young programmer put it, "is to shove it as far down the computer's throat as possible." Matusow's suggestion is what he calls "computer-card roulette." Tape your bill to a drafting board and carefully cut in a few extra holes. Then sit back and see what happens. Several extra holes in a magazine-subscription card, Matusow reports, produced 23 copies a week, along with a nice note thanking him for using the weekly in his current-events class. Three holes in his electric bill, he adds, yielded six months' free service. Matusow also recommends over- or underpaying utility bills by a few cents—which tends to persuade oversensitive computer programs they are making errors—and running a strong electromagnet over the magnetized coding numbers on checks, which makes them unfit for automatic sorters. "Someone at the bank," he says, "will have to handle them personally. But, after all, it's your money and it should get the loving care it deserves."

That may be satisfying, but it doesn't really get to the root of the problem. There is, in truth, no way to really cripple a computer through the mail. Even in the flesh, data-processing machines are not all that easy to dismantle. In the uproar that followed Kent State and Cambodia, a band of New York University students seized a $3,500,000 computer the Atomic Energy Commission had thoughtlessly left on their campus. No money, they threatened, and the machine would be "offed." The students' first crisis occurred shortly after they had barricaded themselves in the computer's air-conditioned quarters: No one, it seems, had brought a screwdriver. When police arrived the next day, the killers were already defeated—no amount of bashing, bumping or, as a last resort, burning appeared to faze the machine, which went on happily buzzing and clicking throughout its ordeal.

Matusow suggests a subtler way of irritating the machine, a method with the added charm of requiring no overt violence. The idea, he says, is to have the computer visited by a number of ravishing women doused with the strongest, cheapest perfume they can buy. Computers, it appears, are allergy prone, and tiny perfume droplets in the air may make some sensitive internal parts unhappy.

• • •

The original followers of Ned Ludd, of course, worked *in* the factories they attacked—a thought that has given more than one executive a sleepless night. In-house Luddism, in fact, is more common than supposed. Like GIs who retaliate against unpopular officers, printers often edit their editors' copy. At one Pennsylvania newspaper, a long-standing feud between a sportswriter named Wilson—whose copy was always late—and his overworked printers led to an occasional extra subhead in his column. One such read, "Ed Wilson Eats Shit." Time-Life writers commiserate about the "phantom diddler" who alters their stories somewhere between closing in New York and printing in Chicago. And there is also the case of the mechanic who pasted the mailing labels on several million *Time* covers right across Spiro Agnew's mouth.

In-house computer sabotage is still in the theoretical stage. The best way, the experts agree, would be to tinker with the program in a manner both difficult to detect and slowly but cumulatively damaging. A billing system, for example, should be altered to subtract a small but random amount from every customer's bill. By the time the errors were discovered, the loss would be vast; and, since the deductions followed no pattern, they would be difficult to trace and almost impossible to collect. Any program could be mildly boggled by simply reversing one of its many steps—though an expert, of course, would know which steps would cause the greatest confusion.

The billing systems used by Bell, according to Boettinger's associate Harvey McMains, use standardized and easily replaced programs. The company's experimental and research programs, on the other hand, could be reduced to gibberish—for a few weeks, at least—by a knowledgeable Neo-Luddite working from within. Another danger is the notion of stealing computer time. Time-sharing systems, which, in effect, rent the use of a computer for a given time, are growing increasingly popular. And while the Bell System is not heavily involved in time sharing, it has had its difficulties. One laboratory employee, for example, completed his doctoral dissertation during his free evenings on one of Bell's computers. By the time the loss was noticed, $15,000 in computer time had irretrievably vanished into the past. Most perplexing was the fact the student didn't know he was stealing.

Nor is the Bell System itself incapable of a bit of playful tinkering. While buying time on a computer owned by General Electric, Bell engineers began playing with the clock that measured the hours they were purchasing. In time, McMains relates, they learned how to make it run backward. The Bell people eventually owned up—much to the embarrassment of G. E.; but who is to say the next company will be so honest?

So far, no radical Neo-Luddite has offered a computer in the people's interest. But there is a story current about a young man who built his company's payroll program around his own employee number. The whole system, it is said, would self-destruct if his number were absent—in the event, for example, that he was fired. IBM's systems designers go a step further. In their "doomsday program," IBM machines that are leased for several years are taught to

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keep track of the date. When the lease expires, the machine kills itself—so effectively, in fact, that no one but an IBM engineer has ever been able to resurrect one.

While few admit murdering a program, there are many who allow they could. A scientist at one of the nation's major research laboratories is fond of saying he could "get into any system in the country and wipe it out." Another in California claims there is a project at MIT he could close down over the telephone if he wished.

But most systems designers are curiously neutral toward their computers. Like photographers' cameras, they see computers as essential but largely sexless tools. In contrast to pleasurable machines like sailboats, which are always "she," frequently "difficult" or at times "forgiving," computers are mostly "its." "I would never," said a young scientist, "think of a computer as doing me a favor."

Neo-Luddites have always come from the ranks of the processed, not the processors. Vending repairmen rarely hate machines; subway riders do. It is startling, nonetheless, to see a man destroy his own machinery. On the last day of August 1971, Eddie Campos, 48, of Los Angeles, California, became the first man to commit public carocide. According to United Press International, he drove his 1970 Continental Mark III up onto the front lawn of the Ford Motor Company assembly plant and burned it to ashes. "I had saved up for five years to buy that car and it turned out to be a lemon," said Campos. "I had towed it in for repairs 10,000 times and everybody just laughed at me—the dealers I took it to, the Ford people. I couldn't get any satisfaction." The local sheriff described Campos after the fire: "He was perfectly sober, perfectly rational and completely disgusted."

"Here's your chance to ease your liberal conscience, sexist: new feminist cookies, two dollars a box."

far from the madding crowd

(continued from page 98)

swimming pool, across it and out the other side. A fast swimmer would have beat it across the pool, but its progress was dignified and steady.

The ATV is happy in rough ground—wooded, rocky, marshy, sandy, snow-covered—any kind. On any terrain, at least one wheel will find a grip on something, and one wheel will do it. No matter how soft the footing, the wheels are reluctant to dig in, since they're putting only about a pound per square inch of pressure on the ground, almost floating on it. Being run over by an ATV produces only a mild massage sensation. For comparison, a jeep puts down 17 pounds, a horse 13, a trail bike 12, a dune buggy 8. The body of an ATV will take a terrible pounding without significant distress, and since all running gear except the practically indestructible wheels is housed inside the body shell, a good one is indifferent to most hazards.

None of the wheels actually steers on a standard-design ATV, since they all run in a straight line all the time. It's controlled like a tank: The driver brakes all the wheels on one side and speeds up all on the other side. Some ATVs have wheel or yoke steering, but the original tank twin-lever system is commonest, one lever handling each bank of wheels, pull for brake, push for go, hand throttle on the right-hand one. The novice ATV pilot proceeds in a stretched series of bent lines, constantly overcontrolling, but an hour's practice will make a fair driver out of a bright ten-year-old.

Among the 16 leading makers, ATV Manufacturing, which builds the Attex (pronounced Addex, by the way), has the widest range of models, and controls about 50 percent of the market. Attex sells six models, beginning with the Crazy Colt, at $995 the lowest-priced six-wheel ATV in the field. Attex shows a heavy option list, including a 110-volt generator for power tools or camp lighting and a four-man self-contained trailer tent that can be towed anywhere the Attex itself will go. The machine's leisurely water speed can be significantly bettered by hanging an outboard on the optional mount.

The Coot, by Cummins Engine Company of Dallas, steers by wheel, not levers (four-wheel steering is an option), and has a two-part steel body hull, hinged in the middle, allowing front and rear sections to track independently over rough terrain. The Coot will accept 1000-pound loads over short hauls, is made in three models beginning at $1895.

The Coot's semiarticulation, which allows the front and rear sections to take a vertical angle of 45 degrees relative to each other, combined with the optional four-wheel steering, makes it almost stallproof in any terrain. It's nearly impossible to put a Coot into a situation in which it can't get power to the ground, and the four-wheel steering (in opposite directions, like a hook-and-ladder fire truck, the front wheels pointing left, the rears right for a left-hand corner) can take it out of ridiculously tight binds. Slower, at 20 mph top, than most ATVs, it's exceptionally powerful: The 1-to-164 low-gear ratio would run it up the side of a house if it could stick.

There's no reason to doubt that the first anthropoid to cut a set of wheels out of a tree trunk was copied by the fellow in the next cave and challenged to a race, and that's the way it's been since, from one-horse chariots to jets. The ATV, on first sight, is an improbable racing thing, tiny-wheeled, trundly and as streamlined as a brick. Truth is, however, that ATVs can be made to do 60 mph, and they're raced all over the country. A national meet will pull 300 entries and 10,000 spectators. The first big race was run in 1969 and won by an Attex. The course, which looked to be strictly for pack mules, was laid out over abandoned logging trails and mountainsides in New Hampshire. One Dexter Schultz, an airline flight engineer, ran it in 36 minutes flat, a rate that works out, almost incredibly, to a shade under 30 mph through semisolid boondock country. Attex still holds the national championship.

While the normal ATV mode specified wheels in multiples of two, a hot new item in the market place runs on three: the ATC (All-Terrain Cycle). An obvious spin-off from the go-anywhere trail motorcycle, the ATC is simply a fat-tired tricycle and, like a trail bike, it's usually a one-rider rig. Excepting deep water, the tricycle will go anywhere a standard ATV will go—but the pilot needs to be in better shape; he's in for a workout.

Origination of the idea is hard to pinpoint, but Sperry Rand's SPD began work on a design concept in 1966, and its Tricart was a clear first in the national market in January 1970. The Tricart is a $695 sit-down trike, the body a *monocoque* fiberglass tub, rear-mounted Briggs & Stratton or Rockwell-JLO engine, rounded handle-bar steering, footrests on the front axle. It will do 45 mph, run up a 45-degree hill and stay upright on a sidewise 30-degree slope. A single-cylinder B & S engine drives the smaller and simpler $495 Tricub 25 mph. Optional is a ski conversion for the front wheel.

Snow conversion is available, too, on the Dunecycle, an Allied Pacific ATC highly regarded by trike freaks. Dunecycle carries independent rear-wheel brakes and can be turned in little more than its width. Footrests are frame-mounted, the stylish "chopper" handling of the front end putting the wheel out of reach. Alsport's Tri-Sport is another sit-down trike, running engines from three to 12 horsepower and optioning everything from a dune flag to a three-unit gang lawn mower.

Honda of Japan, which blitzed the motorcycle universe a few years ago, sticks to the bike setup in its ATC, the rider going astride. Because the two rear wheels run on a solid axle, the Honda is tricky to handle. All ATCs are illegal for road use; Honda's fix for this is an easy one-tool teardown into components that can be stuffed into most automobile trunks.

Doomsayers to the contrary, Off-Road Vehicles are on the scene to stay. The things simply have too much going for them to be put down. Against that, the environmentalists and the old-line, or muscle-power, nature lovers have a case, too. The ORVs are noisy, they throw their share of exhaust pollutants; carelessly or irresponsibly used, they can tear up the environment, and in some areas they leave permanent scars on the ground they travel. (Tread tracks left by training tanks in World War Two are still clearly visible in California desert areas.)

The same charges were laid on the automobile when it first appeared, and the answers will be the same: licensing, Federal and state regulation, and so on. Society's responses to the auto didn't hurt it and won't hurt the ORVs. They're useful working tools in many ways and many places. (An Eskimo's first ride in a snowmobile usually turns him off the trusty Malemute sled dog for good.)

Besides, the ORVs are about as much fun as anything you can buy for mere money.

"The Garden of Eden is a couple miles down the road. This is the Garden of Morris."

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

LOOK, MA BELL, NO WIRES!

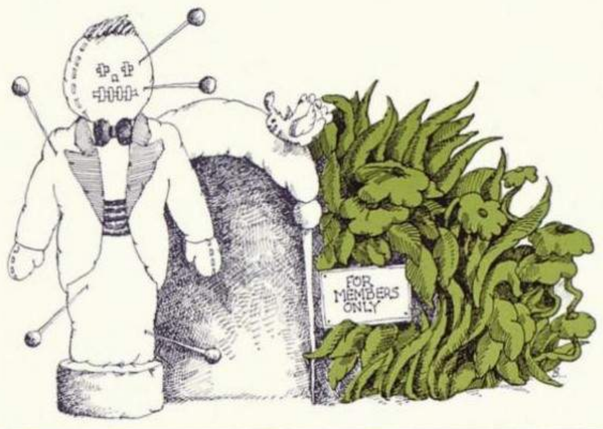
Will the wonders of space-age technology never cease? Within a few months, we've learned, a California corporation called Portafone will be marketing a cordless telephone designed to operate on a radio frequency anywhere within 300 feet of a phone-line terminal. Reception will be clear and the cost negligible—a $40 installation fee and a $5-a-month charge. Gino's Pizzeria? Listen, I'm in the middle of painting my flagpole. Would you send up one garlic——

NIP ONE, CURL TWO

If you should see a jock at the beach taking a drink from his dumbbell this summer, don't flip out. The Water-Bells Company is selling hollow plastic dumbbells for $5.50 a pair. Feather-light when empty, they can be filled with water or sand to reach a maximum heft of eight pounds. Or you can turn your purchase into bar bells by filling the pair with wine or whatever and rewarding yourself with a nip for every curl—thus lightening your load as you get loaded.

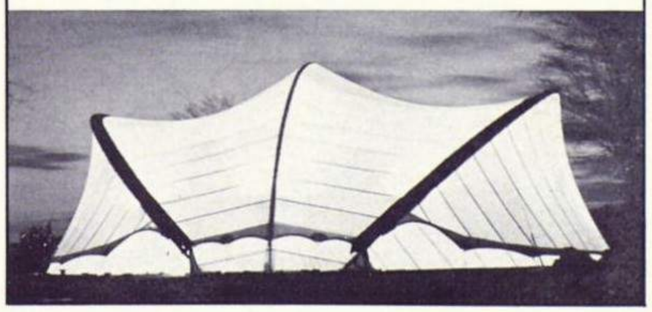
WHAT'S UP, BABY DOC?

If your circle of friends includes the Duke of Bedford, Mick Jagger, Jean-Paul Belmondo and Baron Edmond de Rothschild, you'll feel right at home beside the pool of Olivier Coquelin's newest private club, Habitation Leclerc, soon to open in Haiti. Scattered about the grounds, which were once a Bonaparte estate, are 44 Empire period cottages, which will rent for a flat rate of $56 a day and include meals, liquor, a butler and two chambermaids. Coquelin says his latest endeavor will be the "most extraordinary, lascivious and decadent place in the world." And best of all—no tipping.



TENNIS UNDER GLASS

Ever since Houston millionaire judge Roy Hofheinz co-opted nature by building his Astrodome, there's been an increasing passion for erecting roofs over our sporting events. Now Tension Structures of Canada is offering a way to enclose a tennis court. Tension's vinyl-coated fiberglass dome is raised to its full height by simply turning a crank that lifts three giant arch supports into place, giving the structure the look of a huge Conestoga wagon. It's large enough to cover a 60′ x 120′ court, is ventilated by ducts at both ends and comes in various colors and degrees of transparency. And it costs a hell of a lot less than the judge had to pay: For $20,000—not including lighting or heating—you can play tennis any time.



NEW PORT FOR THE NEWPORT

That bastion of bourgeois taste, Radio City Music Hall, will host wee-hour jam sessions on July 3 and 6, with such well-known musicians as Dizzy Gillespie and Charles Mingus. The Newport Jazz Festival, it seems, has left its rip-off-prone home base and moved to the big city, with concerts set between July 1 and 8 at Philharmonic Hall, Carnegie Hall and Yankee Stadium. We can't say if Radio City has gone hip or the festival has gone square, but the latter's press contact is Charles Bourgeois.

ALL RIGHT, LOUIE, DROP THE PROP

Hey, you closet gun freaks! Now you can release pent-up hostilities, compensate for sexual inadequacies, infuriate your pseudoliberal friends and stay within the law by owning a replica of the Model 1921 Thompson submachine gun—the favorite weapon of mobsters and an occasional prime minister. A Virginia outfit, Replica Models, is selling made-in-Japan knockoffs of the real choppers for $89.50. They do everything but spray hot lead.

HOT SHOT

Did you know that Ben Hogan used to wrap his balls in heavy blankets before a match? And that other golfers have been seen holding a lighter under theirs prior to teeing off? The reason is that a heated golf ball travels about 30 percent farther. Par Electronics has simplified the procedure by offering a portable plastic golf-ball warmer called Hot Balls ($19.95) that comes with four lifetime batteries and a separate charger. Fire! We mean Fore!

IT'S A BIRD, IT'S A PLANE, IT'S A COLLEGE COURSE!

"All right, class. Close your comic books. Today we're going to have a pop quiz. Question one: What is the longest distance Plastic Man ever stretched?" Oh, wow! It's here at last, fellow fantasy lovers, a legit course in comics that will be taught this fall at Indiana U—and through its international correspondence school. But don't kid yourself. Comics is no easy A. Instructor Michael Uslan has a list of required reading that includes some pretty heavy stuff: *The New Gods* and *Mr. Miracle*, for example. and everybody's favorite, the one and only *Spiderman*! Is that *Crime and Punishment* you have behind that comic book, Feldspar?

ROLLING STOCK

Picture yourself in the back seat of Her Grace, a 1934 Rolls-Royce Phantom II limousine. The driver is a gorgeous bird and at your elbow is a picnic hamper stuffed with goodies. Sounds like a rerun of *The Avengers*, right? Well, it's all for real, ducks. Horseless Carriage Hire in London has for rent a number of vintage Royces that will take you and five friends to the picnic site of your choice for about $150 a day—female chauffeur and champagne included. Smashing!

THE RED AND THE GOLD

(continued from page 124)

the rule of Englishmen appointed by the British government 6000 miles away. Other colonies have fought for independence and achieved it, but nobody fights for it in Hong Kong and none of the parties concerned—the British, the Hong Kong Chinese and the Peking authorities—would want it, anyway. The only ambition of its people, whether Chinese or foreign expatriate, capitalist or Communist, is to make money. That's what Hong Kong is all about; the only security it cares for is the sort you find in banks. In the rush for spoils, opposing ideologies are swept aside. Hong Kong is open for business with everyone, regardless of race, politics and all the other idle nonsense that inhibits the acquisition of money.

Wedded for life to the golden principles of fast profits, low taxes and minimal trade controls, this sunny, subtropical enclave of prosperity is unashamed of its past and unworried about its future. Perhaps this is the most remarkable thing of all, because, unlike other members of the international community, Hong Kong knows the date on which it is scheduled to die.

The British took the island of Hong Kong from China in 1841, declaring it a colony two years later. They had gone to war with the Chinese over the question of selling opium to the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, a practice that was contrary to the laws of China and to the better judgment of its emperor, who, at the time, ruled a nation that was estimated to have 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 addicts in its population. Over the years, the island colony was enlarged by various treaties from its original 30 square miles to its present area of about 400 square miles. Most of this is represented by the mainland's New Territories and 230-odd islands, the majority of which are little more than uninhabitable rocky lumps in the South China Sea. Kowloon, on the tip of the mainland peninsula, and Stonecutters Island, in the harbor, add another four square miles to the "permanent" colony of Hong Kong.

The biggest portion of the colony—the New Territories and their islands—is held by the British on a lease that runs out in June 1997. At that time, assuming the Chinese government allows the lease to run its full term, the colony will shrink almost to its original size. The mainland border, instead of following a 22-mile course over farmland and open countryside, as it does now, will cut through a city where, in some districts, the density of population is the highest in the world.

Nobody knows what China will do about Hong Kong, and most people in the colony respond to the question with profound indifference. The future is a long way off, they say, and the hell with it. Peking, meanwhile, finds Hong Kong useful for foreign exchange, political gamesmanship and trade. Last year the mainland earned around half a billion dollars selling food and consumer goods to Hong Kong.

A prevailing state of uncertainty reinforces the feeling of unreality a visitor soon acquires. He arrives expecting to find the inscrutable and instead discovers the outrageous: a Hilton hotel next door to a Communist bank with a neon sign praising Chairman Mao, both overlooking an English cricket field where gents in white flannels perform leisurely capers to the accompaniment of gentle snoring from the spectators. American warships are moored in the same harbor as high-sterned cargo junks that fly the five-starred red flag of the People's Republic; Russian merchant seamen hand out anti-British and anti-Chinese pamphlets on the streets; Indians and Pakistanis squabble about Bangla Desh in Kowloon tailor shops. Schemers, dealers, manipulators and connivers of every nationality, every shade of moral and political conviction, mingle in a bizarre concentration of outlandish talents all dedicated in various ways to the steady extortion of money and power.

Amid the prevailing climate of lunacy and legerdemain, the Hong Kong government steps delicately, aware that a wrong move could disturb the balance of things. It is especially discreet about China. The China policy of the Hong Kong government is to avoid at all costs any public admission that it *has* a China policy—a remarkable posture, a compromise between low profile and dignified crouch, that somehow works. To appease Peking, the government deports to Taiwan the Nationalist agents it periodically arrests in a glare of publicity. Much fuss is made in the press about their radio transmitters and secret documents, which, after careful scrutiny and selective confiscation, probably end up in the hands of the mainland authorities who, no doubt, told the British where to find the Nationalists in the first place. But one seldom reads about Communists being arrested in Hong Kong and thrown across the border.

Non-Chinese visitors are advised to stay out of the Walled City, which is an area of Kowloon near the airport; it is claimed both by the British and by the Chinese, and its 10,000 residents exploit this incongruity for everything it's worth, refusing to have anything whatsoever to do with the rest of the colony. "The blot on Hong Kong," as a local newspaper recently described the district, is a dank, dark and smelly warren of littered alleys and filthy tenements. Many of the homes have no running water and families dump their sewage in outside drains. Police patrol the district but rarely succeed in catching the fugitives who hide there or in curtailing traffic in heroin, opium, dog meat, juvenile sex partners and all the other commodities purveyed on its streets.

For most visitors, their introduction to the colony comes with the approach into Kai Tak airport, one of the most dramatic landings on earth. Green, rocky islands appear through the haze as the aircraft descends below the shreds of mist around the top of the Peak, the highest point on Hong Kong Island. In the harbor, an Australian aircraft carrier slips her moorings and heads east for the Lei Yue Mun passage to the South China Sea. Her crew lines the flight deck, each man facing outward in ceremonial order, tiny silhouettes against a shimmering pattern of sunlight on the water. Leaving the departing ship behind, the plane banks steeply to the left, loses more altitude and then follows a perilous-seeming course, skimming the roofs of tenement houses, dropping lower and lower over the congested mass of housing projects, apartment blocks and highways built almost to the edge of the apron, and landing on a runway that juts out into the harbor like a pointed finger.

The last time I arrived, a few months ago, on a Cathay Pacific flight from Tokyo, we landed to the accompaniment of a Brazilian samba on the cabin's music system. Hong Kong had changed a little since my last trip, but the quality of madness was as strong as ever, especially in Kowloon, which is the first part of the colony you see on the short drive from the airport to your hotel. The tunnel under the harbor from Kowloon to the Hong Kong side (residents use this distinction to avoid confusion among the mainland, the island and the colony as a whole) was almost ready. The English engineers who worked on its construction said it would probably be open three months ahead of schedule, which is the way they build things in Hong Kong—fast. There were a few more massage parlors and topless bars than before, but hardly any GIs. They stopped coming from Vietnam last October, when the U.S. Government gave up subsidizing R & R flights.

The bar girls are still there—by the thousands—sitting in booths near the jukebox, propositioning customers, giggling at the bar over a joke with *mama-san* while she picks the day's winners from the entries at Happy Valley race track. Take any turn off the lower part of Nathan Road and there'll be slim, dark-eyed girls in the doorways who look as though they should still be in high school. Some of them are.

Kowloon is a gaudy, captivating zoo, full of noise and life and reeking with a tide of smells: charred wood, incense, diesel fumes, flowers, spices and food. Lines of washing and flowering plants fill the balconies of tenements and modern apartment houses. Enormous neon signs are suspended across the street at second-floor level, packed so closely together you can't always read the wording or, sometimes, see the sun. Store windows are full of cameras, stereo equipment, watches, jewelry, jade, gold, ivory, antiques, suits, shoes, shirts, furniture. Every doorway along the narrow, crowded streets leads to one transaction or another: stores, theaters, *discothèques*, night clubs, restaurants, whorehouses, workshops, markets and the sort of guesthouses that keep Christmas decorations hanging all year round.

In some parts of the colony, congestion is so intense that people have to find space wherever they can, not always successfully. One family has built a house on the roof of the building where a Mr. Hoi Kee lives, on Yee Pun Road. "Cracks have appeared in our walls," Mr. Hoi writes, in a plaintive note to a local newspaper. "Water is even leaking through the ceiling. The whole building is out of balance. Help." Another Kowloon resident is driven to public complaint by "a terribly noisy hawker" who

"The problem is modern medical science—there's just no real freaks like there used to be."

stands at the corner of Bowring and Parkes streets, keeping night-shift workers awake all day with his screaming. And a Mr. Koo demands to know when the authorities are going to do something about a gambling den that has opened over the bank next door, "causing a terrific noise for 24 hours a day."

Fortunately, there are many quiet and cool havens in Kowloon where the noise and the crush never intrude. One of them is Chinese Arts and Crafts Ltd., a Communist department store specializing in handicrafts from the mainland. Here the clerks wear blue-nylon jackets, usually with at least one Mao button pinned to the chest. They sit behind long glass display cases of silk brocades, ivory carvings, antiques, jewelry, porcelain and other merchandise; their manner is correct without being solicitous. There is no such thing as a pushy salesman on the premises, not even at the propaganda displays of posters and heroic carvings in ivory that depict crucial incidents in the Republic's young history. When I visited C. A. C., the second-floor gallery was filled with visitors, mostly children from local Chinese schools who had come to see an acupuncture exhibition. There are dozens of establishments in Hong Kong—newspapers, banks, theaters and stores—directly affiliated with the People's Republic. Tourists patronize them because all the items are marked—unlike most stores in Hong Kong, where buyer and seller negotiate the price—and prices are low even by the colony's standards.

A hundred yards or so from C. A. C., on the same street, the huge glass doors of the Peninsula Hotel reflect the fountain and a fleet of limousine parked in the front courtyard. The Peninsula—the Pen to staff and regular customers—is the most venerable hotel in the colony. During World War Two, it was the site on which the British surrendered the colony to the Japanese on Christmas Day 1941. Officers of the Imperial Army were billeted there until the war ended and the British took possession again.

The Pen's clientele are the sort of people who are accustomed to being met at airports by a chauffeur, so the management keeps eight dark-green Rolls-Royces for this purpose and cossets the guests in other small, elegant ways. Tea is served two minutes after new occupants check into their rooms, or it can be taken downstairs under the chandeliers in the lobby, a gilded ivory setting of such grandeur that the word lobby fails to do it justice. The Pen keeps records of the brand of soap preferred by VIPs, so when they return, the correct sort—out of about a dozen kept in stock—will be set out in the bathroom. And none of that supermarket soap; at the Peninsula, it's Eau Sauvage, Rochas, Jean Patou and other aristocrats in the nobility of suds. Any resemblance between the Pen and the rest of Kowloon is an unfortunate accident, as the position of the hotel itself, facing away from the mainland toward the island of Hong Kong, seems to suggest.

Most visitors do their Kowloon shopping in the Tsimshatsui district and in the shopping arcades on the Hong Kong side. In some Kowloon stores, merchandise may be cheaper than across the harbor, but in the case of cameras and watches, there may be no manufacturer's guarantee. One of the traditional dodges among Hong Kong's less scrupulous entrepreneurs is the doctoring of Swiss watches, the original mechanisms of which are sometimes replaced with inferior parts. A few months ago, a representative of a well-known watchmaker flew in from Geneva to trace the source of imitations bearing his company's name. He was supplied with a large amount of cash and told to buy up the entire stock if it could be done. He made contact with a man who said it was possible, but the makers of the fake watches would want $40,000, to which the gentleman from Geneva agreed. He handed over the money and arranged a meeting with his contact, who promised to bring the watches. Neither these nor the $40,000—nor the go-between—has been seen again and those who know how things operate in the colony assume the unexpected bonus has been used to finance the purchase of yet another consignment of Swiss watches and locally made mechanisms.

Having gratified the acquisitive urge, you should waste little time in finding the best places to eat. In Hong Kong the choice is on the generous side: There are at least seven regional Chinese styles of cooking here, with Cantonese predominant. Others include Shanghai, Peking, Hakka, Swatow, Szechwan and Fukienese. Foreign cuisines represented include Portuguese, Swiss, Korean, Japanese, Italian, Indonesian, French, Hungarian, Indian, American and a polyglot

(text continued overleaf)

"I suppose it is possible that I misunderstood the provisions of the bank's early-retirement plan!"

CAPSULE GUIDE TO HONG KONG

HOTELS

In most cities, the choice of hotel is governed by its location as much as by its cost and service, but not in Hong Kong, where the urban districts on both sides of the harbor are very compact and all essential tourist facilities are within a few minutes' walk. There are four luxury-class hotels on the island—the Mandarin, Hilton, Lee Gardens and Repulse Bay. Impeccable as the others are, the Mandarin has a definite edge in style, food and service, but the Hilton has a pool, one of the most sociable bars—the Dragon Boat—a terrific buffet lunch and a 24-hour coffee shop that rarely has an empty seat. The Lee Gardens, which opened this year, pioneered new ground for a major tourist hotel by situating itself in the Causeway Bay area, amid the color and noise of the Chinese community, instead of in Central, the main business district on the island. The Repulse Bay is on the other side of the island, away from the city, overlooking a beautiful beach. Both hotel and beach are crowded on weekends, but between Monday and Friday residents have them pretty much to themselves. It's difficult to imagine, seeing the Repulse Bay today, with its potted palms flanking the central porch steps and young English army officers taking tea with their wives, that the corridor in the west wing was the site of a battle between Japanese and British troops, in which the latter silenced a Japanese machine gunner by rolling hand grenades along the carpeted floor.

The best hotels in Kowloon, after the Peninsula, are the Hong Kong, Hyatt and Miramar. The Hyatt accommodates TWA and Pan Am crews, and its 24-hour coffee shop is heavily patronized by local girls when the bars and clubs in the area close for the night.

There are many hotels below the luxury range (average cost of a single room: between $12 and $17) that cost less and aren't appreciably less comfortable, but the rooms are smaller. At North Point, on the island, you can stay in the Show Boat, a bizarre place full of mirrors and other inducements of one sort or another, where a single starts at about eight dollars. The Singapore in Wanchai charges about the same. The Imperial, on Nathan Road in Kowloon, is slightly higher, but it's convenient to shopping and night life. Another in the same category is the Grand, on Carnarvon Road, which serves excellent Scandinavian food and has refrigerators in the rooms. There are also dozens of guesthouses on both sides of the harbor, some less sleazy than others, but mostly dank, sweaty buildings off Nathan Road that may be sandwiched between a brothel and a Turkish bath.

SHOPPING

With the exception of five groups of commodities—liquor, tobacco, hydrocarbon oils, table waters and methyl alcohol—everything sold in Hong Kong is free of duty and taxes, and bears only the markup claimed by the importer, wholesaler and retailer, who are, in many cases, the same individual or company. For the buyer, it means that everything—English woolens and leathers, Indian silks, Swiss and Japanese watches, German and Japanese cameras, stereo equipment and other imported portable luxuries—is often cheaper in the colony than in the country of origin. Bargaining for a lower price is standard practice, even in some of the more elegant jewelry stores, where the management won't argue the point if a serious buyer cuts the asking price by 20 percent.

Prices also are affected by fluctuations in the exchange rate and by supplies of popular brands. And stores that offer big discounts may have inflated the original price, so, when buying anything that's moderately expensive, compare prices thoroughly on both sides of the harbor.

Few men agree about the criteria of good tailoring in Hong Kong, but among the most reputable are George Chen, A-Man Hing Cheong, Ricky Bo, MacBeth II, Princeton, Kawa and Lai Chow. The material governs the cost, naturally, but it should be around half the price of an equivalent suit in the U. S. Don't try to get anything made in 24 hours. You'll need at least two fittings for a good fit and a minimum of three days for a perfect finish. MacBeth II also makes shirts to measure. If you want shoes, try Kow Hoo, in the Hilton; they'll be made to fit you, and you can reorder from anywhere in the world by quoting the size. For ready-made clothing, shop in one of the department stores, such as Lane Crawford, where the best bargains are Hong Kong manufactured.

If you want an ocean-going yacht or a fully rigged Chinese junk, the two best shipyards are Cheoy Lee and Wang Fat. Authorized dealers or sole agents for the better-known brands of Swiss watches are: Artland Watch Co., for Rolex and Audemars Piguet; Gilman & Co., for Girard-Perregaux; Omtis, for Omega and Tissot; Sennet Freres, for Patek Philippe; Shui Hwa Watch Co., for Piaget. Photographic goods from Kinefoto, on the Hong Kong side; Cinex, at Ocean Terminal and Central; A. Sek, in the Hilton; or from any leading hotel arcade. Shotguns from Hong Kong Sporting Arms, opposite Kinefoto. Stereo equipment from Pacific Radio, Cosdel, Tom Lee Piano and Moutrie & Co. Try the Communist department stores to get an idea of prices for antiques. Most stores offer free packing but charge for shipping.

DINING

Typical Cantonese dishes consist of barbecued pork, steamed fish and other seafoods, roast goose, delicious soups and *dim sum*, which are small dumplings of meat and fish served on saucers that are counted afterward by the waiter when he adds up the check. The best Cantonese restaurant in Hong Kong is Luk Yu Tea House, an unpretentious establishment in Central that seats regular customers ahead of strangers. If you're patient, you can feast on *dim sum* during the day and, at night, on shark's-fin soup, followed by Chinese ham soaked in honey and deep-fried.

At Yung Kee, also in Central, Cantonese specialties are roast goose, braised pigeon, soyed chicken, fried stuffed crabs' claws and fried frogs' legs. For Shanghai dishes, go to the Great Shanghai in Kowloon, where you can sample chicken in wine, the famous "drunken chicken," or fried noodles served with pork, shrimps, kidneys, chicken or eels. A few minutes away, at the Spring Deer on Mody Road, you can order Peking duck coated with honey and hung for nearly an hour over charcoal. If you've still got room afterward, the rest can be made into a soup. If you like heavily spiced foods, try the Sun Sun in Causeway Bay, where you'll find *cher padi*, a pork-stuffed bun; oiled pancakes coated with green onions; hot chili beef, Szechwan style; fried shrimps; braised eggplant; and hot-and-sour soup.

In the best Hong Kong restaurants, you'll have trouble communicating if you don't speak the language; but don't be put off. If you want something that can be drawn, draw it, or point to someone else's plate. Go to the back, where they keep the tanks of fish and other sea creatures, and indicate the one you want. Don't think you're making a fool of yourself; the serious eater never lets his ignorance get in the way of his appetite.

Alternatives to Chinese meals, should the need arise, are Jimmy's Kitchen for chicken Kiev; the Copper Chimney for Swiss fondue; La Taverna for pizza, *cannellone* and Florentine steak; the Marseille for bouillabaisse and *coq au vin*; the Dateline for Macao sole and enchiladas; the Parisian Grill for Kobe beef and a globe-trotting menu; and Saito for *tempura*, *sushi* and other Japanese dishes. For European food and a lot of flames at tableside, head for Gaddi's in the Peninsula.

Finally, you might try to wangle an invitation to a *man han* feast. The meal consists of 69 courses and has to be ordered five months in advance. It includes braised venison, bear's paw and something called silver fungus soup. Cots are provided for bloated diners who want to sleep between courses.

mixture known vaguely as international.

Virtually nothing that swims, crawls, hops, flies or burrows under damp rocks is wasted by Hong Kong's chefs. Their refusal to throw away any part of a creature that can be prepared and eaten possibly explains why one never sees any sea gulls in the harbor. You can find everything from crocodile steaks to snake's bile, cock's testes, fish lips, duck's brains and steamed pigeon hearts. In areas like Mongkok there is, in winter, a thriving underground trade in dogs. Black, preferably, and someone else's. The Chinese believe that for every pound of dog meat, the body acquires insulation against winter drafts; three pounds and you don't need to buy a topcoat. But if you eat dog in summer, they say, you bleed from the nose and ears. Elsewhere, chiefly around Kowloon, you may come across such oddities as storks and monkeys, both of which are believed to be rich in properties that ensure good health and long life, and which, with dogs, are prohibited foods in Hong Kong. Have no fear that one of these will be served on your plate cunningly disguised as meat loaf or Chinese beef and vegetables; they are all hard to come by—and expensive.

The only thing to know about Chinese food in Hong Kong is that it is the finest in the Orient, at least for the Cantonese, since most Hong Kong Chinese are Cantonese people. Northern Chinese dishes are better in Taiwan, but one would have to have been born in northern China to be able to tell the difference.

Anyone who can't find something to his taste among the possibilities available in Hong Kong's night life should feel his pulse to see if it's still going. The choice, apart from restaurants, includes *discothèques*, night clubs, cabarets, ballrooms, theaters and after-hours clubs. You can dine expensively aboard a floating restaurant or for a few pennies at a roadside stall.

If you're alone in the colony, you can remedy that by calling one of the escort services that employ Oriental and European young ladies. With the legitimate operations, such as Escort, Ltd., you pay for the services of an *escort*; elsewhere, you may get a little more. It depends on whether the girl herself is interested; although money can buy almost everything here, many a tourist has been surprised to find that a bulging wallet makes little difference if the young lady takes a dislike to its owner.

Prostitution has been a feature of life in China for at least 3000 years, though mainland authorities claim to have eliminated it along with venereal disease, which still exists in Hong Kong. In other Chinese communities, the business flourishes. In Taiwan, where it is a government-regulated business (government-owned might be more accurate), the whorehouses are huge, multistory hotels, most of them concentrated in Peitou, just outside the capital of Taipei. It's not like that in Hong Kong, where prostitution is technically illegal. But it's a thriving business, like everything else in town, and one that the government does little to suppress. The girls work out of bars, ballrooms, night clubs, brothels, on boats moored in Yaumati Typhoon Shelter, in Kowloon's Walled City, in the New Territories—virtually everywhere.

If that sort of companionship doesn't appeal but you'd still like company, go to the Polaris on top of Kowloon's Hyatt Hotel, around six, or to the Godown in the basement of Sutherland House, on the Hong Kong side, about 5:30. You'll find an assortment of youngish people who belong to the Up Club, a highly successful and very informal organization founded last year by Jon Benn, an American resident. The club espouses no specific cause. Benn, who says he started it as an attempt to break down the colony's professional and nationality cliques, claims a membership of around 1000, about 15 percent of which are Chinese. Twenty other nationalities are represented and about 35 percent are married. Anyone can join. Weekend parties are held every now and then, sometimes aboard a three-masted schooner that sails around to Big Wave Bay for a feast on the beach. Some of the more cynical nonjoiners in Hong Kong say the purpose of the Up Club is to help people find a place to get it up; if so (and why not?), the Godown or the Polaris at cocktail hour are worth an exploratory visit. Drinks are half price for everyone. Call Jon Benn at H-724398 if you want to find out more.

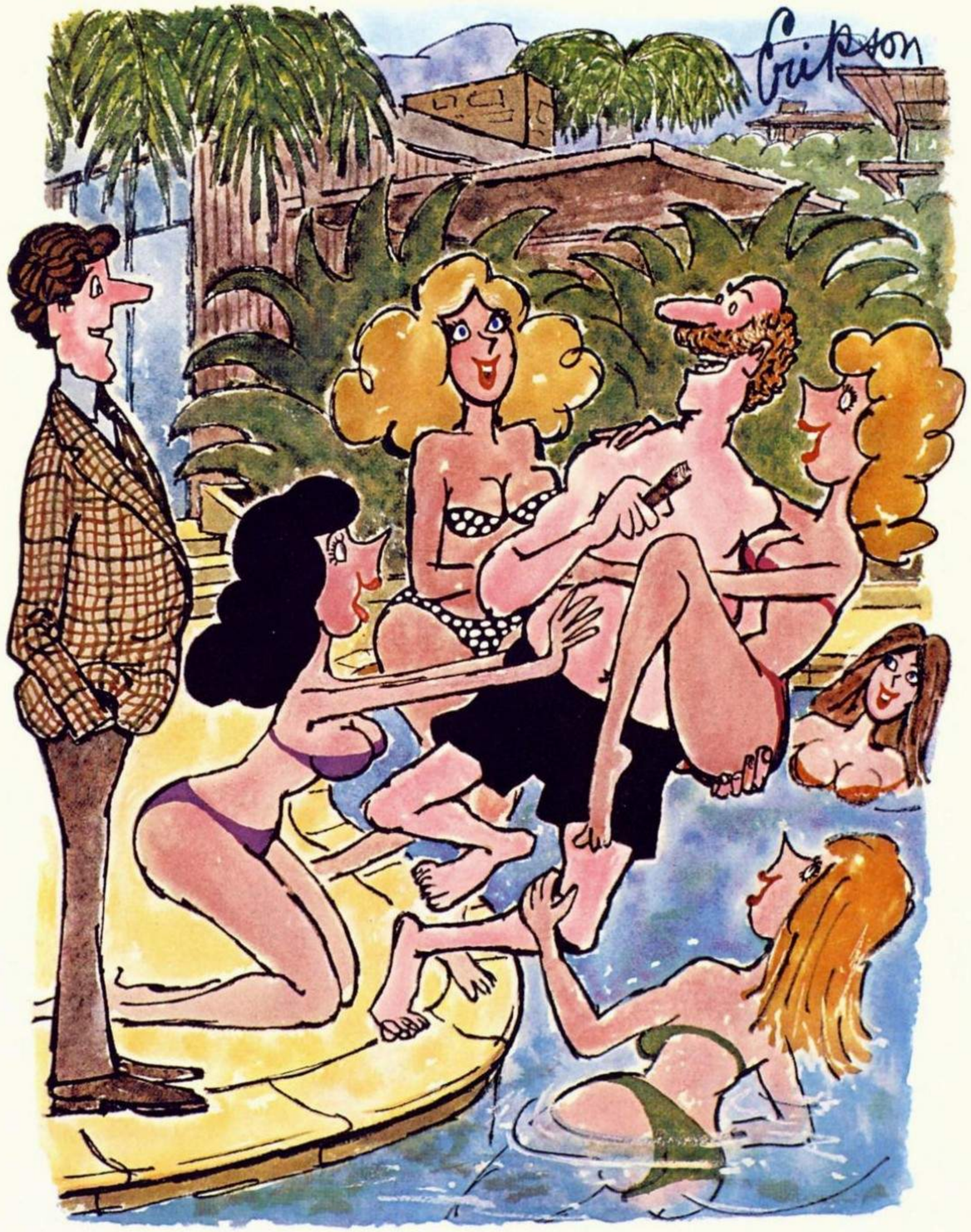
Some of the best and least expensive things you can do in Hong Kong at night are in the open air. Among these is the Poor Man's Night Club at the Macao Ferry car park on the island. You should arrive about ten P.M., when the food vendors have set up their caldrons, grills and open fires and the night air is rich with the spicy smell of odd and appetizing foods. For a dime you can feast on a stew of noodles, pork and vegetables. Spend another 40 cents for a serving of steamed fresh shrimps, a bowl of rice and a quart of beer, which you can eat sitting at a long trestle table lit by the hissing glare of a Coleman lamp.

Once, at least, you should cross the harbor at night on a walla-walla. These small sampans (named for the watery chug of their engines) go into operation when the Star Ferry service stops at two A.M. Less than 20 cents buys one of the most memorable experiences Hong Kong can offer. You descend a steep flight of steps built into the side of the wharf, lit by the pale-yellow glow of a single bulb in the roof of a shed, with the water of the harbor lapping at the pilings and splashing across the lower steps where the walla-wallas are moored alongside one another. The surface is a mass of shimmering colors, the lights reflected from shipping and the electric façade on the other side of the harbor. Eerie signals from passing vessels echo across the water, the only sounds heard over the comforting beat of the sampan's engine. Crossing the harbor, you see warships dressed from bow to stern with strings of lights, or a cruise liner glowing like a gold ingot that's spotlighted in a dark room.

The Star Ferry, however, is probably the best bargain in the colony. The fare is a nickel or a couple of cents, depending on the class traveled; both upper and lower decks afford the same view, which changes constantly with the movement of shipping. Aboard the ferry, a blind woman with two heavy baskets of vegetables at her feet calls her three young children, who have been playing hide-and-seek around the funnel housing that pierces the upper deck. From the ferry's engine room comes the clang of bells and the thump of engines as the skipper signals for reverse and the propellers churn the water into a foam in preparation for docking at the Hong Kong–side terminal. The passenger ramps are lowered and everyone streams ashore in a jostling din, some running to be first in the line for taxis, the rest dispersing into the modern office buildings of the colony's capital, Victoria.

Most people refer to the area as Central. It's the administrative capital as well as the main business district of Hong Kong. There is a sense of spaciousness and colonial grandeur here that's not very evident in Kowloon. The buildings are bigger and cleaner, the streets wider, and gardens and fountains just outside the ferry terminal lend a touch of serenity. But immediately beyond this cloister lies more of urban Hong Kong's typical chaos: narrow streets filled with market stalls, rickshas, traffic and people—thousands upon thousands of shouting, gesturing, spitting people. Alleys lead uphill in flights of concrete steps, lined on both sides with booths selling haberdashery, cheap clothing, bolts of cloth, souvenirs and all manner of hot foods.

The dominant feature of the island is the Peak, which rises 1809 feet from sea level and was once the prestige address of anyone who aspired to be anyone in the governor's social circle. It is still one of the most pleasant places to live in the colony, being cooler by several degrees than the lower levels of the island, but the advent of air conditioning has taken some of the status away. Tourists travel to the end of the line on the Peak Tram to enjoy the colony's most impressive view of the harbor or to take a



"Money can't buy love, but it can sure get you a bunch of sexy broads!"

breather in the café near the top. From the lookout point, Hong Kong sprawls across the steep, wooded hills down to the foreshore and the harbor. To the right are Causeway Bay and Wanchai—girlie-bar land, a hazy cityscape during the day that is transformed into a twinkling sea of neon at night.

The Hong Kong side, the island, is the preferred address of the colony's foreigners, whether British, Australian, German, American, Swiss or Swedish. On the upper slopes of the Peak, senior executives live in colonial villas with neat gardens and cool, tiled patios, or in one of the modern apartment houses that sprout from the hillside—anywhere on the island where the hills and sea afford an occasional breeze and the sunset is not obscured by another building. The best districts resemble the upper reaches of the more exclusive canyons in Los Angeles—winding roads between banks of trees, with long driveways leading to gracious, expensive houses that stand on the rims of precipitous slopes.

The white man who used to come to the Orient and promptly sink into decay seems to have vanished from the colonial stage in Hong Kong. He looks well fed and prosperous. Most of the Caucasians you see on the streets seem to be dressed for either a board meeting or a barbecue at a country club. New cars are everywhere—Jags and Mercedes, many of them—and the family that can't afford a servant or two, or at the very least a part-time maid, is a rarity.

It is by no means a strenuous life and the rewards are generous. Income tax is only 15 percent, with a personal exemption of more than $1000, and management types get paid leave every year. The Hong Kong whites enjoy a social position similar to that of another racial minority, the South African whites, except that in Hong Kong there is no visible sign of racism apart from the traditional belief of all Chinese that all non-Chinese, and white men in particular, are dangerous idiots.

"You got the wrong place, buddy. The gay bar is across the street."

Prosperity and upward mobility are not confined to the European population, however; many a Hong Kong Chinese has dragged himself out of the back streets into the rarefied air of the green Peak, where he can, if he wishes, consider himself the equal of any round-eye and probably more equal. For the majority of his fellow Chinese, it's another story.

Most of them live in the reeking tumult along the northern shore of the island or in the filth and noise of the slums north of Kowloon's Golden Mile. Hundreds of thousands live in the government's huge housing projects, where they pay next to nothing for rent but are obliged to live in overcrowded conditions that would cause most people to take to the streets in protest. Thousands more—"the boat people"—live in shanty settlements or aboard junks or sampans moored in floating cities such as Aberdeen, on the island's south coast, and in other anchorages all around the colony's coast line.

Many families with five or more members live on sampans measuring little more than 16 feet long and six feet wide. During the day, while the children are at school and husbands at work, wives ferry tourists to the floating restaurants in Aberdeen. Between fares, they might string artificial pearls for a local costume jeweler, prepare wine from the roots of plants or paint souvenir objects that they hang up to dry under the sampan awning.

The highway that encircles most of the island has always been busy on weekends and with the opening of the new tunnel, will no doubt be even more jammed. Visitors hoping for a quiet place on the beach will be out of luck unless they charter a boat or a helicopter to take them to a lonely coast line on one of the islands, where the only sign of life might be a fishing boat drifting across the sea.

Or they might drive up through the rural landscape of the New Territories, among narrow plains edged with mountains and dotted with red-roofed villages. A girl, up to her knees in a muddy field of rice, steers a plow pulled by a water buffalo. Thousands of ducks fatten in breeding ponds and bandy-legged old men, wearing the conical straw hats seen in Chinese prints, stoop in the hot sun to divert a trickle of water from an irrigation ditch. Farther north, at the nearest point to which visitors may approach the border, is the observation post of Lok Ma Chau, a steep hill overlooking the Shum Chun River and the collective farms of Kwangtung province. At the top of the hill, an old Chinese who makes his

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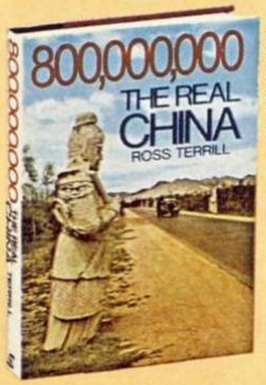

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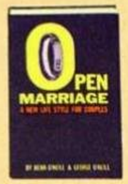

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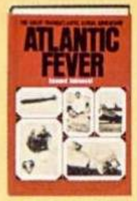

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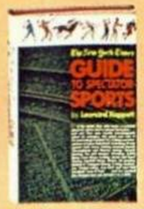

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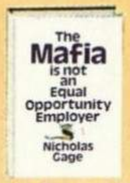

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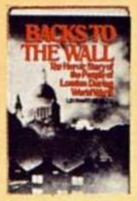

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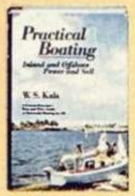

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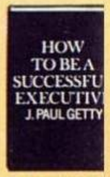

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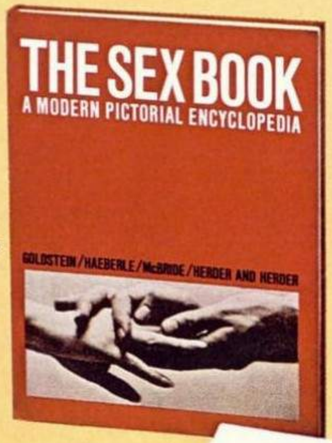

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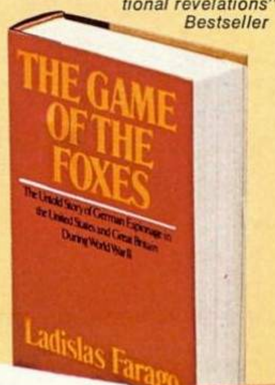

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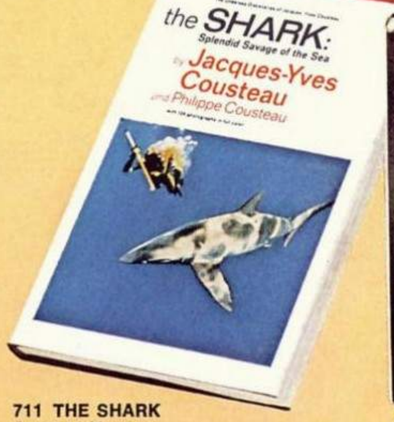

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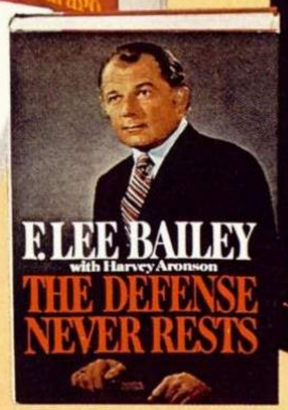

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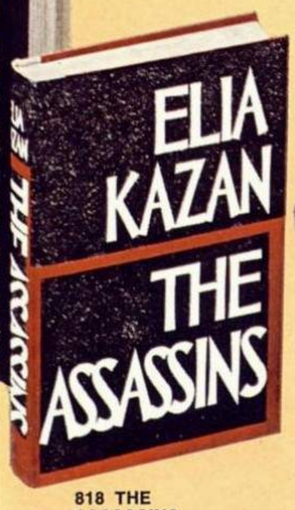

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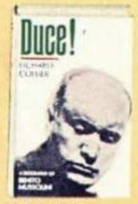

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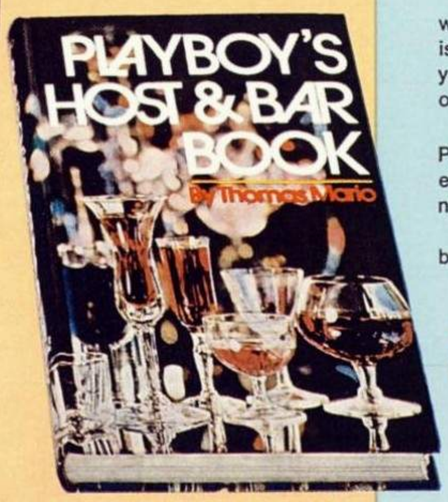

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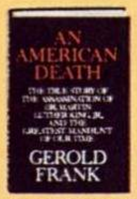

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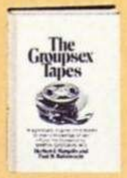

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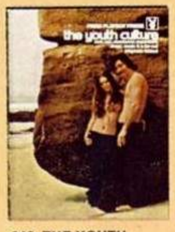

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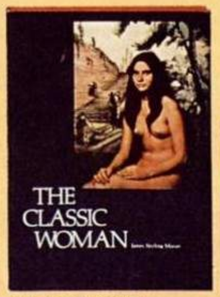

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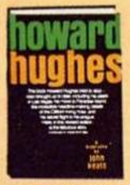

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living by looking wizened and inscrutable poses for photographs.

For the purest solitude, you can catch the ferry from the Hong Kong side to the outlying island of Lantao, where, for about ten dollars, a couple can spend a night in a Buddhist monastery, room, meals and fares included. The ferry ride takes 45 minutes to Lantao's Silver Mine Bay Terminal. From there you take a bus that follows a single-track road, winding up into the mist in the hills, then making a terrifying U-turn on the edge of a cliff that looks as though it plunges straight into hell. From here the road is two parallel concrete strips on an embankment jutting out from the mountainside. Below, at a spine-chilling depth, lies the valley floor and, beyond that, the sea dotted with the humps of islands. At the top of the mountain, usually to the accompaniment of an ominously overheated radiator, the bus passes an ornate arch guarded by stone beasts. Through the iron gates, set against a steep declivity, lies the temple of Po Lin Tse, a yellow-roofed Oriental fantasy that stands in a broad, paved courtyard.

A pack of wild dogs roams the area, invading the kitchen for leftovers and snarling at strangers. A couple of these stunted mongrels sit at the steps to the temple, while monks shuffle in and out in their black or saffron robes. Incense burns in a stone basin, the wind whipping shreds of smoke from the glowing ash, and the bronze crash of gongs mingles with the howling of an unearthly chant.

At night there is nothing to do at Po Lin Tse except walk farther up the slope, past the temple and beyond the isolated tombs on the bare hillside. Here, sheltered from the groaning wind by thick and lengthy stems of grass, with the lights of the temple settlement flickering in the dusk below, you see an ordinary sunset transformed into a thing of somber dread that fills the sky with blood and darkness. Returning to the temple dormitory, the shaved head of a monk is seen through an undraped window. He sits in a room lit by a familiar cold-blue glow, watching a quiz show on television.

There is another journey to make from Hong Kong, and this one requires a passport and a visa, for it takes you out of British waters on a 40-mile excursion across the wide mouth of the Pearl River, west of Hong Kong, to the Portuguese colony of Macao, the oldest European settlement in the Orient, having been established as an outpost of Lisbon some 300 years before the British arrived.

Some people think Macao is the best thing about Hong Kong, with which it has practically nothing in common. No booming industries, no modern highway systems, not even an international airport. It's small; with the two adjacent islands of Colôane and Taipa, Macao covers about six square miles. The town itself is an Iberian-Oriental blend of Catholic churches, Buddhist temples and crumbling old Mediterranean villas that meander in soft pastel colors across a narrow, hilly peninsula of the mainland.

There is something wistful about the place, a reminder of splendid destinies gone astray. You sense it in the valiant grandeur of Government House, with its lone Portuguese soldier on guard outside, and in the flaking walls of once-elegant houses, their dark courtyards heavy with the perfume of flowering vines. "Surely nowhere in the world," as a visitor wrote of Macao some years ago, "do the buglers linger so long over reveille and retreat."

If you'd like to stay somewhere that's typical of the old Macao, check in at the Bela Vista, a venerable house situated in a garden at the top of a steep flight of steps. You'll take breakfast on the veranda of an old villa, with the ceiling fans stirring a breeze through the French windows, the fragrance of bougainvillaea in the air and the twitter of swallows whirling around the roof. Ask for a room at the front, so that you can look down at the junks scudding under full sail across the bay.

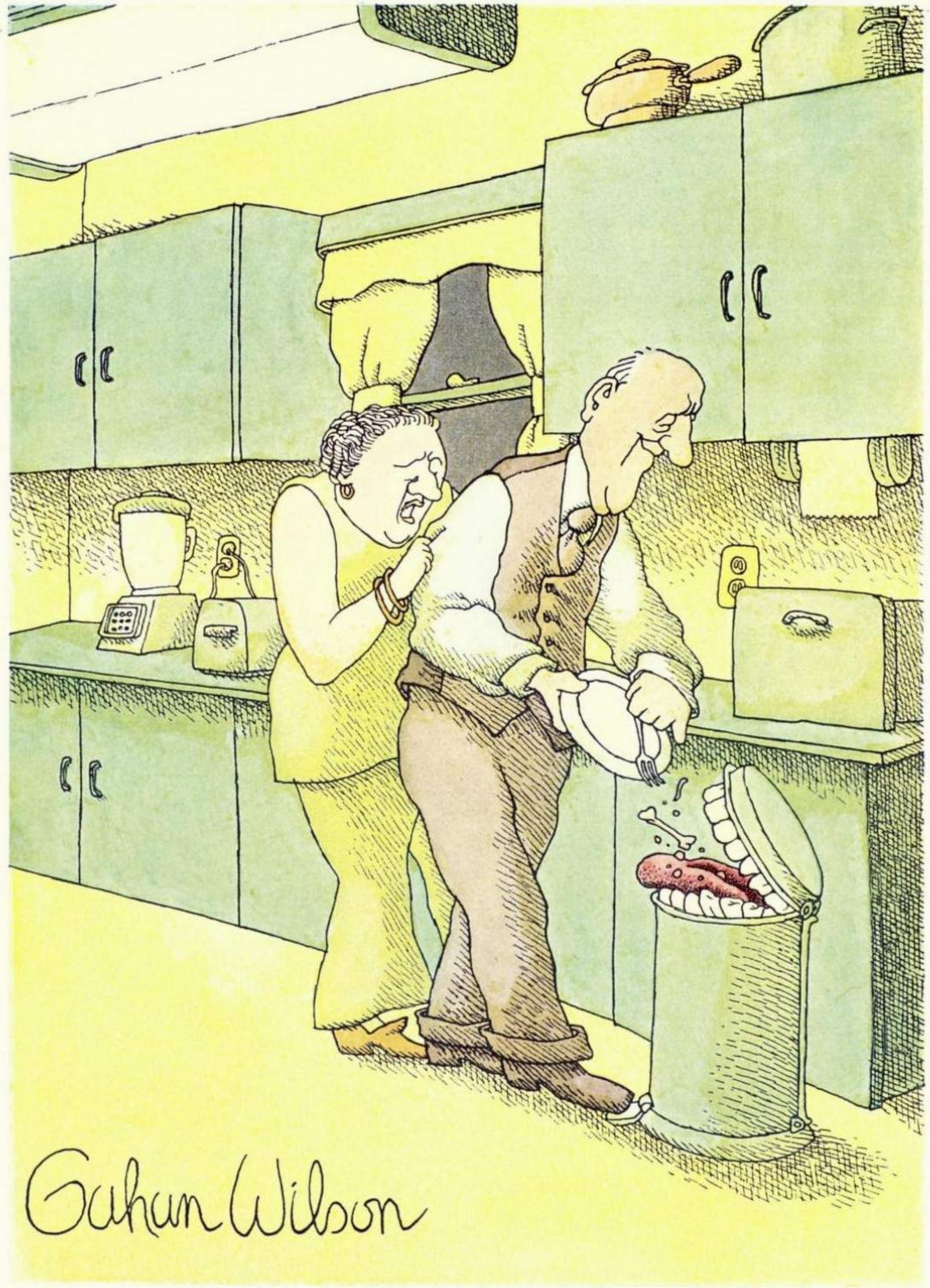
Macao was at one time the sin center of the Orient, or so the legend goes. It's hard to imagine that in these few square miles there was enough room for any large-scale debauchery, but the reputation persists that here was a place where vices of every sort reached unparalleled depths of depraved ingenuity. Along the Street of Eternal Happiness, opium divans lined the lower floors, with brothels one flight up. The street is still here, but not the rest. You can find taxi drivers who might steer you to a stag movie in some smelly loft, and people in Hong Kong claim to have witnessed a grandmotherly couple perform with a double-ended dildo, but Macao is not the stronghold of sin of former days.

Neither is it the feeble, declined European colony it appears to be. Macao is the caretaker of enormous wealth in gold, which earns more for Portugal (and for Peking) than tourism or local exports of firecrackers and textiles. Portugal never signed the Bretton Woods agreement of 1944, in which the importation of gold for private use was prohibited. Consequently, Macao and Portugal import all the gold they can get, the bulk of which comes through Hong Kong in transit from countries around the world. Shipments arrive in special hydrofoil deliveries.

The Macao gold syndicate, which holds the official franchise for handling the gold, issues statistics for imports (around $32,000,000 in 1970) but not exports, so nobody knows where the metal goes after it gets to Macao. In all probability, it is melted down from the conventional bars into lighter and more conveniently shaped strips, which can be hidden and then smuggled through Hong Kong to illegal buyers in Southeast Asia, Latin America and India—to all those places in the world where piracy and intrigue, crooked dealings and clandestine meetings, narcotics traffic and easy wealth exist either not at all or as the unapproved exception.

It's tempting to regard Macao and Hong Kong as vestigial anachronisms, the last remnants of empires that no longer exist. But neither the Portuguese nor the British have disappeared from the colonial scene. With Macao, Lisbon still rules seven overseas territories as Portuguese provinces, from the Cape Verde Islands off the west coast of Africa to Timor Island in the Malay Archipelago. And London is still the seat of government for about 15 colonies and is directly concerned in the administration of a dozen protectorates, dependencies and associated states located around the globe from the West Indies to the Pacific Ocean. The new China—transformed from a 19th Century weakling into a 20th Century colossus capable of crushing both Portugal and Britain—could long ago have acted upon its frequently stated hostility to European colonialism by retaking these two most vulnerably situated colonies of all. It has not. Indeed, when Portuguese government officials in Macao were reported to have expressed their government's intention to abandon the colony during the Communist-instigated riots there in 1966–1967, Peking moved very swiftly to cool them off.

So Macao and Hong Kong endure—uncertain, as always, about their destinies. Hong Kong in particular has astonished everyone since the very beginning, having outgrown its apparent potential a thousand times over. It isn't always remembered, but when British government leaders first heard about Queen Victoria's new acquisition in China in 1841, they were distressed by its smallness; they had wanted something bigger from which to expand their trading strength in the Orient. "A barren island with hardly a house upon it" was the contemptuous appraisal of Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary. He dismissed the official responsible for the choice of this lowly tract and had him exiled to the independent republic of Texas as chargé d'affaires. "It seems obvious," Palmerston wrote in a letter of crushing rebuke to this unlucky man, "that Hong Kong will not be a mart of trade."



"Oh, Irwin, I wish to God you'd get rid of that thing!"

CHÂTEAU APPLE DAPPLE

(continued from page 152)

wineries are roaming farther and farther in their search for suitable and sufficient fruit, and have even begun to import apples from abroad.

As with the flavored wines, fruit wines as a category are certainly not new. Denmark, Czechoslovakia and Holland are noted for their berry and cherry wines, Japan for a soft plum wine and England for its perry—pear wine.

Kosher fruit wines and the sweet, grapy Passover wines may have triggered our modern wine revolution; at least some astute observers believe so. In the early Fifties, before the first flavored wines appeared, kosher wines became suddenly and inexplicably popular. Investigation revealed that 85 percent of kosher-wine sales were going to the *non-Jewish* market.

Whatever the genesis—and certainly there are myriad influences, including our penchant for sweet, fruity beverages—the broad spectrum of flavor and type available today is unprecedented and continually expanding. Witness cold duck, the frothy, pink, moderately sweet wine that has literally swept the country.

Just a few years ago, cold duck was something you ate; today it's almost as popular as champagne. Cold duck is, in fact, an artful or awful blend of champagne and sparkling Burgundy, depending on your predilections and prejudices. It's come on so suddenly that there still is not a precise definition; however, there are some *de facto* standards. The product must consist of champagne and sparkling Burgundy in roughly equal proportions and must be some shade of pink. The Feds won't grant approval to an artificially carbonated beverage nor to one that's either white or solid red.

There are several anecdotes, probably all apocryphal, purporting to explain the origin of cold duck. The latest one credits it to the hard-living, hard-drinking Scott Fitzgerald clan of expatriates in Paris. Their Saturday-night bashes invariably featured roast duck, washed down with buckets of champagne and sparkling Burgundy. Sunday luncheon, legend has it, consisted of the leftover wines mixed together and the remains of the bird—"cold duck" all around.

In Germany, cold duck (*Kalte Ente*) is well known as a white-wine punch. Chilled Moselle or Rhine is slowly poured over a long, thin strip of lemon rind, followed by chilled *Sekt*, German sparkling wine. The rind is held over a large pitcher braced by two forks and is discarded after the pouring.

The first commercial cold duck, bottled in New York, had a marked labrusca-grape tang. This is the native, Concord-type Eastern variety, used in the kosher wines, and it's no coincidence that both wines have come into favor. Many people find these fragrant wines, reminiscent of grape juice, very pleasant. Often, first-time tasters are thrown off because overeager retailers represent cold duck as a form of champagne, which it is not. It's generally sweeter, not as light nor as delicate. Ducks are much more flavorful, especially the Eastern brands, with their marked labrusca cast. Many from California have at least a touch of labrusca, too.

Ducks are proliferating—with quite a few winging in from overseas. K. C. Bourke, wine savant and editor of the authoritative British bimonthly *Wine* magazine, indicates that the traffic is not all one way, to the surprise of European vintners. She compares the ducks with sparkling perry, "phenomenally successful" in England. Both products, she feels, "fulfill a need on the part of numerous people for an uncomplicated, sweet, fresh, fruity drink, not too alcoholic, not too expensive, easy to quaff on all occasions."

We've found that cold duck does more for a punch than champagne; it mixes nicely with orange juice, cognac or vodka.

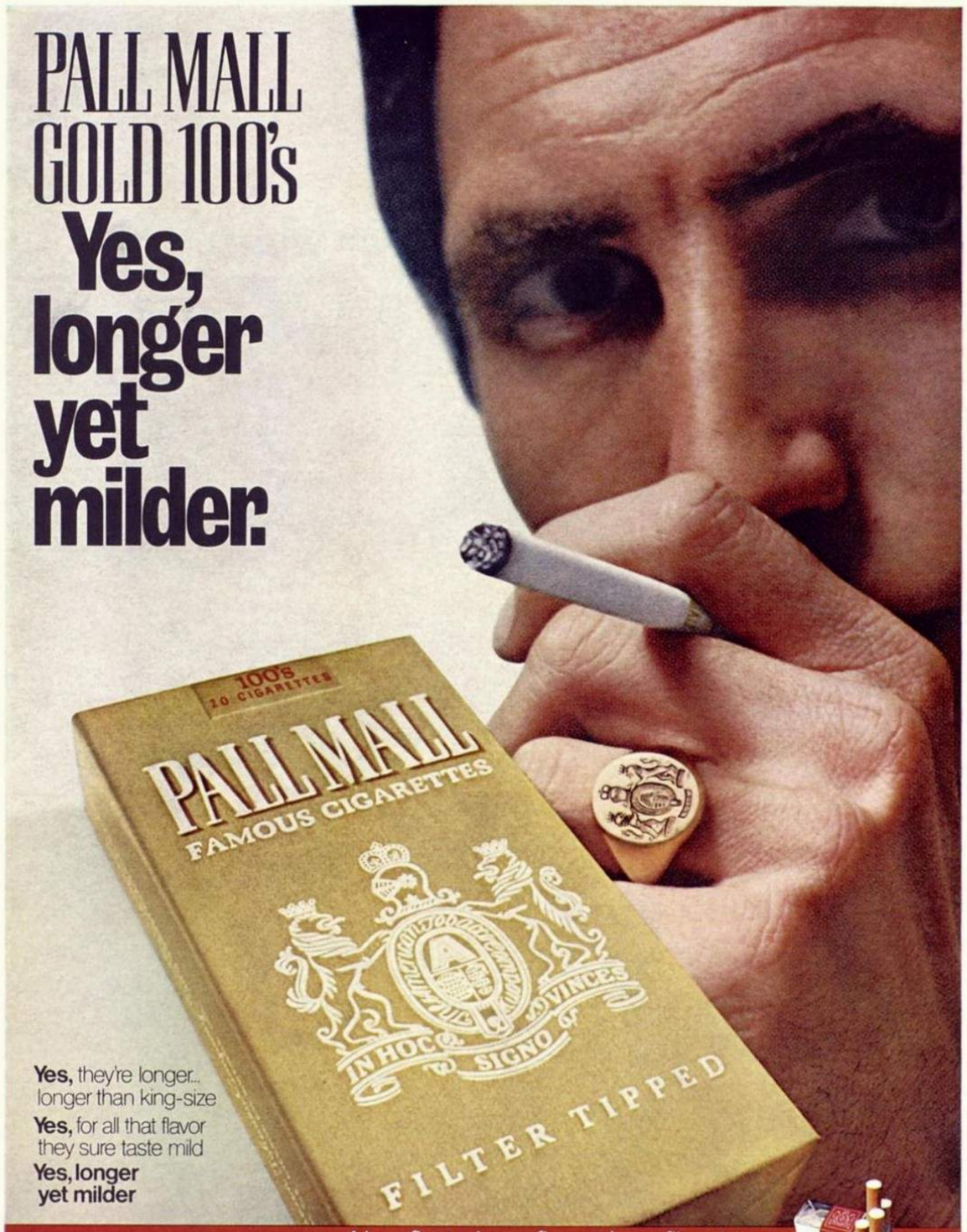
The array of cold ducks on the shelves is so vast, and constantly changing, that it's impractical to rate them all; but there are a few guidelines that will help you bring down the duck of your choice. Firms that are noted for their champagnes will usually have better-quality cold ducks: Christian Brothers (Extra Cold Duck), Paul Masson (Very Cold Duck), Korbel and Almaden (Le Domaine) in California; Taylor, Gold Seal and Great Western (Pink Cold Duck) in New York. Christian Brothers' Extra Cold Duck is among the driest. There are, of course, many other fine brands. André is about as good as you can do in a low-cost duck, and it's consistent. Eastern bottlings tend to a greater labrusca flavor. The imports are usually quite sweet and lower in alcoholic content, some as little as nine percent. American ducks go between nine and 13 percent.

Much of the preceding information can be gleaned from the labels. Read them before you buy. And be alert to the fliers that sound like ducks but aren't, like Peacock, Cold Turkey, Cold Bear and Cold Bird. They may be worthy specimens; they're just not cold duck. However, Waikiki Duck and Orange Duck, even though they are flavored, like the Special Naturals, *are* true cold ducks.

Considering all we've seen so far, you wouldn't think there'd be room for anything new. But there's activity in the vineyards—East, West and in between. The flow of new wines, new flavors and revamped old favorites will continue. Exactly what's coming? Nobody knows for sure, but here's a fairly educated guess: For one thing, contemporary wines will have more effervescence. (There's presently a bill in Congress to increase the allowable level from seven pounds pressure to 14 pounds, without

"Have you heard the latest? 'Your Tallness' isn't good enough for him anymore. From now on, he wants to be addressed as 'Your Highness.'"

PALL MALL
GOLD 100's
Yes, longer yet milder.



Yes, they're longer... longer than king-size
Yes, for all that flavor they sure taste mild
Yes, longer yet milder

Also first class flavor in a filter king
New Pall Mall Filter King

Gold 100's:
19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '71.

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

going into the higher tax category for sparkling wines.) New flavors will continue to emphasize the fruits, straight or as a mélange. Expect to see more pure fruit wines such as loganberry and blackberry, in lighter, low-alcohol versions.

As grapes become more expensive, we may have a surge of neutral, fruit-based wines with natural fruit or fruit and spice flavors added. A tomato or tomato-flavored wine would certainly make an agreeable predinner aperitif, if a good one could be developed.

Maybe the most delightful aspect of the entire new deal in wines has nothing to do with the wines themselves but is in the feeling about them. People who are into contemporary wines aren't paralyzed by concern about the right wine with the right dish, correct preparation and pouring, proper appointments—the whole gourmet number. This allows wine to be handled casually—a pleasant, easygoing beverage with a somewhat mild lift that requires no special occasion. You take it when and how *you* like, just for the fun of it. And that's nice.

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO POP WINES

NAME	BASIC FRUIT	% ALCOHOL	FLAVOR ACCENT	SWEETNESS RANGE	SPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS	COLOR
Almondoro	Grape	18–20	Almond	Full	Tastes like flavored Marsala	Amber
Annie Green Springs	Grape	11	Subdued grape taste	Moderate	Effervescent	Light rose
Apple Dapple	Apple	11.5	Apple	Medium	Mild apple flavor	Pale gold
Aprivette	Apricot	12	Apricot	Medium	Definite apricot aroma and taste; medium body	Pale gold
Aquarius	Grape	11	Tropical fruit: pineapple, cherry, guava, passion fruit, citrus	Medium	Aromatic, fruity	Pink
Arriba	Grape	19 or 20	Muted fruit: lemon, grape, cherry, spice tone	Full	Aromatic, vermouthy; caramel undertone	Deep rose
Bacchus	Grape	11	Fruity, Concord-type Eastern grape	Moderate	Effervescent	Deep rose
Bali Hai	Grape	11	Guava, pineapple, citrus, passion fruit	Medium	Tropical-fruit flavor and aroma	Light red
Boone's Farm Apple	Apple	11	Apple	Moderate	Effervescent; mild apple	Light gold
Boone's Farm Strawberry Hill	Apple	9	Strawberry	Medium	Effervescent; definite strawberry taste	Pink
Cold Bird	Grape	12	Fruity, Concord-type Eastern grape	Medium	Effervescent	Light red
Cold Duck (various wineries)	Grape	9–13	Concord-type grape (labrusca) —with exceptions	Medium (unless label indicates otherwise)	Sparkling wine; fruity; fragrant	Deep pink to light red
Dudenhoefer May wine	Grape	12	Traditional woodruff herb flavor, along with spicy apple taste	Moderate	Typical of many May wines available	Pale gold
Fruit wines: Apple, Cherry, etc.	Made from various fruits	11–14	Various fruits	Generally full, some quite heavy	Definite aroma of fruit used	Color of fruit used
Key Largo	Grape	11	Orange, mango, lime	Full	Effervescent; exotic fruit taste	Plum
Mardi Gras	Pineapple	13	Pineapple	Full	Reminiscent of pineapple juice	Gold
Mokka Lau	Grape	19	Chocolate-coffee combination; like Mocha	Full	Similar to but lighter than coffee cordials; sherry base	Dark brown
Ocean Spray Rose	Grape	12	Cranberry	Moderate	Slightly tart, puckery aftertaste	Pink
Pagan Pink Ripple	Grape	10	Mixture of fruits	Full	Effervescent; fruit-punch flavor	Deep pink
Peacock	Grape	12	Mixture of fruits	Full	Sparkling (highly effervescent)	Pale pink
Pear Ripple	Pear	10	Pear	Moderate	Effervescent; fragrance of pears	Clear, near white
Red Ripple	Grape	11	Mixture of fruits	Medium	Effervescent; noticeable grape aroma	Red
Richards Hard Cider	Apple	11	Apple	Moderate	Mild apple taste	Straw
Richards Old Style Apple Wine	Apple	12	Apple	Medium	Effervescent	Straw
Richards Peach	Peach	13 or 21	Peach	Medium	Distinct peach aroma	Gold
Richards Wild Irish Rose Extra Light	Grape	12	Concord-Catawba blend	Moderate	Slightly effervescent; light-bodied; light-tasting	Deep rose
Sangrole	Grape	11	Lemon, orange	Medium	Effervescent; *sangria* type	Red
Silver Satin	Grape	14 or 20	Mild herb, lemon	Full	Light aperitif type	Straw
Silver Satin/ Bitter Lemon	Grape	14 or 20	Bitter lemon	Medium	Slightly effervescent	Light straw
Spanada	Grape	11	Citrus combination, orange predominating	Moderate	Effervescent; *sangria* type; slight tart undertone	Light red
Sum-Plum	Plum	12	Plum	Full	Plummy, slightly exotic taste; medium body	Pale purple
Swiss Up	Grape	14 or 20	Lemon and lime	Full	Taste of lemon, vermouthy	Clear
Tangor	Grape	20	Citrus fruit	Full	Fruity; reminiscent of a cordial	Deep red
Thunderbird	Grape	20	Lemony, undertone of vermouth-like herbs	Medium	Light aperitif type	Straw
Twister	Grape	20	Peppermint	Medium	Slight medicinal aftertaste	Straw
Tyrolia	Grape	9	Orange, lemon, lime	Medium	Effervescent; white *sangria* type; companion to Spanada	Clear, near white
Vin Kafé	Grape	19	Coffee aroma but hint of chocolate	Medium	Cordial type	Dark brown
Yago Sant'Gria	Grape	7–10	Orange, lemon, lime	Two types: regular (medium) and extra-dry (lighter body, less sweet)	Spanish Rioja wine with citrus flavors; *sangria* type	Red
Zapple	Apple	11	Cinnamon	Medium	Effervescent; tingly apple	Gold

NOTE: In any wine chart, taste evaluations are subjective, being merely clues to what the bottles hold. (Also, note that not all brands are available in all markets, and that alcohol percentage may vary, place to place.) Under Sweetness Range, Moderate indicates a perceptible sweetness that doesn't dominate—similar, say, to a sweet Vouvray. Full indicates a frankly sweet wine but one that's still below the sweetness level of a cream sherry. Medium, obviously, is in between. There's no substitute for doing your own tasting, so open a bottle or two and draw your own conclusions.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 76)

policy, who gave the orders. And they haven't asked for any sympathy; they still claim they were right. None of the people who are really responsible for war crimes in Vietnam has ever admitted doing anything wrong. They need to understand that the people who hired them think they did just about everything wrong. Generals like Westmoreland won't take any responsibility for the awful things that could have been avoided in Vietnam. Instead, they try to sell people this bill of goods about the heavy responsibility of sending men to their deaths, implying that this is so much harder than going out there themselves. What unadulterated horseshit.

Why in hell, just once in a while, don't these generals get out there on the booby-trapped trails and be "cowards" with the rest of us? I'll go back to Saigon and take the responsibility for sending *them* to their deaths. What they really ought to do is put a *private* in charge for a day each month and let him name the members of combat patrols. Let's let them send the generals out there and see then whether the generals think it takes more courage to go out there and fight or whether it takes more courage to send others.

And this doesn't apply just to the generals; it also applies to the military mentality in Government. The Kissingers, you know. Kissinger is a fat little professor. I imagine when he was a little kid in the street, somebody kicked his ass and took his football and played a game with it, and gave it back when he was done. And all of a sudden here he is, a guy to make "tough" decisions. People in Washington are more worried about being "tough" than they are about making good decisions. I say on "Private's Day" throw Kissinger's name in the hat with the generals'.

PLAYBOY: Given your hostility to the Army, how did you manage to stay in it all those years?

HERBERT: Well, I don't hate *everything* about the Army. I gave a lot of good years to the Army and I believed in a lot of what the Army preached. I still do. And I did well in the Army. I received an early promotion to major and an early promotion to lieutenant colonel. I was one of the Army's top five percenters. I cut my hair, I shined my shoes, I did everything that was required, and I still felt the way I always have about right and wrong. This was very confusing to military minds. They figure that if you look like a sheep, you must *be* a sheep.

When I went all the way, reported war crimes just like the regulations say it's your responsibility to do, the Army jumped on me with both feet. I'm not doing my duty, the way they look at it; I'm just making trouble for the Army. Again, it's straight out of Kafka—or *Catch-22*. If you're guilty of war crimes, you'll be promoted or made commandant of West Point, or at least the President will come to your defense. But when you *report* war crimes, you'll get hounded and thrown out of the Army. But I don't hate the Army. I hate what's happened to it. I tried my damnedest to do something about it from within, but I couldn't get anywhere.

PLAYBOY: And now you're out.

HERBERT: Yeah. But before I retired, they got in a few last little humiliations. After everything was dropped and I was obviously going to leave the Army, there was still all this mindless harassment—the sort of games they play at West Point to humble a man and to make some jackass feel superior because he can order a freshman to eat his meals sitting at attention. I was called in, for example, and given lessons on how to salute, like I was a recruit in basic training who couldn't get it right and needed a little discipline. Why did they have to discipline me? For reporting war crimes? For going on the *Dick Cavett Show*? It got to the point of their getting soldiers to call my wife dirty names in front of me, to call my daughter dirty names in front of me, things like this, to antagonize me into saying something back or swinging out like a little kid. Petty shit. Foolish. I mean, I grew up a long time ago.

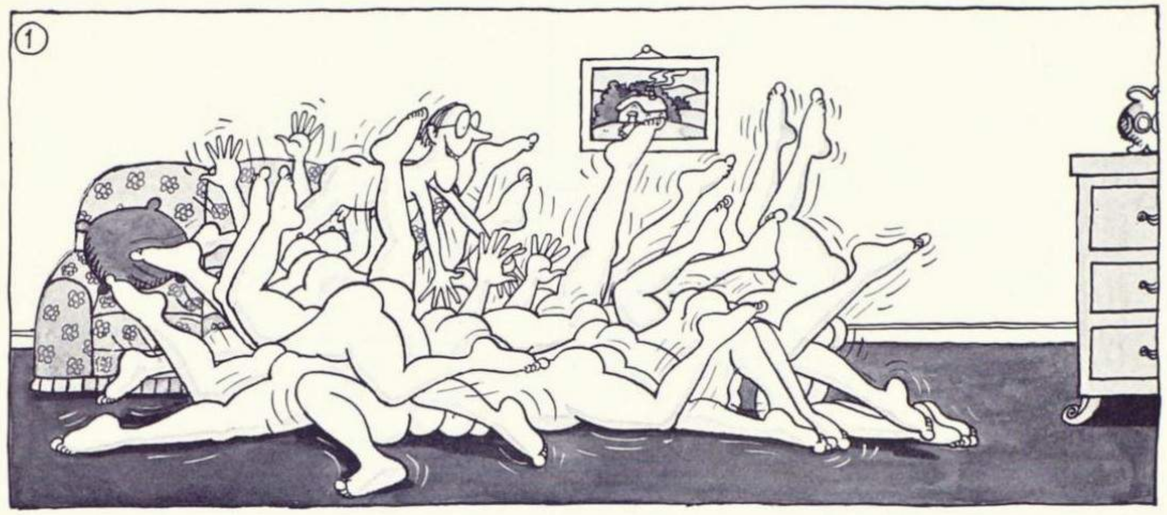
PLAYBOY: Well, their provocations didn't work, and you were mustered out in March without another black mark. How does it feel to be out?

HERBERT: My feelings are mixed. It's a relief to get away from the Alice in Wonderland atmosphere of the past three years. I was beginning to wonder if maybe everybody was crazy but me. Or vice versa. But I put a lot of my life into the Army. So in a way I'll miss it. I have a lot of good friends in the Service—most of whom support me even if it's just in private—and I'll miss them. But I'm excited about doing something new. I have a book coming out this fall about my life in the Army and the experiences of the past few years. I also have my training in psychology and look forward to putting that to use—teaching and writing.

But the biggest thing I have to do is stay active in making the public aware of what must be done before it's too late. Something *has* to be done and there are a few men back from Vietnam who have decided that the way to make peace with themselves and to really do something for the country is by bringing all of this out in the open. It's something that has to be done. Not for vengeance, but so we can avoid the even greater recriminations that will occur if this country doesn't honestly face the questions raised by Vietnam—war crimes and the runaway military.

We can't afford to go on hating each other and covering up. If we do, the whole thing will just fester like an open wound. I think that Vietnam could, paradoxically, be a blessing. We can learn from it and change and go on to become an even greater country. So I'll try to do my part. You know, every now and then someone will ask me why I'm doing all this, implying that there's something in it for me, that I'm making a buck or enjoying the notoriety. I just tell them, "I'm doing this for the simplest reason in the world: because it happened." But the question isn't really why I'm doing it, but why all the others—who saw the same things and who feel the same way I do—aren't doing it, too.

"I think you're too old to marry my daughter. Would you consider taking my wife off my hands?"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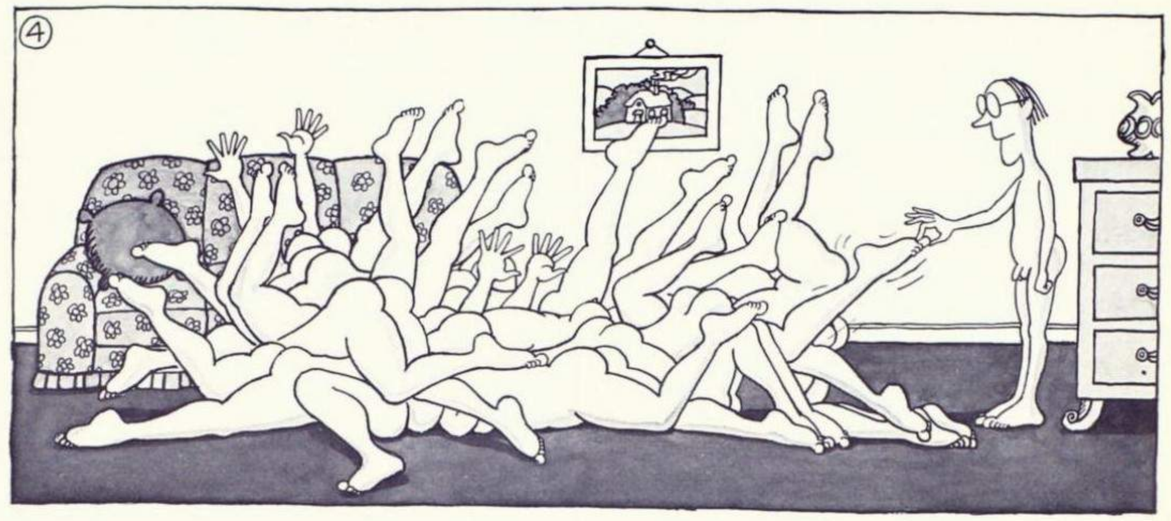
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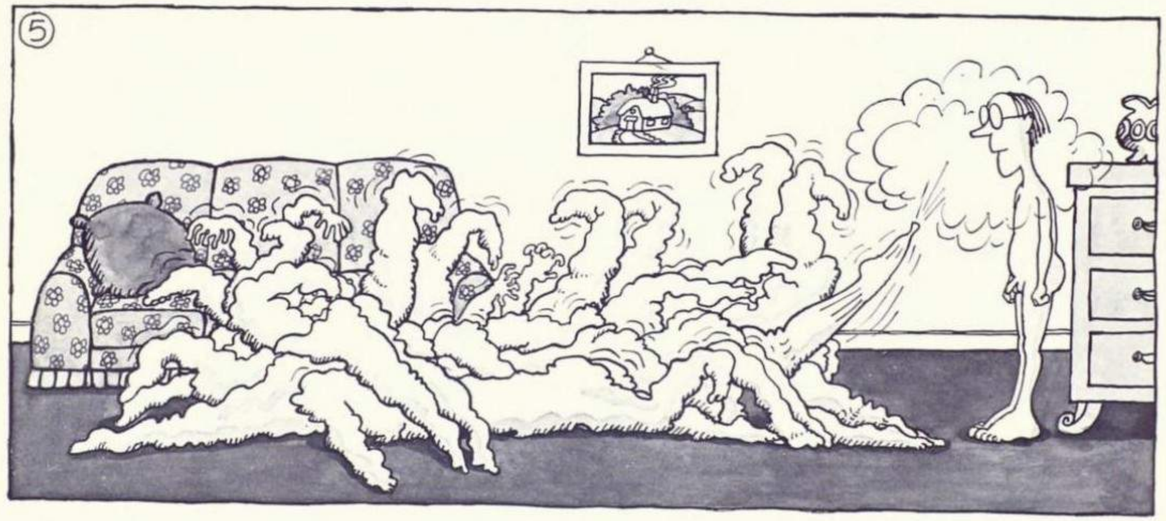
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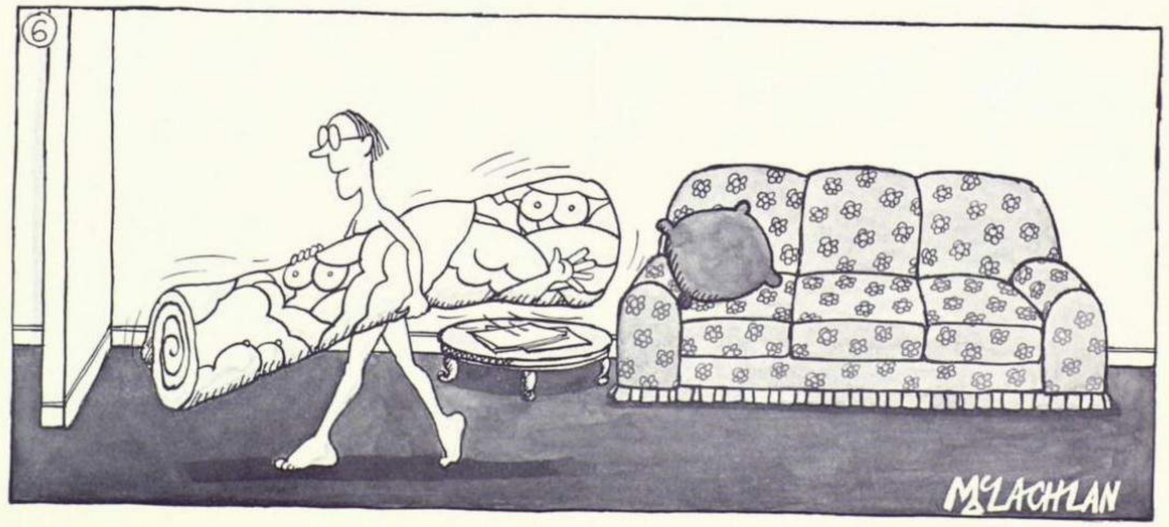
6
McLACHLAN

PLAYBOY FORUM

(continued from page 57)

Angeles and Professor Victor Rosenblum of the Northwestern University Law School.

2. Both the Rabbinical Alliance of America and the Rabbinical Council of the Syrian and Near Eastern Jewish Community in America have condemned abortion as legalized killing.

3. The Orthodox Church has called abortion "the killing of a human being with the right to life."

4. Over 800 doctors have signed a petition in New York State opposing the present liberalized abortion law.

If Ms. Smith thinks that abortion is supported by the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, I suggest she poll the members. The fact that a representative body voted in such a way does not mean its members agree.

Besides objecting to Ms. Smith's error, I found the tone of her letter offensive. Her attitude seems to be that if a Catholic does something to fight abortion he does it only because he's a Catholic. That's the same kind of reasoning that was used back when the fact that a robbery was committed by two black men was always included in the newspaper story.

Ms. Smith calls the phrase "killing babies" an emotional reference, implying that it's therefore invalid as a point of argument. But that is precisely the point of this whole issue: Abortion *is* killing babies. Medical science has proved the fetus to be a unique individual, and to think otherwise, to deny that the union of egg and sperm is a human, is medieval.

Finally, Ms. Smith dredges up the hoary argument that Catholics should not impose their views on everyone else. As a Catholic, I oppose war, racism, the prison system and murder. May I not "impose" these "prejudices" on everyone else? The denial of rights to many classes of people is most surely the concern of all.

James Breig
East Greenbush, New York

ABORTION CONFUSION

I am constantly amazed by the ingenuity with which people can fabricate arguments to justify almost any unconscionable position. For example, consider Dr. Roberts Rugh's incredible letter on abortion (*The Playboy Forum*, April), in which he states that no layman could differentiate between a two-month-old human fetus and a similar-age fetus of any of several other animals. From this, he concludes that "To say that this organism is a human being and therefore to conclude that abortion is murder is ridiculous."

It is quite irrelevant whether or not a layman—or a trained scientist, for that matter—can, with the naked eye, make the distinction to which Dr. Rugh refers. An examination by electron microscope of the structure of cell chromosomes and genes in a newly conceived human zygote reveals beyond any doubt the unmistakable stamp of humanity.

Just for argument's sake, let's assume that the life developing in a woman's womb is not yet human. Then the problem is to determine at what point this entity becomes human and shares in human rights. I am confident that no one can answer that question, nor does anyone have infallible criteria for making the determination. Thus, even if a fetus is not human from the moment of conception, the doubt about the point at which it becomes human means that every abortion runs the risk of destroying a human being.

Dr. Rugh is a prime example of a person who distorts and/or ignores reality when forming an opinion and who has sold out to the trends of the times.

Mrs. Philip A. Gonzales
Portland, Oregon

Dr. Rugh's observation was made in response to those who believe, with Dr. Bart T. Heffernan ("The Playboy Forum," January), that displaying pictures of fetuses constitutes some sort of argument against abortion. Such photographs, often used for anti-abortion propaganda, are less impressive when one realizes that they might as well be pictures of a mouse, chicken or turtle embryo. Of course, an expert could tell them apart, but the fact that they're so undeveloped that it would require an expert with instruments to identify the species is a good reason for maintaining that this organism is not yet a human being.

Determining at what point the fetus "becomes human and shares in human rights" becomes a problem only if you think the answer could be found by scientifically examining the fetus. It's not that kind of question, though; it's a question of making a value judgment. Such a determination is made on the basis of one's feelings, among other things, about the relative value of a woman's life versus that of a fetus's. We realize that others may disagree with the judgments made by the women who obtain abortions and the doctors who perform them. But we also feel that those who support elective abortion reach their convictions out of a sincere concern for the quality of human life.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues related to "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

Sex and The Single Priest

(continued from page 108)

back. She could be something other than a neuter, as long as that something was a little boy.

Yet nuns often survived their training better than priests—remained more human, more spontaneous and loving. They were saved by another Catholic prejudice—the view that women are basically emotional, not capable of much reason. The priest, by contrast, had a specific duty and ability to "rise above" the emotional life. He was (or should have been) more a creature of reason, and he had more occasions of danger. The nun could stay in her convent, but the priest had to go out into the world—to deathbeds for the last sacraments, to banks for the parish mortgage. Yet even this mobility was felt as a dangerous traffic with the secular. A success in the priesthood was the man who could work his way toward isolation—up the hierarchic rungs to that large office where a bishop could be all alone with his ledgers.

The priest's own instincts fit in with those of many Catholic laymen, who rejoiced in the fact that priests were aloof and different. "We would not respect priests so much if they were just like us." That judgment was betrayed by its selective character. A priest could be "just like us" in enjoying food or sports or pets. Despite the fact that Irish Catholics have suffered a good deal for their love of the bottle, Catholics have not expected their priests to set an example of abstinence in this regard. They can be just like others in most weaknesses—in all of them, actually, except one. If they resemble them by "indulging in" sex, they lose their respect.

Why are we allowed to respect doctors and lawyers, Presidents and Senators, Protestant ministers and Jewish rabbis without demanding that they be separated from their sexuality? Where priests are concerned, we were told that having no family would make a man more open and caring. If that were true, then we should require celibacy from the President, who has his hand on the nuclear-destruct button and needs all the humanitarian inhibitions we can place upon him. But of course it is not true. The reason Catholics admired celibacy in their priests was simple—they still believed, despite formal professions to the contrary, that sex, though not quite evil, somehow sullies, makes a person subtly contaminated or second-rate. The married person is allowed sex—a minimum amount, anyway; enough to beget children and blunt concupiscence—as a concession to weakness. The better way is that of the priest, who is "above all that"—an attitude expressed whenever women said they could not go to confession to a married priest (one not neuter, above all that, a nonman).

Thus Catholics were sorted out into first-class (priests and nuns) and second-class citizens (the married laity), with an unrecognized group of resident aliens (the unmarried laity). It was unfortunate that the debate on states of life began at all, and doubly unfortunate that it drew on the Aristotelian idea of perfection as self-sufficiency.

The religious life of the three vows became the state of perfection (martyrs, since they were considered perfect, became first-class citizens *honoris causa*, even if they had been married). Other celibates, those without the formal profession of vows, were lower in the scale of things—priests outside the religious orders or pious widows, too old to take the vows, leading a single life of dedication to God (widows were also "above all that"). But widows fell back into the second-class category if they remarried. This second stratum was a different world as far as merit was concerned: The great class distinction was given a spurious Biblical sanction by sharply dividing Christ's commands from his counsels. Hard sayings such as "Turn the other cheek" or "Become a stranger to father and mother" or "Go and sell all and give to the poor" were held to be additions to the minimal course that could be steered to salvation. The "ordinary" Christian strove for salvation—to scrape through, as it were. The more generous strove to live up to the full Gospel by *adding things onto* the preaching that made for salvation, obeying not only what Christ commanded but what he merely counseled.

The result was a professionalization of virtue: If one really did seek perfection, he would hardly do it in the second-class context. To get married was to admit you were not in the big race, not even in the running of the perfection stakes. Perfection came as a package deal—true poverty, chastity and obedience were all to be found together, in the religious life. Note the quiet assumption that chastity (sexual virtue) was synonymous with celibacy. Terrible misconceptions were bred by this set of norms: saintly Christian laymen feeling they could never practice the full Gospel—indeed, had no right to do so; lax priests and nuns feeling superior "by virtue of their state"; the reversal of all the Gospels' reversals—the last making themselves first; the idea of competitive virtue reintroduced after Christ had mocked it in his own roles of slave and clown and criminal, had said the kingdom was saved as a whole, not splintered into individuals.

Perhaps the worst injustice, in this systematized round of wrongs done to others and to oneself in the name of the Gospel, was embodied in this fact: The

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religion that gave such honor to celibacy was far more cruel than most to the unmarried laity. This, too, was a result of the professionalization of the counsels. If a person were seeking perfection, he would enter the state of perfection. If people were equally holy outside that state, what would happen to that state's claims, to all the prerogatives of professionals? Bachelors and old maids did not belong to the union. They had not chosen, had only been rejected—nobody wanted them. A nun was the pride of an old-fashioned Catholic family; an old maid was its shame.

It should be clear by now that all the arguments for institutionalized celibacy are dodges and deceits. The Church's problem lay in its double heritage, a Hebrew tradition firmly rooted in the goodness of the Creator and His gifts ("It is not good that the man is alone") and a classical tradition insistent on the body-soul dualism, treating the body as enemy and encumbrance. Some young Catholics have rediscovered the bias against sex in early Christian Fathers and treated it with a judgment as ahistorical as the blanket approval of all patristic texts. We get endless replays, now, of the idea that Saint Augustine laid down repressive rules for the Church out of his own guilt-ridden past and half-shed Manichaeism. But anything he said against sex can be topped by even the most casual reading in late classical authors or early Christian heretics. Augustine's importance, in this context, lies not where he echoed the culture but where he opposed it—opposed the Platonizers by saying this life is properly imperfect, even in its Christian sectors; opposed the Manichaeans by saying marriage is a good in itself (though not the highest one); opposed those who, like Tertullian, said men should not bring children into this imperfect state of trial; opposed the prejudices against bastards by lavishing praise and love on his son (defiantly named God's Gift); and opposed those who were critical of his "confessions" as too frank about sex.

Over against his background and environment, Augustine was on the side of life—and that is the point: There is cultural struggle, all the way, in man's attitude toward sex. The ahistorical mind cannot take this in. It strives for *one* rule, a perduring thing, one discerned from earliest to latest times, dimly or clearly grasped but always there. Such a predisposition to changelessness is destructive wherever we find it, but nowhere more so than in dealing with sex—where, as Chesterton said, we are all a little mad, and those maddest who think they are most rational. There is always clash and tension in the charged area of sex. Those who deny this by saying it is all a blessing are as idiotic as those who think of it only as a curse. The Catholic Church, in trying to deny such contradictions, has been forced in an eminent way to embody them: All its formulas say sex is good, the Creator's gift, while all its instincts and many of its actions say just the opposite.

The whole Church teaching went astray when two virginities were misinterpreted—that of Jesus and that of his mother. The Hebrew world was as harsh on unmarried people of its day as has been any Catholic community of the past—a common prejudice in tribes seeking perpetuity of lineage. Why, then, are Mary and Jesus presented in the Gospels as virgins? Bible scholars argue that the virgin birth can be interpreted only in conjunction with the schematic genealogy of Jesus, as a balance of continuity against discontinuity. Jesus was the heir of David, fulfiller of the kingly dreams, yet not in the line of expected hopes. He fulfills unexpectedly (his kingdom not being of this world) and represents a new departure, a beginning; a birth as unindebted to the past as Adam's own. He is both the heir of David and the canceler of David's line, of all earthly hopes of power: the heir of Adam and his own Adam —second Adam, man returning to God, as the first Adam had come from Him. So, as the Spirit moved through an inchoate universe, to call Adam up in abrupt creative act, the Spirit once more moves over "virgin territory" to begin anew with another Adam. Mary is virgin not because she is "above all that"—though her likenesses in the modern age have been as vague about breasts and hips as those of a habited nun. She was virginal as the dust from which Adam came —innocent, as yet, of history; for history was about to be reversed.

Then what of the virgin Jesus? He did not "fall through woman," it is true —though *Genesis* does not have the misogynist and anti-sexual mind of this patristic interpretation of Adam's fall. Adam fell out of his self-sufficient isolation into human need—into the complex possibilities created by the existence of another person. He fell to his "own flesh," the rib that yearned outward and turned back wearing a different face, and he fell because it is not good for man to be alone. The fall was an escape from Aristotelian self-sufficiency into history and mutual need. Adam is the sacrament of the beginning, mere promise; he could not be more. Jesus is a sign of the end, of the Gospel's disturbance of ordinary life, and of Christianity's union with Jesus in that "last time" he lives.

That is the Gospel message, one very far from Catholics' feeling that an ideal mother (e.g., Mary) would not actually, well, spread her legs; do *that*; take that thing into her, even for the noble purpose of producing *me*. (Sure, Mom's all right, she couldn't help it—it's the price of original sin, there's no other way anymore. But if only Adam hadn't fallen, then she could have been a mother and still have been as pure as Mary.) And the Gospel message is very far from the claim that anyone who wants to follow Jesus must be a virgin like Jesus. One can no more *be* Jesus (shouldering expensive tombstones down all over Catholic cemeteries on the third day after burial) than one can *be* Adam and draw a woman from one's ribs. The sign is, in both cases, a *sign*, a teaching —something pointing outward to fact, not contained in itself for itself.

Only once in the four Gospels does Jesus seem to call men to celibacy (*Matthew* 19:12) as "eunuchs for the sake of the kingdom of heaven"—and that passage has probably been as badly misinterpreted as the Onan story in the Old Testament. A number of modern scholars have returned to Clement of Alexandria's understanding of the verse, which involves no reference to celibacy (see Q. Quesnell, *Catholic Biblical Quarterly*, 1968, and Harvey Cox, *For Christ's Sake*, PLAYBOY, January 1970). Otherwise, Scripture contains only Paul's commendation of virginity to the Corinthians (*I Corinthians* 7)—and even there, he makes it clear that "I have no commandment of the Lord." He writes in the very shadow of the final crisis (the "impending calamity," in which "our time is a contracted one"). Out of the urgency of his own preaching activities before the end of the world, he recommends that no one bother to change his state in life—not slaves, not the married / *nor* the unmarried. "Let every man remain in the calling in which he was called." Why set up household in a crumbling world? Paul writes on the run, calling others to come with him if they can—there is so much to be done before the end.

When the expectation of an immediate end to the world disappeared, Paul's norms had to undergo a change. Men thought in terms of greater permanence, while adapting the idea of "the last time" to new uses. Is there a place for celibacy in a last time so reinterpreted?

Some think so—including two radical priests, Philip Berrigan and his brother, Daniel. They have seen single nuns and priests risk jail with easier minds than some who would be leaving spouses and children behind. Indeed, so critical have they been of the modern family—as a "sitting duck for the state"—that some think they are trying to limit the full Gospel once more, set up another clerical monopoly on it. I think this is a misunderstanding of their criticism. As Dan Berrigan puts it, the family is weak insofar as it meshes with other institutions as part of the suicidal working of our system: "The middle class breeds kids to become social engineers, the poor breeds kids to kill—and their progeny stays in conflict with each other and supports the state." The answer is not for everyone to go off to seminaries—for the institutional church is also engaged with the system, and it uses celibacy not to invite risk but to minimize it. The Gospel can be received by those in any state of life, as Saint Paul emphasized—and certain things (including the comatose family) can be changed only from within. But it is probably true that no change will occur without those who take special risks, wage a special kind of war upon the world. In Berrigan's words, "With regard to most of our fellows in church and state, both my brother and I are really dead men. It makes no sense not to start with that fact. We have no stake in church or state, as currently in evidence; their aims, their values, their mutual transfusions of comfort. We have said no to it all."

This kind of lonely no said to the system has nothing to do with mass-produced eunuch-servants to the Church bureaucracy. It is a way of going, individually, out to an edge of hyperawareness and risk, signifying in one's own breakaway—the most radical rejection of this order's living death. It is a highly personal way of being "dead men" to bring life back into the world, thinking in terms of ultimates, an ending to our whole scheme of things. Religious celibacy, to be justified at all, must be a radical, exceptional, exceedingly private choice related to crisis. To make of it a taming institutional device is to mock the spirit of freedom for which it should stand. Most priests, like the rest of us, have not gone far enough into danger to say, with Daniel Berrigan, "We have jail records, we have been turbulent, uncharitable, we have failed in love for the brethren, have yielded to fear and despair and pride often in our lives. Forgive us. We are no more, when the truth is told, than ignorant beset men, jockeying against all chance, at the hour of death, for a place at the right hand of the Dying One."

"That's the difference between just a politician and a real statesman."

THE SILVER BULLET

(continued from page 122)

Roy was back in the kitchen, preparing the bag lunches; at the end table in the far left corner of the room, a single customer was getting drunk. Jones was pulling his own lunch out of the kitchen window with his back to the door. When he turned and saw that it was Willis standing by the bar, he smiled and asked, "A born fool, hey?"

R. V., looking especially mean, came up to the bar and stood beside Willis. Jones sighed, laid the plate on the bar and dropped both hands out of sight. "How much this place earn in a week?" R. V. demanded. He had puffed out his cheeks and chest, so that he now looked like a bearded Buddha.

"We eat steady," Jones told him, still smiling.

Bertha Roy looked out at them from the kitchen, her sweating face screwed up in puzzlement.

R. V. sighed, intimating ruffled patience. "A fat mouth make a soft ass, brother," he said to Jones.

"What you boys want?" Bertha called from the kitchen. Her voice sounded like a bark.

"Tend your pots, Momma," R. V. called to her. Then he said to Jones: "How much?"

"You better get on out," Jones told him.

Willis, standing beside R. V., tried to look as mad. But his cheeks could not hold as much air, and without a beard, he did not look as imposing.

"Now, listen here, brother," R. V. said to Jones. "As of this minute, I declare this joint nationalized. Every dollar come in here, the community get back twenty-five cents, less three cents for tax. Every plate of food pass over that counter, the community get ten percent of the profit, less two cents tax. Paying-up time is Friday mornings, before noon. You can play ball or close down now."

"Can I ask who go'n do the collecting for the community?" Jones asked, his voice humble.

R. V. snapped his fingers twice. Willis moved in closer to the bar. "This here's our certified community collector vis-à-vis this bar," R. V. announced. "Treat him nice. And when he come in here on Friday mornings, you *smile*."

"Why wait for Friday?" Jones asked. "I'll smile right now." And he raised his hands from under the bar. He was holding a 12-gauge shotgun. "See how wide my jaws are?" he asked. "I'm smiling so much my ass is tight. Now, what about yours?" And he lifted the gun and backed off for range.

"Let's go, man," Willis said to R. V. He was already moving toward the door.

But R. V. did not move. He held up one long finger and began to wave it at Jones. "A bad move, brother," he said.

"Why don't you boys go on home!" Bertha Roy called from behind Jones. "You oughtta be *shame* of yourselfs!"

"Bertha, you don't have to tell them nothin'," Jones said over his shoulder. "They'll be goin' home soon enough."

Willis was already at the door. He did not mind being the first one out, but then, he did not want to leave without R. V. "Let's go, man," he called from the door.

"Tomorrow's Thursday," R. V. said to Jones, ignoring Willis. "We'll be in to inspect the books. And remember, if you get any ideas about disrupting the progress of our dynamic here, there'll be some action, vis-à-vis *you*." Then he turned sharply and walked toward Willis at the door.

The drunk over in the corner lifted his head from the table and peered after them.

"You boys need a good whippin'," Bertha Roy called.

Jones just watched them go, smiling to himself.

• • •

That night, Willis went into Stanley's pool hall and told Dewey Bivins what had happened. He explained that since R. V. Felton and his organization had taken over, there would be a guaranteed cut of 12 percent for him, Willis, every Friday. And since he had decided to join up with the Henry Street guys, rather than with R. V., this would mean a weekly income of from $20 to $30 for the gang. He said that he envisioned new uniforms for the guys, better equipment and a growing slush fund for more speedy bail bonding. But Dewey did not seem to share his enthusiasm. He laid his cue on the table, frowned and asked, "Who is these guys, anyhow? They don't live round here. This here's *our* territory."

Willis tried to explain, as concretely as possible, the purposes of the organization. And though he made a brave effort to repeat, word for word, the speech that R. V. had given him, he could tell that without the hand movements, it sounded uninspiring. In fact, Dewey said as much even before Willis had finished. "That's bullshit!" he said, his

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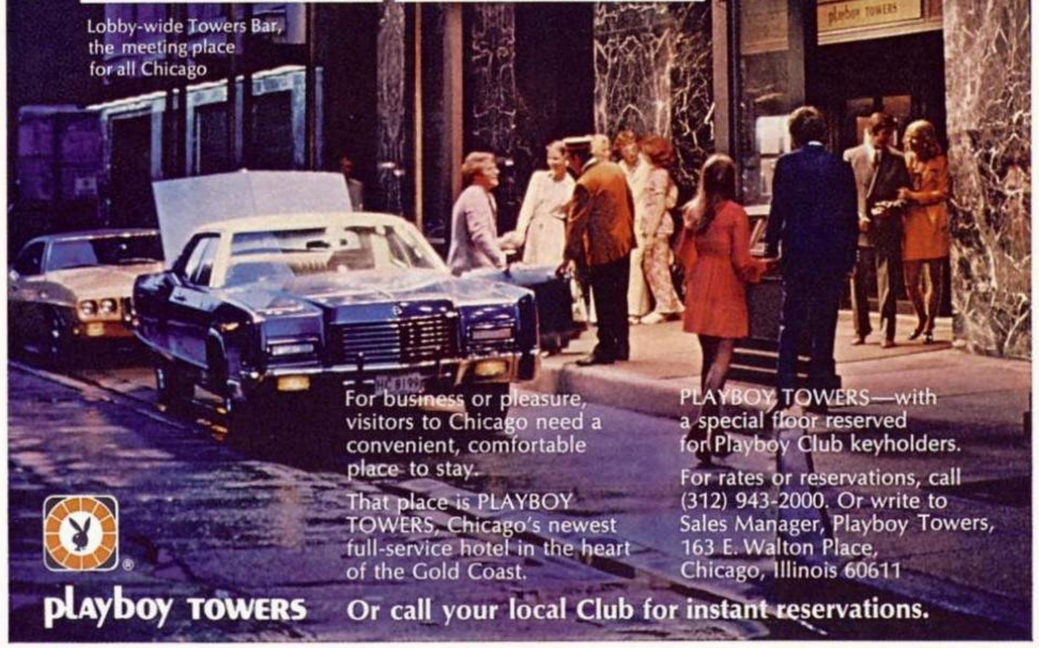

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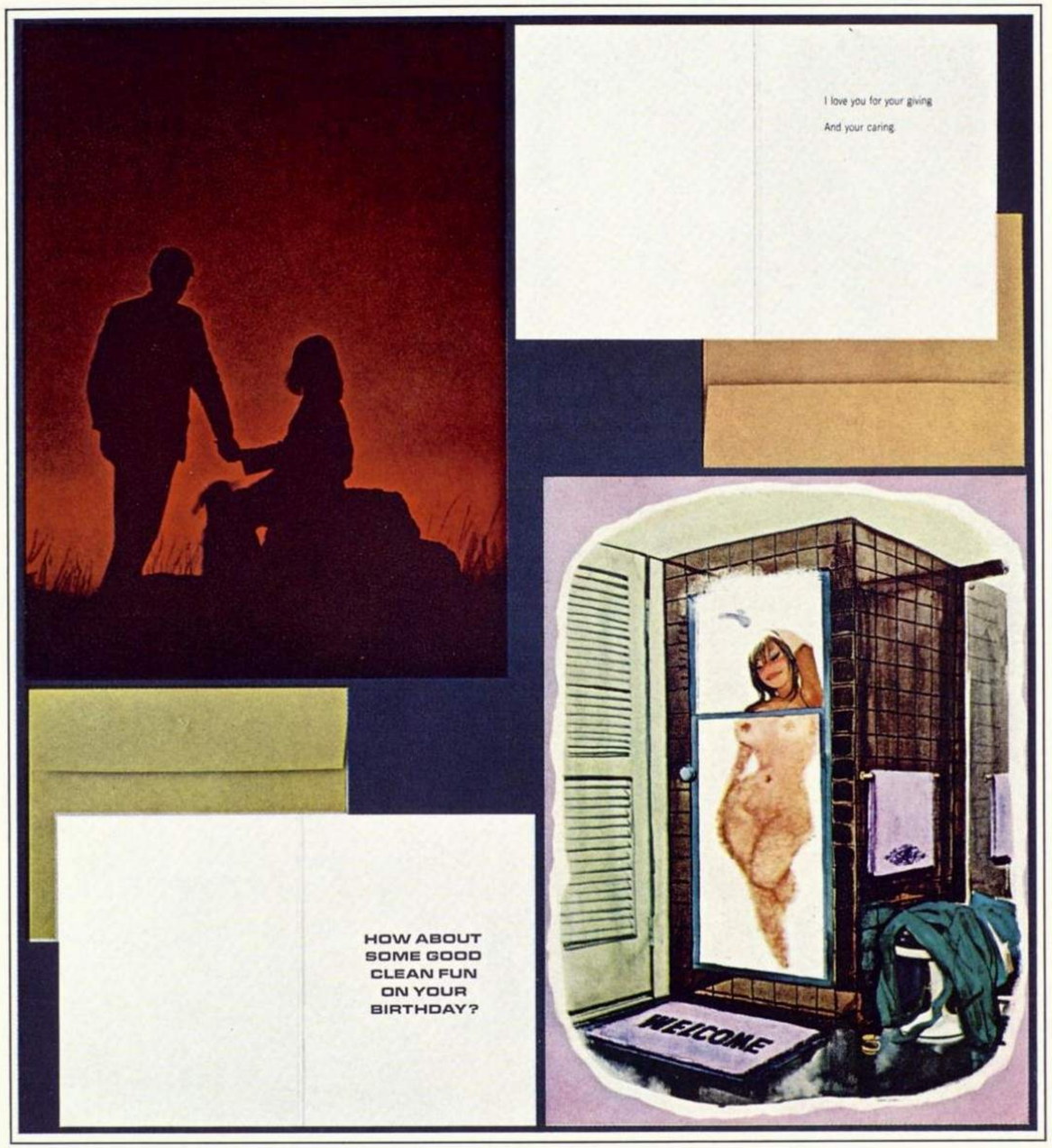

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face going tight. "They ain't go'n pull that kind of shit round here. Any naturalizin' that's done, *we'll* be doin' it!"

"Nationalization," said Willis.

"And we'll be doin' it, not them phonies."

"But then I'll be in trouble," Willis explained. "These guys have already taken over the job. If I let you take it from them, they'll be after *me*."

"That's your problem," Dewey said, his eyes showing a single-mindedness. "You wanna be with them or us? Remember, we live round here. If you join up with them, the West Side ain't go'n be far enough away for you to move." He allowed a potent pause to intervene, then asked. "Know what I mean?"

Willis knew.

• • •

The following morning, he waited outside the barbershop across the street from Slick's. He smoked, walked up and down the block several times, then got into a throw-to-the-wall game with the boy who worked in the shop. He lost 17 cents, and then quit. The boy went back into the shop, shaking the coins in his pocket. Willis waited some more. He had planned to go in with the group that arrived first; but as the wait became longer and longer, he began to consider going in alone and apologizing to Jones for the whole thing. He decided against this, however, when he saw Bertha Roy leaving to deliver the lunch bags. The place seemed unsafe with her gone.

Finally, a little after two, R. V. Felton and another fellow drove up in a dark-blue Ford. R. V., behind the wheel, was wearing green sunshades. He double-parked and kept the motor running while his man got out and went into Slick's. Willis crossed over and leaned against the car. R. V. was looking especially mean. He looked at his reflection in the rearview mirror, and then looked at it in the side mirror. Willis waited patiently. Finally, R. V. said, "We talked it over. Six percent for you."

"You said twelve!" Willis protested.

"Six," R. V. said. "This here's a small dynamic. Besides, I had to cut Aubrey in on your share. You'll get twelve, maybe more, when you line up some more of these blights on the community."

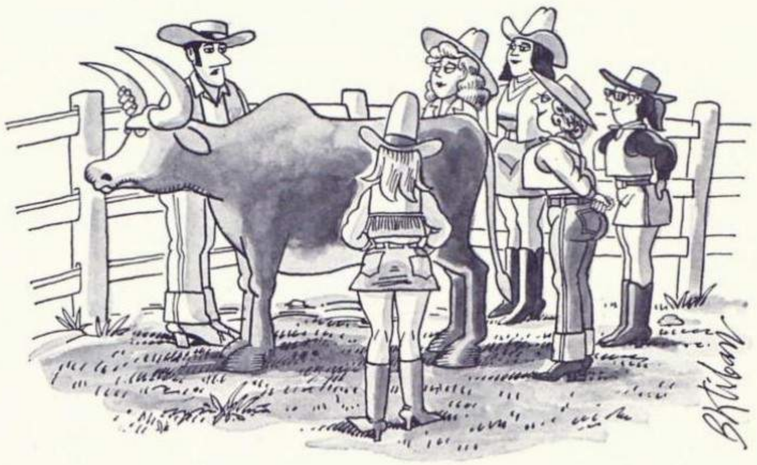
"I don't wanna get involve no more," Willis said.

"I figured that. That's why it's six."

Willis was about to make further protests when Aubrey came back to the car. He opened the door on the curb side, leaned in and said, "R. V., you better come on in, man. That dude done pull that heat agin."

"Aah, fuck!" R. V. said. But he got out of the car, pushing Willis aside, and followed Aubrey into the bar. Willis entered behind them.

Jones was standing behind the bar, holding the shotgun.



"No, ma'am . . . the reason we call them longhorns is up at this end."

"You want some trouble, brother?" R. V. asked.

"There ain't go'n be no trouble," Jones said.

"Then let's have them books."

"We don't keep no books," Jones said.

"A strange dynamic," R. V. said, pulling on his beard. "Most strange."

Jones cradled the gun butt against the bend of his right arm. "And here's somethin' stranger," he said. "If I was to blast your ass to kingdom come, there wouldn't be no cops come through that door for at least six hours. And when they come, they might take me down, but in the end, I'd get me a medal."

Now R. V.'s lips curled into a confident grin. He shook his head several times. "Let me run something down for you, brother," he said. "First of all, we are a nonprofit community-based grassroots organization, totally responsive to the needs of the community. Second"—and here he again brought his fingers into play—"we think the community would be very interested in the articulation of the *total* proceeds of this joint vis-à-vis the *average* income level for this area. Third, you don't want to mess with us. We got the support of college students."

"Do tell," Jones said. "Well, I ain't never been to college myself, but I can count to ten. And if you punks ain't down the block when I finish, that street out there is gonna be full of hamburgermeat." He braced his shoulder and lifted the gun. "And one last thing."

"You better say it quick, then," R. V. told him.

"I'm already way past five."

Willis, backing off during the exchange, had the door almost open when it suddenly rammed into his back. Before he could turn around, Dewey Bivins and Chimney Sutton pushed him aside and stepped into the room. As Sutton pushed the door shut again and leaned his back against it, Willis glimpsed Bertha Roy, her face a frightened blur, moving quickly past the window and away down the block. He turned around. Dewey, a tight fist pressed into either hip, stood surveying the room. Both he and Sutton were in full uniform, with purple berets and coffee-colored imitation-leather jackets. Dewey swung his gaze round to Willis, his eyes flashing back fire. Alphaeus Jones, still in the same spot behind the bar, held the gun a bit higher.

"Who are these dudes?" R. V. asked Willis.

Willis, trying to avoid Dewey's eyes, said nothing.

"Who the hell are *you*?" Dewey asked.

"Nine," Jones said.

Willis was still trying for the door. But Sutton moved up behind him, forcing Willis to edge almost to the center of the room.

Dewey walked closer to R. V. "Where's the money?" he demanded.

R. V. began to stroke his beard again. He looked more puzzled than mad. "Brother," he said, "there's some weird vibrations in here. What we need now is some unity. Think of the ramifications that would evolve from our working together. This here's a large community. The funds from this one joint is pure chicken shit compared to the total proceeds we could plow back into community organizations by combining our individual efforts into one dynamic and profound creative approach."

"Yeah?" asked Dewey, his head cocked to the side.

R. V. nodded, looking less puzzled. "Our organization, for example, is a

legitimate relevant grass-roots community group," he said, making hyphens with his downturned fingers. "We have been able to study the ramifications of these here bloodsucking community facilities. We have the dynamic. You have the manpower. Together we can begin a nationalization process——"

"You a naturalizin' lie!" Dewey screamed. "*We* the only group operate round here. You better take that bullshit over to the *Conchos*."

"Let's git 'em," Chimney hissed, moving forward and pounding on his fist.

Jones grinned and raised the gun.

The room tensed. Chimney and Dewey stood close together, almost back to back. Similarly, Aubrey inched closer to R. V. and both stood facing Chimney and Dewey, their backs to Jones. Eyes narrowed in assessment, hands began to move toward pockets, fingers twitched. Dewey turned to Willis, standing near the door. "Which side *you* on?" he asked through his teeth. Without answering, Willis began to move toward the center of the room.

"Hey, Alphee!" someone said.

They all looked. A man was coming through the door. "Hey, Alphee," he said again, seemingly unaware of the fury he had temporarily aborted, "a cop out there writin' a ticket on that car that's double-parked. The owner in here?" He walked past the group and over to the bar, his face betraying no curiosity.

"Could be," Jones told him, now lowering the gun. "But you know how these big-time businessmen can fix tickets."

The man smiled, then, in the same loud voice, asked, "What you doin' with that gun, Alphee?"

"Fixing to swat some flies," Jones answered.

Now the man turned and looked at the five in the middle of the room. "Them?" he asked, nodding his head as he surveyed the faces.

Jones smiled. "That's right."

The man smiled, too. He was dressed in a deep-green suit and starched white shirt open at the collar. "Which one's the big businessman, Alphee?" he asked, the suggestion of amusement tugging at the corners of his mouth.

"You got me," Jones said.

"Is it you?" the man asked R. V. "You the only one in here don't look like a bum."

"Lemme take 'em, R. V.," Aubrey said.

But R. V. didn't answer. He was obviously in deep thought.

Dewey and Chimney began to look troubled. Willis' mind was racing. He looked out the window. The cop was standing with his left foot on the bumper of the car, writing. He began to wish that Bertha Roy would come back or that the cop would finish quickly and then go away.

"Now, a *real* businessman," the man was saying to no one in particular, "he would own him at least six cops, a city councilman, one and a half judges and a personal letter from the mayor. He wouldn't have to worry about one little old cop writin' a ticket." He paused and the smile left his face. "You own anything like that?" he asked R. V.

"Let's go, man," R. V. said to Aubrey in a low voice.

The man walked over and slapped R. V. across the face. "You own anything like that?" he asked again, his voice suddenly dropping the hint of amusement.

R. V. stiffened and drew back his fists. The man slapped him again. "What you wanna do that for?" R. V. whimpered.

"Floor the mother!" Dewey said. "He come in here tryin' to take over."

The man turned to Jones. "Who's that?" he asked.

"Some of them punks that hang out on Henry Street."

"Get out," the man said to Dewey.

"For what?" Dewey asked. "We on *your* side."

"No you ain't," the man said. "Now, get out before I change my mind."

Dewey and Chimney headed for the door. Willis followed them.

"Not you," the man called after Willis. "You with these other businessmen, ain't you?"

Dewey turned at the door. "Yeah," he said, malice in his voice, "he ain't wearin' our uniform."

"I told you to get out," the man called.

"You go'n let him talk that way?" Chimney asked Dewey.

"Shut up!" Dewey hissed at him, an unfamiliar fear in his eyes.

Willis watched them go out the door. He felt trapped. Now there was only Bertha to hope for. Through the window, he could see that the cop had already left the car. Turning to the room, he saw R. V. and Aubrey standing unnaturally straight, like mechanical toys. R. V.'s lips were pushed out, but now the mean look had been replaced and R. V. was sulking like a little boy. The man stood at the bar, seemingly engaged in some private conversation with Jones. But after a few seconds, he turned to R. V. again. "Alphee, here, says I should just let you fellows go. He got a good heart and don't want to see you boys in any more trouble." Then he hit R. V. again, this time a quick, hard blow with his fist. R. V. screamed as the knuckles thudded into his face. "Waste him, Aubrey!" he moaned, his face turning deep brown.

But Aubrey did not move. He was looking past the man. Willis looked, too, and saw Jones holding the shotgun again and smiling. "Ten," Jones said.

R. V.'s head fell. He backed off, roughly pushing Aubrey aside. "You go'n be sorry you done that," he muttered, fighting to contain his rage. "We got——"

"Give the boys a beer before they go, Alphee," the man said.

"Let 'em pay," Jones said, following R. V. with the gun.

The man smiled. "Just a regular businessman, huh?"

"We don't want nothin' from here," Aubrey said. R. V. was standing behind him, nursing his face. He didn't say anything.

"Then take that dummy out of here," Jones ordered.

R. V. and Aubrey slowly moved toward the door. Again, Willis followed.

"Not him," Jones said. "He been in here three times already. I want to make sure he don't come back."

Willis stopped. The two others went on out, R. V. pausing only long enough at the door to say, "You ain't seen the last of our dynamic," and to shake his fist vengefully.

"Punks," Jones said.

Now Willis stood alone, frightened and frozen, eager to be going, too. He faced the man. "I didn't know," he said, his voice little more than a tremble.

"Know what?" the man asked in a softer tone.

"That this place was covered by the rackets."

The man laughed. He closed his eyes and kept the laugh suppressed in his throat. He laughed this way for almost a minute. "You hustlers kill me," he said at last. "All that big talk and you still think a black man can't have no balls without being in the rackets."

"I didn't know," Willis said again.

"Aah, *go on* and get out!" Jones said.

"Let him have a beer, Alphee," the man said, still containing his laughter.

"No," Jones said. "Go and get out. You give me a pain."

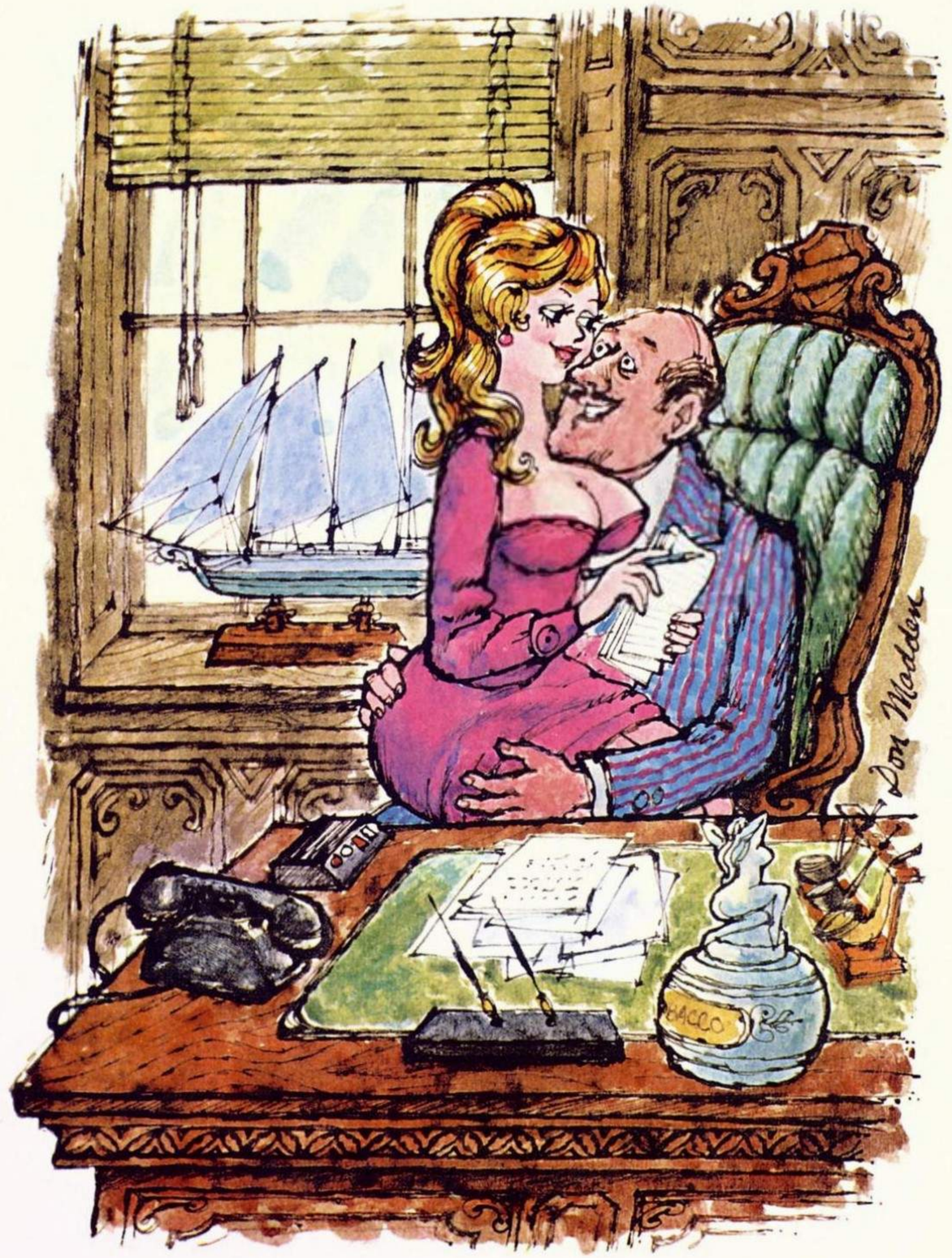
"They just young," the man told Jones.

"The hell with that," Jones said.

Willis moved toward the door. Any moment he expected them to call him back. But all he could hear as he moved was the jerking laughter coming up from deep inside the man as he made low comments to Jones. When he was going out the door, he heard Jones say, "Sure, I was young. But I ain't never been no *fool*."

Willis ran down the block. As he passed Martha's Beauty Salon, Bertha Roy saw him and raced to the door. "You!" she called after him. Willis turned. Bertha's face was stern and her eyes flashed. "Your momma oughtta give you a good whippin'," she said.

Willis pretended he had not heard and ran faster down the block.



"I like the way you're always on top of things, Miss Simpson."

Cause Without A Rebel

(continued from page 109)

off because Gardner goes around chanting his doleful quasi sermons, and it's probably also accurate to say that Common Cause has girded the loins of the timid taxpaying citizen in a fashion no other organization has done in recent years.

The worst mistake that one could possibly make would be to think of Gardner as a radical reformer. His philosophy has received the seal of approval of *Reader's Digest*, where nine of his speeches and essays have appeared in the past decade —seven more times than J. Edgar Hoover was chosen—and of *Fortune* magazine, which once admiringly published excerpts from two Gardner books it quite accurately described as "moral tracts."

The idea that the public should seize certain corporations horrifies him. Having been kept by the largess of the Carnegie riches for 19 years, Gardner puts much trust in America's "great families." He apparently believes in spreading political power evenly over the people (although he once said of the political process, "It is not essential that *everyone* participate. As a matter of fact, if everyone suddenly did, the society would fly apart!") as long as democracy is not equated with a more equitable distribution of money. When I suggested to him that the most necessary reform needed in this country is a redistribution of wealth, he became quite angry, ridiculed this as "one of those big round phrases that sound great" and eventually broke off our discussion by calling me "arrogant—and, if you don't mind my saying so, snotty."

One of Gardner's aides later explained that Gardner avoids talking about redistribution of wealth because "it does scare off some people who aren't sure if it's their wealth you're talking about."

There are certain people of considerable wealth whom he has indeed taken great pains not to frighten away, for they have helped keep him in business as a modest reformer since 1968. The two major do-gooding operations Gardner has headed are the Urban Coalition (along with its lobbying counterpart, the Urban Coalition Action Council) and Common Cause.

The Urban Coalition was generously bank-rolled by corporations such as those whose executives have served on the Urban Coalition board: Litton Industries, the Aluminum Company of America, the Chase Manhattan Bank, A. T. & T., Boise Cascade Corporation, General Motors Corporation.

And when he started Common Cause, he tapped the same kind of personal and corporate pockets—John D. Rockefeller III, John Hay Whitney, Arthur Krim, Sol Linowitz, the Watsons of IBM, Time Inc., Ford Motor Company, Norton Simon.

Like the true reformer, Gardner thinks he has a stronger character and purer heart than other men. He has said that politicians who seek an "alliance with the masses" may be just "power-hungry men"; but of course *he* wouldn't misuse Common Cause's mass alliance. Likewise, though he believes the corporate dollar corrupts politics, he also believes Common Cause is immune from such corruption. I asked how he can be so sure, but he didn't like the question. And when I asked if he did not in fact represent "the establishment," he became so irritated he refused to discuss it.

Of course he does represent the establishment. He's sort of the lay chaplain of *Fortune*'s 500. "Businessmen respect him, especially big businessmen," a close friend of Gardner's once said. "Maybe it's because the bigger the businessman is, the more idealistic he's apt to be." Maybe. And maybe they like him because they are convinced Gardner will never let his reform movement get out of hand. After all, he has always mingled easily and worked closely and sympathetically with the corporate world. He has served as a consultant to the Pentagon, helped put together the Rand Corporation's nonprofit System Development Corporation, served on the board of directors of such corporations as Shell Oil, American Airlines, Time Inc. and the New York Telephone Company.

Understandably, *Time* considered Gardner's sentiments worthy of being published as an essay in 1969 when he wrote of the Top People: "Contemporary critics often appear to believe that the smothering of individuality is a consequence of intentional decisions by people at the top. Right-wingers blame Government leaders, left-wingers blame corporate leaders. But the modern leader is always in some measure caught in the system. To a considerable degree, the system determines how and when he will exercise power. The queen bee is as much a prisoner of the system as is any other in the hive."

It wasn't clear, as is often the case with Gardner's essays and speeches, just what he was getting at. What system outside Government and the corporate

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NEW 10W-50
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Dear Customer: This coupon entitles you to one free quart of Shell Super X 10W-50 on your next oil change using this motor oil. Coupon to be signed and dated by you. Offer expires July 31, 1972, and void where restricted or prohibited by law.

Customer signature _____ Date _____

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Shell Dealer: Present signed coupons to your Shell Dealer/Jobber Representative by September 30, 1972. You will receive full wholesale price applied toward your next motor oil order.

P-7,

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world did he have in mind as the villain? Could it be some mysterious system originating with the Lower Classes?

If one were to judge Common Cause only from the list of "sample" members distributed by the organization's publicity office, one would have to conclude that nobody can get in unless his name has appeared frequently on the front page, society page, movie page or financial page. Everyone on the list is somebody: Mrs. Dean Acheson, Winthrop Aldrich, Hugh Auchincloss, Ralph Bellamy, S. I. Hayakawa, Fredric March, Gregory Peck, Dr. Jonas Salk. Well, you get the idea.

And from some of the names, one might wonder just how common a cause can get. There is Thomas ("Tommy the Cork") Corcoran, for example, one of Washington's best wheeler-dealer lobbyists, whose career reached a high point of sorts a few years back when a Congressional committee investigated the way he went about getting a natural-gas rate increase through the Federal Power Commission. And there is the gentleman so well remembered at Attica prison, Governor Nelson Rockefeller, whose idea of democracy is sometimes illustrated by running a highway through your front room and sometimes by withholding money from needy insane asylums. And there is Robert McNamara, whose efforts on behalf of international peace need no explanation here. (Remember, please, the officials of Common Cause—not I—have singled out these names for your special attention.)

But in fact the membership, like the hierarchy, is a mixture of the middle class and up. Balancing chairman Gardner at the top is president Jack Conway, an assistant to Walter Reuther for many years, an old labor organizer and a crafty lobbyist. And if the establishment-oriented membership is not exactly balanced by honest progressives, at least it is diluted, as will be shown later on.

No effort is made to disguise the elitist atmosphere that surrounds Gardner, an atmosphere to which he contributes with little anecdotes, such as one he told an admiring audience in Washington. It started out like this: "I remember once when I was walking down the waterfront in San Francisco—*not something I normally do*—and a limousine [not just a plain car] coming in my direction slowed down and a lady stuck her head out the window and said, 'Keep up the good work, Mr. Gardner!' "

Nice members appreciate those subtle assurances of good taste.

The Common Cause staff contributes its share to this atmosphere. In a press release about the visit of Wheelock Whitney, a prominent liberal Republican from Minnesota, to the Washington offices, the note of *noblesse oblige* was right on top: "[Whitney] was tremendously impressed. He did not have an appointment with Mr. Gardner, but Mr. Gardner met him and even gave him a personal tour of the office."

Until Gardner joined the Johnson Administration in 1965, he had led an almost cloistered life, broken only by a hitch behind a Marine Corps OSS desk during World War Two. For several years before the war he had worked quite happily in what he later described as "fine girls' colleges in sylvan glens"—Connecticut College for Women and Mount Holyoke College. Books were his favored entry to life. During his undergraduate days at Stanford University he dropped out with plans to become a fiction writer, but at the end of a year he decided he needed to understand people better in order to write about them. Others might think the best way to do this would be to travel or get the right kind of job or in some other way arrange to mix with people. Not Gardner; his solution was to return to Stanford's books and switch his major to psychology.

In 1946 he became an official and in 1955 the president of the Carnegie Corporation and the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. This was the life of a theoretician devoted to guessing what esoteric teaching projects deserved how much moola. For backing such ventures as the new math and the Russian Research Center at Harvard, Gardner was hailed by *The New York Times* as "the most powerful behind-the-scenes figure in American education."

If the reputation was deserved, it was obtained at a bargain price. As with most foundations, the benevolence of the Carnegie Corporation was marked by stinginess; it was worth more than $330,000,000, but under Gardner it was giving away only $12,000,000 of its tax-free dollars, or less than four percent, a year.

A foundation officer's ideas of the immediate problems of education are not

"Good morning—you may not know me, but I'm the Crown Prince of Cassel-Falstein, and last night I gave a ball. . . ."

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to be continued another day.
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and sort things out
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necessarily related to the outside world. There is no indication that Gardner was much interested in using the Carnegie power and prestige during the period when it was his to command—which spanned the era between the Supreme Court's *Brown* decision in 1954 and the first major civil rights legislation of the Johnson regime—to promote desegregated education.

In 1963, when 97.5 percent of the black children in the South still attended wholly segregated schools, Gardner spoke at the University of Georgia. Only two years before, two blacks had needed police protection to register there, and feelings were still inflammatory. Gardner urged the Georgia students to "keep your horizons wide," to "develop your potentialities," to "risk failure"—all admirable advice, no doubt, but nowhere in the speech (as preserved in *Reader's Digest*) does one find him alluding even vaguely to the most critical problem then confronting the students: racism. "If you want to get back to the source of your own vitality," Gardner counseled the Georgians, "to be refreshed and renewed, cut through the false fronts of life and try to understand which are the things that you really believe in and can put your heart into." Like white supremacy?

One must sympathize with his terrible isolation during this period. Even as late as 1965 he could write as though he were making a great discovery that "young people find that the moral precepts their parents have to offer are no longer relevant in a rapidly changing world." Gosh.

For 19 years Gardner was in the foundation icebox and then one day he was miraculously rescued by President Johnson, who pulled him out and made him his Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. It was a time of enormous growth in the department, with L. B. J. grinding another social-welfare or education program through Congress every other day and depositing it on Gardner's doorstep for implementation, and at least Gardner carried out his duties with dignity under great stress.

But once again it was a period in his life unmarked by exceptional leadership in the delicate area of race relations, although, of course, his education agency was expected to exert a pivotal influence. As his stay at HEW neared its end, he admitted, "If we had taken literally the language of the Civil Rights Act, which instructs us not to give Federal money to anyone who discriminates, we would have cut off a far greater number of school districts than we actually did." At the time he made that declaration of obvious lawlessness, HEW was withholding Federal funds from only 34 districts of the literally thousands that were refusing to comply with the civil rights law.

Gardner was in his early 50s (he'll be 60 next October) before he even went into the street, which is pretty late to get started and may partly account for his subsequent erratic course.

Today, like so many of the men who happily served L. B. J., Gardner denounces the war as the worst blight on our existence. As a result of it, he says, "the erosion of the spirit that we have experienced is beyond calculation." No such remarks were heard from him during the great escalation. He knew the kind of Administration he was coming into; the build-up had already started in Southeast Asia when he joined HEW.

Johnson used Gardner as a show horse in his Vietnam snow job, trotting him out to indicate that the Administration didn't really want to destroy Vietnam but to bring it health, education and welfare—as Gardner's presence was supposed to symbolize when, in February 1966, L. B. J. hauled him out of a sickbed and took him along for the meeting in Honolulu with South Vietnam's leaders. Apparently Gardner enjoyed being used in this fashion. His response to the trip was a breathless "God, it was exciting!"

When he left HEW in March 1968, there were speculations among his many journalist fans that he did so out of opposition to the L. B. J. war. But Gardner publicly denied it and he did not condemn the war until Johnson had left Washington.

Today one of Gardner's favorite themes is the disastrous callousness and unresponsiveness of the Federal Government. He pounds away at this in every speech. But when he was an important part of that same Government, he never made any such complaint. Early in 1971 he told *The New Yorker*, "What was borne in on me during my years in Washington is that we aren't going to solve any of our problems with the existing machinery." Later the same year he told me that his time at HEW had persuaded him how decayed some of our political institutions are.

One finds no trace in the printed record of his having felt this way at that time. As recently as 1969 he wrote condescendingly of dissenters who believe in the "old and naïve doctrine" that "corrupt and wicked institutions" have oppressed mankind.

The reason he has got by with this *ad hoc* hopping around without being caught is that he sticks to generalities—the vaguest sort of generalities—and avoids specifics like poison.

Assuming that he is now really convinced the machinery of Government is decadent, surely he should be able to supply an example of the decadence from his two years and eight months at HEW—which, next to the Department of Defense, has the biggest budget and the biggest waste factor and the biggest employee mess in the Federal Government. I asked him for just one example, one specific example. His response was, "The unholy trinity among a bureau chief and a lobbyist and a member of the Appropriations Committee. There are hundreds of them all over town. Little threesomes. Fellows who have gone fishing together for years. Their wives have played bridge together. They are part of a permanent invisible Washington. Their names are not known. They rarely make the headlines. But they've seen Presidents come and go, they've seen Secretaries come and go, and they determine a great deal of what actually goes through Congress with respect to their field. This is roughly the kind of relationship you might have among, say, the head of vocational education in the Office of Education, the American Vocational Association and a member of the Senate or House Appropriations Committee."

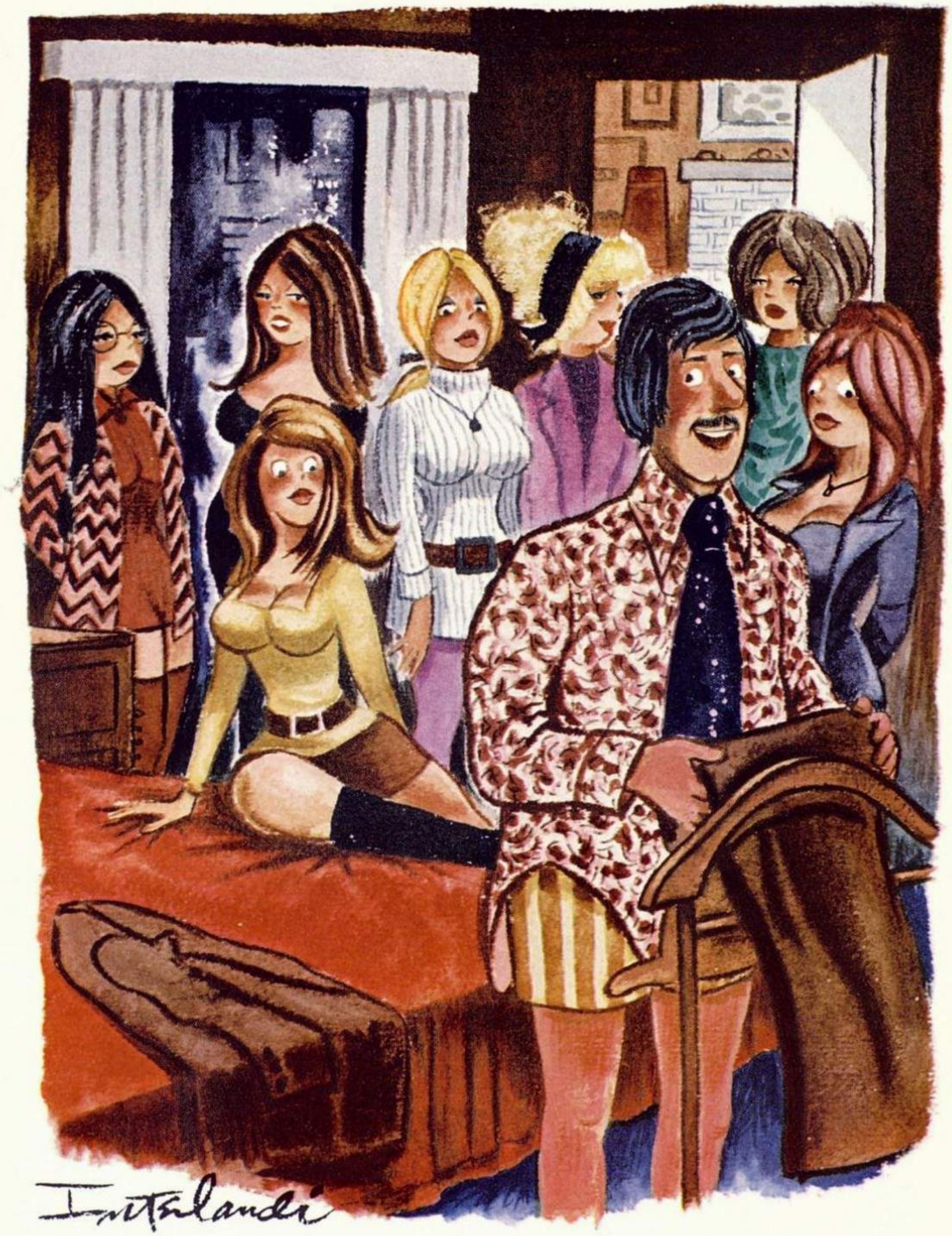
That's a colorful and totally believable premise—sneaky little threesomes—but how about one concrete example of their destructiveness while he was at HEW?

"Gee," he said with an apologetic seizure in his throat, "I could have given you a lot of examples [once upon a time], but it's faded now."

Incredible? Not really. To Gardner, life has been an unanchored, unballasted, gaseous romanticism. Sometimes there has not been a single sandbag hanging from his balloon, and things down below in the solid world of specifics are just too small to make out. Excelsior. A Higher Calling. On his way up he admonishes us to have faith in "justice, liberty, equality of opportunity, the worth and dignity of the individual, brotherhood, individual responsibility," and then, as if sensing that maybe we had heard of those things somewhere before, he hurries on to concede that these have little meaning unless translated into "down-to-earth" programs. But when he is asked to point out exactly what he has in mind, he squints at the receding earth below and, waving vaguely, equates all those airy concepts with "a decent job for everyone who wants one."

Such is the typical view from a Gardner balloon: that the ultimate of the faith he had been preaching, the purest expression of human existence, the highest aim of all his exhortations against "sterile self-preoccupation," comes down finally to something that the Employment Act of 1946, if enforced, could provide.

But a man with that outlook is highly valued in some quarters. So in 1968, with Detroit and Newark still smoking and with the powers that be afraid that this time the blacks might really be out for theirs, the Urban Coalition was



"You're probably wondering why I asked you all here tonight. . . ."

established and Gardner was put in charge of it. Concocted by big-city mayors, the standard labor leaders, the standard civil rights organizations and a representative covey of big businessmen, the Urban Coalition was supposed to have a tranquilizing effect. It was supposed to "establish a dialog," as they say.

Gardner's concept of how to proceed was captured in a speech he made in 1969 that went like this: "Our problems today—poverty, racial conflict, urban decay, archaic Government institutions, inadequate education, inflation, crime, air and water pollution, snarled transportation, and so on—are more complex and deep-seated than most Americans wish to recognize. But I want to talk about them not as problems *but as opportunities*."

The italics are mine, but the rest is pure Gardner. Fortunately the ghetto blacks weren't paying any attention or they would probably have switched from gasoline to napalm. He was full of that sort of thing. The confrontation of the races, he said, "will be resolved only by patient, determined efforts on the part of the great, politically moderate majority of whites and blacks through programs of education, job training, health care and social services." God. After nearly three years in HEW did he still think a few rinky-dink programs could fix up a place like Bedford Stuyvesant? Did he really think that health care could offset a city full of the kind of apartment buildings in which the upstairs toilet leaks into the downstairs kitchen sink?

Today, when he's peddling a lobby to the middle class, his objective is to cut through apathy, and so he talks occasionally in a semi-quasi-revolutionary way about how the ballot will never get the job done, as the system now stands. "If you could increase by ten percent or even 15 percent the number of first-rate people in Congress, it would be spectacular," he says. But if you did, so what? For "there would still be the oil lobby, the Congressional-military-industrial complex." Good people, he suggests, are swallowed by the system; they disappear into its reeky conflict-of-interest bowels and are never seen again.

That's his line now, and it may be an accurate one. But if it's accurate for the middle-class whites, who aren't expected to react with more vigor than to reach into their wallets and produce $15 for a C. C. membership, why wasn't it also accurate for the rioting blacks of the late Sixties? Gardner didn't see it that way. In those days his line was that first among the "long-tested, well-established procedures of a free society," the chief means by which "citizens make their influence felt" was—the ballot. Put down that brick, darky.

The Urban Coalition of that era was a flop, but not necessarily because of any failure on Gardner's part. Perhaps the failure could be traced to the fact that by the time he left it, most whites were fed up with blackish organizations and blackish needs. Whether or not Gardner diagnosed his problem that way, it is clear that Common Cause was set up to appeal to another class, the white middle and upper-middle and even wealthy class—the people whose daughters he had got along with so well as a professor, the people he had spent Carnegie Corporation money on, the people for whom he had held HEW to a program of gradualism. They were back in business together.

It was a brilliant step to take, a perfect marriage of talent and interests. The middle class was in despair. Yet it is also the center of whatever clout the people might have. No serious effort had ever before been made to organize it. And Gardner was just the man to launch the organization with respect.

No effort is made to disguise the predominant color. At Common Cause headquarters I was repeatedly told that if I really wanted to get a feel for the interplay between Gardner and his followers I should attend one of the "town-hall-type" meetings he has been holding around the country. A few weeks later there was a meeting in the Daughters of the American Revolution auditorium in Washington. On several notable occasions in the past the D. A. R. has refused to let Negro and antiwar artists perform in their hall. The ladies would have been pleased with the people who used their hall that evening. At first swing I could not see a single black face in the 2000 or so on hand; in a city whose population is 72 percent black, an all-white crowd of that size is rather unusual. Then I saw two black men in the first balcony, just at the edge of the stage. Obviously they wanted to hear everything. But as it turned out, their interest was not personal: They were reporters for *The Washington Post* and the Washington *Star*, ordered to listen.

The color and class on display that night constitute the strength of the citizen lobby, some of its leaders feel. C. C. president Conway says, "The thing about our members is they are where labor people aren't. The peculiar thing about our members is they are right smack in the middle of where the power in this country now resides—that's the suburbs, the areas surrounding the cities, in the small towns. Middle America." He said he had no idea how many blacks were among the membership, but conceded the obvious, that "until we're on issues that have a direct appeal to the blacks and browns and Indians and poor folks where they can see it, they're not going to join."

Unfortunately, Gardner's brilliant conception has not yet brilliantly achieved. Considering the lobby's immaturity, however, it has done OK. Perhaps its biggest problem was that during the first year and a half, it usually joined an issue too late to really make much difference (although Common Cause newsletters convey an entirely different estimate of its impact).

Gardner's lobby helped in the fight to change the Congressional seniority system, but as Richard Conlon, staff director of the House's Democratic Study Group, correctly recalled, "There was all kind of press to change the seniority system all year long—long before Common Cause got involved. They were not the prime movers. I think [the modest reform rules] would have gone through anyway, whether or not Common Cause had helped."

Common Cause lobbied against appropriations for the continued development of the supersonic transport (SST), and Senator William Proxmire, the ringleader of the opposition, has publicly given polite thanks. But staff members in Proxmire's office, to keep the credit in balance, point out that the critical vote to kill the SST occurred in December of 1970, at which time Common Cause wasn't even lobbying the issue. Gardner's crowd did recruit help for the vote in March 1971, which delivered the *coup de grâce* to the SST, but the momentum to that end had been building for a year—thanks to the lobbying drive of 15 public-interest organizations, coordinated at the end by Friends of the Earth. They, along with Proxmire, were the real heroes.

Unquestionably Common Cause was the most vigorous peace lobby in Washington throughout 1971, and although it failed (the vote was 254 to 158) to pass an amendment in the House to cut off funds for the Vietnam war by the end of the year, Gardner's lobbyists did win a number of unlikely converts among the ethnic hawks and established a more tangible antiwar mood than had ever before been created in the House.

Common Cause lawyers have been busy. In California they sued the state and forced it to let unmarried students vote where they were attending school rather than being required to vote at the home of their parents—a victory that helped one fifth of the nation's 18-to-21-year-old voters. And in the District of Columbia, Gardner's lawyers embarrassed both national parties by suing them to obey the campaign money laws.

A full and accurate appraisal of Common Cause's work to date, however, is impossible to make. For one thing, the lobby's bookkeeping is helter-skelter. It is a bit ironic. Gardner's standard theme is that "the two great weapons against the public interest are money and secrecy." He is constantly denouncing special interests for not telling the whole

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story about their lobbying activities. Yet the lobbying reports Common Cause files with the clerk of the House of Representatives, as required by law, leave much untold.

These reports show that Common Cause received $4,217,668.22 in dues and gifts in 1971 and spent $847,856.29. Does this mean the lobby came through the year with a surplus of more than $3,000,000? No, it only means this was all Common Cause spent to actually lobby on *Federal* legislation. Like all its public accounting, Common Cause's record of specific lobbying expenditures is spotty. Guessing from other known Common Cause executive salaries, David Cohen, the lobby's national field director—the fellow who pulls together any letter-writing campaign from the membership—must be earning at least $24,000, but the lobbying report shows that for the last three months of 1971 he was paid a total of only $1246 for his efforts to influence legislation at the Federal level.

A number of other key salaries either are also reported only in part or are ignored altogether. Common Cause president Conway's $45,000 salary is not listed. No salary is listed for Gardner and his aides say he doesn't receive one, surviving instead on income from lecturing and from stock-market profits. Andrew J. Glass, a reporter for the *National Journal*, reminded Gardner that his refusal to disclose the specific sources of his income "appeared inconsistent with his stand against financial secrecy in lobbying operations and exposed him to conflict-of-interest suspicions"; but Gardner still refused to open up.

Efforts to put together an accurate picture of the financial outlay through direct inquiries at Common Cause headquarters are equally frustrating. The young woman who—by her and her boss's estimate—researched all and wrote 90 percent of a leaflet on delegate selection to national party conventions told me that the editorial cost had been "less than $3000." But other officials at Common Cause, insisting that the cost of secretaries and proofreaders and rewrite editors should also be counted, put the cost at $15,000. The state director of another project testified before a Congressional committee that "the total cost to us in making this effort may be estimated to have been between $10,000 and $15,000." But higher officials at national headquarters told me that the director was wrong and that the actual cost was in the neighborhood of $75,000.

If there's confusion about how the citizens' lobby spends its money, there's even more confusion about where the lobby is going and what it hopes to achieve next—confusion that was generated at the end of 1971 when, just as it seemed Gardner and his top honchos had settled on a plan of operation, there was, without warning, an upheaval and a regrouping. Some of the more successful operations were killed and a few of the C. C. executives with the best reputations were let go. The Capitol Hill lobbying staff was cut in half. Even though they'd just begun to learn how to concentrate pressure at the Federal level, suddenly there was the announcement that "from now on we intend to put more emphasis on state issues and state legislatures." A Common Cause lawyer had been cooking up a suit to force Nixon to roll back milk prices on the grounds that the G. O. P. had been bought off by the milk lobby—just the sort of lawsuit it seemed Gardner should have loved—but at the critical moment the lawyer was cut from the payroll. (So Ralph Nader stepped in and hired him, filed the lawsuit and reaped front-page publicity in *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post* and papers all around the country—publicity from which Common Cause could have dearly profited.)

Why the nervous reorganization? It was widely believed around town that Gardner had panicked. If there is any one thing that has been his specialty in the world of real people, it has been raising money—and suddenly, alarmingly, it seemed that he was losing his touch. Common Cause had launched itself, as one of Nader's aides put it, "on nothing but a good idea and John Gardner's good name." As 1971 slumped to an end, it seemed that these were still its main, or only, assets in the public's mind. The organization's activist role in Washington had been admirable but not impressive. And the public seemed to be losing interest.

The return on the lobby's direct-mail recruiting had fallen from a high of two and a half percent—far better than the average return for direct-mail solicitation—to one percent, which is barely acceptable. (For a comparison, Nader's direct-mail solicitation has sometimes had as high as a three-and-a-half-percent return and has never had less than two and a half percent.) In the fall of 1970, full-page ads in *The New York Times* had a fantastic response, pulling more than 7000 members into Common Cause. But a $10,000 full-page ad in the *Times* in November 1971 brought in only 300 members. Gardner and his advisors decided the ad route was washed out.

This is not to suggest that Common Cause is dying or that its executives feel defeated. Conway predicts the outfit will continue to grow at the rate of 15 percent a year. But it is to suggest that by spending about $1,500,000 a year in membership drives—over one third its income—the C. C. hierarchy is forced to be too concerned with what that money returns. Thus, if Federal lobbying seems to lose its sales appeal, pump more into the state level and see if that catches on better.

This is a danger Common Cause leaders seem to realize. They say they will spend much less to recruit in 1972. The experiences of 1971 had a dampening effect on some workers. At the first meeting of the Illinois state steering committee after Gardner's decision to change C. C.'s focus, one who was there recalls, "The feeling was that the Washington offices were so screwed up that no one quite knew how to approach the whole thing, that it was a mistake to switch the focus to local and state issues, since we already have the IVI [Independent Voters of Illinois], BGA [Better Government Association], etc., for that type of lobbying, and that Common Cause ought to be a national—that is, Federal Government—lobby. There was also the feeling that Common Cause was concentrating so much on membership drives and fund raising that it might possibly become simply a self-perpetuating organization, losing sight of its original goals."

Whether or not the refocusing on the states was wise, it was understandable, in a way. Aside from a couple of lawsuits, Common Cause had only one socko trophy to point to at the end of 1971: the Colorado Project. This project was so well conceived and executed—on so little money—that it was normal for Gardner to hold it in awe and to dream of duplicating it elsewhere, even if the effort ripped apart the original concept of Common Cause.

The pillars of the Colorado Project/Common Cause are a couple of exciting public-interest adventurers named David Mixner and Craig S. Barnes. Mixner, who grew up in the Seven Mountains area of Appalachia in a coal-mining family "that had been ripped off for years by the Rockefellers," as he put it, dropped out of college to join the peace movement, drifted West and in 1970 went to work trying to elect Barnes to Congress.

Barnes's background is posher. Son of a Denver civil engineer, he graduated from Stanford University in 1958 and from its law school in 1962. He joined a large Denver law firm. Part of his duties included lobbying for industry's position on pollution matters. But, says he, "I decided I didn't want to do that for the rest of my life," and his rebellion quickly evolved to the point that he became the lawyer in a celebrated Denver school-integration case. Having cut the ties in this way, he took the next step by running as a peace candidate against the 20-year incumbent, Congressman Byron Rogers. Barnes defeated Rogers by 30 votes in the primary, but lost in the general election for two reasons: He was considered too pro-integration and he made a public statement, which he never

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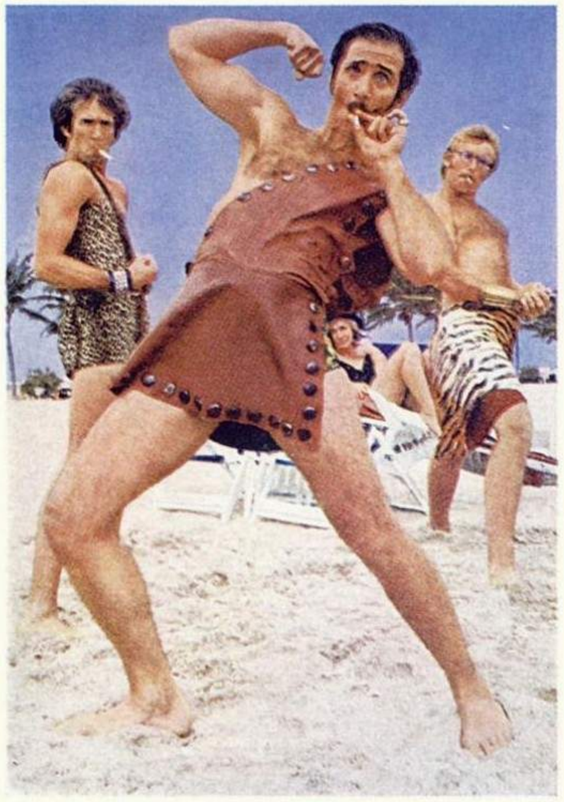
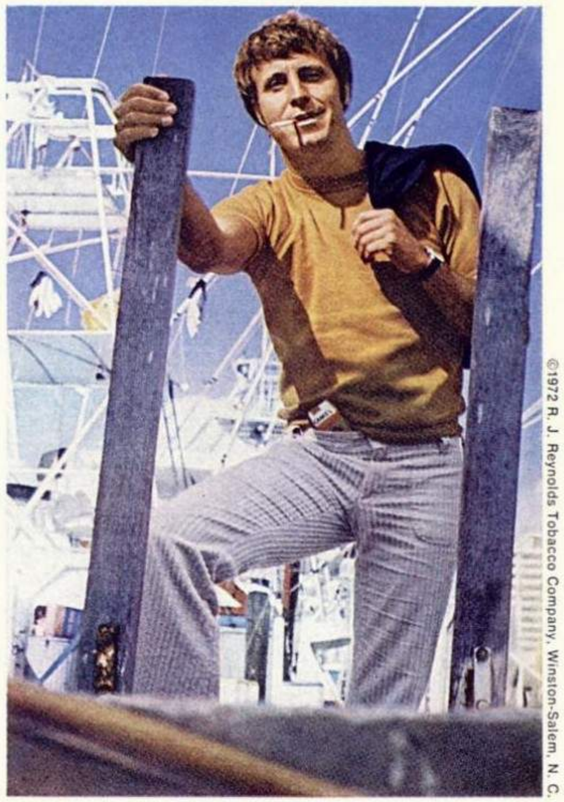


...almost everybody.



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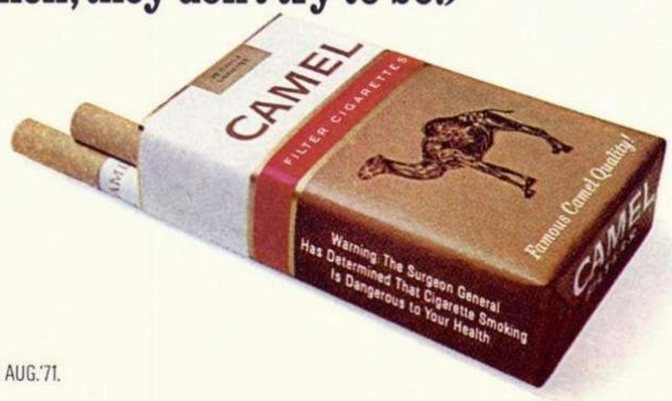
They're not for everybody.
(But then, they don't try to be.)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FILTER CIGARETTES
Famous Camel Quality!
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health
CAMEL

20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG.'71.

"I'm expecting an obscene phone call."

withdrew, that he would go to jail rather than serve in Vietnam.

Thus free to do better things than serve in Congress, Barnes and Mixner looked around to see what they could do for Colorado. "We started out to discover why the average Coloradan feels that his government is corrupt," says Barnes. "Here's a progressive state with progressive leadership on both sides of the aisle, good men in the legislature, a legislature that has sporadically kicked up progressive legislation on abortion law and a children's code and things like that. Nevertheless, the typical citizen in the state thinks that all politics is corrupt, that the government somehow doesn't reflect his interest and that he's tuned out. We felt if we could find out what was wrong and what to do about it in a microcosm like Colorado, then we'd know the answer to the whole national malaise."

When the Public Service Company of Colorado—the biggest utility (gas and electricity) in the state—asked for an annual $11,300,000 rate increase, Barnes and Mixner decided that this was the test case they had been waiting for. First they pulled together data showing P. S. C.'s paralyzing hold on the state: interlocking officials in half of Denver's biggest banks, on 28 Colorado government commissions, in 19 chambers of commerce, 19 civic organizations (such as Red Cross), 32 business and professional organizations, six country clubs and eight universities and colleges.

"We sent out fact sheets to thousands of Common Cause members," says Barnes, "to tell them what was at stake here: the country clubs we were financing through our electric bills, the political movies we were financing through our electric bills, the inflationary salary increases we were financing; the failure of the company to do anything about pollution control at the same time it spent nearly $3,000,000 a year on advertising for a monopoly it didn't need to advertise. We sent all that information out to the public, and wow, they weren't apathetic at all. They came streaming in."

Indeed they did. It was the largest public participation in a rate hearing in the state's history. Barnes and Mixner had welded together a coalition that would have made the ghosts of the old Populists give a cheer. Every Steelworkers local in Colorado joined. The women's auxiliaries of the Steelworkers joined. The National Farmers Union came in. So did the environmentalists and the peace people. Mixner calls it "a 'coalition of the exploited,' to use Senator Fred Harris' phrase. These are the people who are getting together, who have been divided by the wealthy in this country. The people in our coalition, why, they weren't even *talking* to each other a year ago."

The public showing in the rate hearings was so overwhelming that the utilities commission, notoriously in the pocket of the industry, decided that the safest thing to do was whack $3,900,000 off the $11,300,000 rate-increase request. And in their appeal from this ruling the Public Service Company lawyers were reduced to complaining that—and these are their very words—the Colorado Project leaders had injected an "emotional element" into the hearing and that this was "improper." Nobody can whine like a corporation lawyer when he's been trounced.

Moving from Gardner to Barnes/Mixner, one moves to an entirely different altitude. Here the air is crisp and biting. No sludgy *Reader's Digest* wishfulness. No tips of the hat to Rockefeller, Whitney, Ford and company. "We are gearing up to the day when we can force the states to require different criteria for chartering corporations so that corporations will have their public responsibilities as well as profit motives," says Barnes. "Isn't it Saul Alinsky who says what we need is an American form of communism? That we need a fairer way to restrain corporate power and the profit ethic, but something that just isn't as unethical as Marxist communism? I would agree with that. I think this is a political movement. I think the climate is right to have another progressive revolution. The facts are right. The 30-year period of consolidation of corporate power is almost complete, so that the President can deal with 500 corporations and feel that he's got the problem under control. Mintz and Cohen say [in *America, Inc.*] there are only 200 corporations that you have to worry about, standing astride the economy of the country. Well, the time has come, and those of us who are involved are at the genesis of a movement to do something about the subversion of the democratic process by corporate power."

The point in quoting so extensively from these two Colorado chaps is to show one potential of Common Cause. Both in the Federal capital and out in the states it has surfaced a number of tough do-gooders like Barnes and Mixner, and occasionally the money raised by Gardner trickles down to them and they do marvelous things with it. Maybe the trickling will increase.

Meanwhile, what more could you ask from $15 than the surprise of finding yourself lobbying hand in hand with Jack Valenti and Arlene Francis?

LADIES' UNDERWEAR

(continued from page 92)

into the shape of an oversized lamp shade by means of flexible whalebone hoops. Generally considered by moderns to be the very symbol of 18th Century decorum, the hoop skirt was really a seductive contrivance, which women could tilt up on one side—as high as they wished—to reveal seemingly accidental views of their legs, stockings and garters.

The hoops were awkward, mainly because of their size. One London correspondent, who had evidently met with women wearing hoops of steel, complained to *The Guardian* that the "great petticoats" were knocking over the wares of street vendors and "hurting men's shins." The writer, who signed himself Tom Pain, was not so severely injured that he failed to observe, "I saw a young lady fall down the other day and believe me, sir, she very much resembled an overturned bell without a clapper."

Such ring-a-ding sights were, perhaps, even more common in pre-Revolutionary America, where poor roads and a scarcity of coaches would often conspire to cause hoop-skirted belles to ride sidesaddle on a horse. Colonial preachers of all persuasions denounced the skittish hoops, which would surely roll their wanton wearers straight into hell. But women of fashion continued to tilt their skirts by sidling close to furniture legs, in the presence of male admirers.

The novelty of legs and garters in no way diminished male enthusiasm for "neate Niplets." The period's penchant for flaunting and fondling breasts is amply illustrated by popular wood engravings, and the old game of hide-and-grope had progressed to the point where Casanova was playing it with raw French oysters:

"I want my oyster," said I.

"Take it, then."

There was no need to tell me twice. I unlaced her corset in such a way as to make it fall still lower, bewailing the necessity of having to search for it with my hands.

What martyrdom for an amorous man to have to conceal his bliss at such a moment!

I did not let Armelline have any occasion to accuse me of taking too much license, for I only touched her alabaster spheres so much as was absolutely necessary.

When I had got the oyster again I could restrain myself no more, and affixing my lips to one of the blossoms of her breasts, I sucked it with a voluptuous pleasure which was beyond all description.

The American Revolution—though inspired in good part by the passionate pamphleteering of a former corset maker named Thomas Paine—had little apparent effect on female underthings, and women of both Britain and the United States emerged from the conflict with high hoops for the future. In France, however, where costly hoop skirts and richly embroidered corsets were symbols of the luxurious self-indulgence of the hated aristocracy, female underclothing fell with the Bastille. Naturalness and nudity were politically correct. "No shoes, stockings, corsets or garters," a bureau chief of the new Ministry of the Interior proclaimed. "No petticoats, but a simple tunic open at both sides."

Convenient as this mode of attire may have seemed to a busy bureaucrat, the idea was too radical for the new woman of France. She hadn't fought at the barricades for the dubious *liberté* to go knocking around Paris in a shapeless piece of unstitched yard goods, like a barefooted frump. To avoid a second revolution, therefore, the government appointed the artist David to design a dress that would reflect the French affinity for the ideals of ancient Greece. Patterned after the gauzy chiton worn by Hellenic nymphs, the new French style was a sheerly transparent "chemise, held together by a band under the bosom," and "exposed not merely shoulders but the breast as well."

"These days you see the bosom of a woman more easily and sooner than the face," a wide-eyed journalist noted in 1795.

Some women "preferred to wear white or flesh-colored tights underneath this simple costume, but not a few left their limbs unadorned except for anklets or toe rings." With or without such seldom-noticed accessories, the style quickly spread. From Philadelphia, then capital of the United States, Abigail Adams, the President's wife, regaled her sister in Braintree, Massachusetts, with a newsy description of a leading American devotee of the new French flimsiness: "When this Lady has been led up to make her curtzey, which she does most gracefully, it is true, every Eye in the Room has been fixed upon her her [*hair?*], and you might literally see through her."

The rapid adoption of the Directoire mode among American females of first rank is indicated by the fact that only a few weeks later, Betsy Mason, the "fassinating" young daughter of the Senator from Massachusetts, attended a party at the Presidential mansion wearing a frock so transparent that the first lady "could not but lament that the uncovered bosom should display what ought to have been veild." In neither case, moreover, does "Her Majesty" Abigail make mention of pantaloons or drawers—the wearing of which by females was considered even more shocking to Americans than total nudity.

A major share of the credit for toppling the English taboo against women wearing drawers is given to Princess Charlotte, daughter of George III, who

"Sorry, Mrs. Benson, but your late husband's life policy specifically excluded suicide. We feel that by strolling down West 45th Street in the middle of the night, he was asking for it."

set a royal example by displaying her knee-length drawers at court.

In France, where the see-through, pseudo-Greek style resulted in "innumerable colds, influenzas and pulmonary complaints," short corsets came in—not to ward off the sneezes and wheezes but to elevate the bosom to its former state of pre-Revolutionary prominence. These French boosters pushed the bosoms "up to the chin" and aristocratic cleavage was made available to all by the 1803 invention of a "divorce corset," with a patented padded-steel plate that held the upthrust breasts apart.

Meanwhile, Americans of both sexes were still trying to get used to the idea of "decent" women wearing underdrawers. By 1820, a compromise solution was offered in the form of individual "pantalet" legs that could be tied above the knee. More "moral" than drawers, in that they lacked a seat, the new ruffled pantalets were nevertheless a source of constant distress. "I will never put them on again," one dissatisfied customer confided, after experimenting with eight different pairs. "I dragged my dress in the dirt for fear someone would spy them. My finest dimity pair with real Swiss lace is quite useless to me, for I lost one leg and did not deem it proper to pick it up, and so walked off leaving it in the street behind me. . . . I saw that mean Mrs. Spring wearing it last week as a tucker. . . . I hope there will be a short wearing of these horrid pantalets, they are too trying." Happily, the troublesome shams went out of style within a decade—though they were still worn by little girls and, as one English visitor noted, as modest coverings for the limbs of naked pianofortes.

In the first 50 years of independence, Americans increasingly rejected the "dissolute" modes and manners of European cultures; patriotism came to serve the cause of prudery. The old Yankee flair for displaying legs and bosoms was lost. In describing *The Domestic Manners of the Americans* in the Jacksonian era, England's Mrs. Trollope told of the indignation provoked in Cincinnati by leg art. In a "garden where people go to eat ices," there was a sign "representing a Swiss peasant girl" with a "petticoat so short as to shew her ancles. The ladies saw, and shuddered; and it was formally intimated to the proprietor that if he wished for the patronage of the ladies of Cincinnati, he must have the petticoats of this figure lengthened."

Much to her British bewilderment, Mrs. Trollope was informed that she had inadvertently "offended one of the principal families in the neighborhood, by having pronounced the word *corset* before the ladies of it."

The modesty gap that existed between Americans and their British cousins is further evidenced by the *Reminiscences of an Idler*, named Henry Wikoff. A well-to-do Philadelphian, just out of college, young Wikoff embarked on a tour abroad that landed him in London in 1834. At times the young Philadelphian's book reads like a Baedeker of British bosoms, as he goes about marveling at the sights—the "lovely bust" of Lady Blessington and the regal cleavage displayed by young Princess Victoria, at her 18th-birthday ball: "In person she was something under medium height, and most symmetrically formed. Her bust was strikingly handsome."

In a few short years, however, the symmetry of Victoria the Queen was to be rendered squat and awesome by *jupons de crinoline*—a multiplicity of petticoats lined with horsehair, "to make the dress sit beautifully." Industrial growth had bred a moneyed middle class, whose work-oriented morality was reflected in the unbending rigidity of long corsets, and whose affluent pride was swelled and stiffened by the hair of horsetails, used to upholster sofas and women. Skirts expanded along with the Empire and petticoats were puffed out by means of pneumatic tubes, "with a nozzle for the insertion of a bellows." Women wore 14 petticoats "in evening dress," the *Ladies' Companion* revealed. "They go to a ball standing up in their carriages."

In both Europe and America, women tottered under the bulk and weight of six or seven petticoats in daytime, and feminist dress reformers sought a "rational" alternative. Taking a lead from Elizabeth Smith Miller, of Peterboro, New York, Amelia Jenks Bloomer, of Seneca Falls, created national controversy by wearing a pants suit with Turkish-type pantaloons, which soon became known as Bloomers. But visible "bifurcated garments" were too far out to find acceptance at a time when American women were just beginning to cotton to flannel underdrawers. Relief from the weight and heat of horsehair petticoats came in December 1856, with the French invention of a "metal crinoline"—a cagelike petticoat frame, made up of a series of horizontal steel hoops, that hung from the waist on vertical tapes.

Introduced to the American readers of *Peterson's Magazine* in 1858, under the heading "Useful Novelties for the Month," the "cage-crinoline" fulfilled the female "desire for wide skirts without impeding the legs by hot and heavy petticoats." But it also incurred the instant dislike of males as a most formidable obstacle to courtship and conjugal relations. Recognizing this drawback, one British firm brought out a superflexible model that would "bear a good squeeze without getting out of order." But the erotics of the steel crinoline were mainly visual and centered on leg and ankle display, as did the earlier hoop skirt.

In the 1860s, reformers railed against the crinoline as a hazard to both morals and physical safety. In America, Maria M. Jones pitied the female fashion slave who "frantically grasping her skirts . . . tiptoes across the street, with her clothing in the rear at an altitude of which she has no conception, and revealing not only feet and ankles but even limbs, to an extent which a neatly clad Bloomer would blush to think of." Others bemoaned the overcrowding of public conveyances and the menace to fragile parlor whatnots. More serious yet were accidents caused by crinolines catching in carriage wheels and fatalities to wearers who were blown off cliffs. But most deadly of all was the danger of fire, which the wide, inflammable petticoats presented in an era of oil lamps, candles and open hearths. "Take what precautions we may against fire, so long as the hoop is worn, life is never safe," London's *Illustrated News of the World* warned in 1863, after 2000 crinoline-clad women were burned to death in Chile. "All are living under a sentence of death which may occur unexpectedly in the most appalling form."

Ultimately, it was not prudence but the fickleness of female fashion that led to the downfall of the crinoline. After seven years, it became "rather daring *not* to wear a crinoline at all indoors." A narrower silhouette, with fewer petticoats, became the vogue, and Paris stylists groped about for a new fashion focus. The trend was to curves, bolstered, if need be, by false bosoms "of pink rubber, which follow the movements of respiration with mathematical and perfect precision." An equally crafty *demi-temps*, or "half-time," belly bolster, put the tummy in active competition with the bust. But in the end, all eyes were drawn to milady's backside, with a big assist from an undercover put-on that was known, variously, as a dress improver, a *tournure*, a bertha and a bustle.

Shaped like a bumblebee's bum and somewhat resembling the jump seat on a modern motorcycle, the early models were made of a variety of cloth materials, built on a frame of wire mesh. "Have you seen the wonderful CUSHION Wire Bustle?" an American advertiser asked in the stylish pages of *Peterson's Magazine*. "Here It Is! It Leads Them all! You can sit on it, stand on it or jump on it, and it comes right back into shape."

With, perhaps, the addition of wire-mesh "bosom forms," to counterbalance the gibbosity of the rump, the bustle eventually grew to be the outstanding underthing of the 19th Century. In the Seventies and Eighties, chairs were designed "with a space at the back above

"And then I get this almost paranoid jealousy that makes me feel my wife's cheating on me with everyone."

the seat to allow for the passage of the bustle." For Queen Victoria's Jubilee, in 1887, patriotism brought up the British rear with a patented bertha containing a music box that played *God Save the Queen* whenever the wearer sat down—a self-defeating gesture, in that she had "immediately to rise again, and everyone else with her."

"Braided Wire Bustles Have Come to Stay, for Women Understand They Cannot Afford to Let Them Go" was a snappy slogan that appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal* in 1889. But a growing number of people were beginning to wonder about the advisability of women wearing corsets. In pursuit of an 18-inch waist that "a man could span with his hands," the Victorian torso was laced into an "hourglass" corset that Thorstein Veblen, the American social scientist, denounced as a mutilation. The findings of anticorset reformers supported the Veblen view, although few members of the medical profession ventured to describe the displacement of internal organs and the deformation of the ribs that the wearing of tight corsets caused. Female disorders were at an all-time high, and those whom prudery or poverty deprived of a doctor's coddling care resorted to the use of patent medicines offering everything from "a Sure Cure for Prolapsus Uteri, or Falling of the Womb" to instant relief from "dragging sensation in the groin, sparks before the eyes, hysteria, temple and ear throb, a dread of some impending evil, morbid feelings and the blues."

Politicians nobly stumbled where the medicos refused to tread. In 1894, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies proposed to combat tight lacing by imposing a stiff tax on corsets. In the Wisconsin legislature, Henry L. Dagget, of Bear Creek, fought to abolish corsets from the Badger State and was ridiculed out of office as "Corset" Dagget. On all levels of government, officials maintained a hands-off policy.

Nowhere was tight corseting more prevalent than in the military fleshpots of central Europe, where Prussian officers corseted their girth into rigid submission, and overstuffed Valkyries panted and groaned within the creaking confines of the "Colossus," the "Hercules" and the "Grenadier." Clinical case histories of the Nineties give exhaustive evidence of psychosexual aberrations involving the period corset. Putting it on and taking it off became an erotic stimulant for everything from ordinary intercourse to transvestite flagellation *à trois*. Sedate European businessmen kept their mistresses' perfumed corsets hidden in desk drawers, to caress and sniff between appointments. Elderly noblemen collected corset strings stolen or purchased from prostitutes and schoolgirls. (No item of attire, however, had more kinky *aficionados* than did female underdrawers. Since the Seventies, the French had been doing all sorts of shocking things to them—like making them of tinted silk and lacing ribbons through the fancy knee ruffles! Favored mainly by fast women of the *haut* and *demimonde*, the naughty French innominables were spurned by decent American females, who remained loyal to their durable—and by now virtuous—cotton and flannel drawers.) Lasting relief from the tyranny of tight corsets did not arrive until well into the 20th Century, when the need for typists and stenographers brought increasing numbers of young women into the business world and the new "jass" bands drew America's youth onto the dance floor.

The stepped-up tempos of both commerce and dancing made rigid corseting impractical. Manufacturers experimented with lighter materials, and whalebone corset stays were replaced with steel and Celluloid. The whaling industry hit bottom, while the steel industry began to live off the fat of the land. With America's entry into World War One, however, it became a choice between steel stays for the home front and armament to fight the Kaiser. In response to a plea from the War Industries Board, American women sacrificed their corset stays to the tune of 28,000 tons —"enough to build two battleships." Patriotism was rewarded with undreamed-of comfort, and when the German grip on Europe was broken, many women were reluctant to return to the bondage of steel stays.

To meet "the requirements of style, comfort and health," elastic girdles appeared, designed to hold the figure "in position" without the aid of stays. Improvements in the fabrication of mass-produced rayon put silky undies and stockings within the reach of all. Skirts began to inch higher to display sheerly clad legs. Drawers retreated to the upper thigh and earned the spicily diminutive name panties. Skimpier, sexier undershirts brought back into popular use the o'd French word *chemise*—which became shimmy, when Gilda Gray, a Polish-born Broadway dancer, described her quivering performance as "shaking my shim-mee."

"You Just Know She Wears Them" was a national catch phrase of the giggling Twenties, when McCallum Hosiery used the slogan to promote its line of budget legwear. But it was often difficult to tell, just from looking, whether or not she was wearing one of the new *brassières*—little chest corsets that had evolved from the upper portion of a French foundation garment designed for fatties in 1902. Made to flatten the bosom, as though a *bras*, or arm, were pressed across the breasts, the brassiere provided the full-breasted flapper with the boyish figure the Twenties prized. If her bust were naturally small, there was no need for a girl to wear a bra at all. Given the boyish hips of cartoonist John Held, Jr.'s jazz babies, she could even dispense with an elastic girdle or corselet. In which case she simply stepped into one of the new chemise-and-panty combinations, which she called—guess what? —step-ins.

Lacking a foundation to hitch her stockings to, the short-skirted "chicken" wore a garter belt or rolled her rayons above the knee. Glimpses of thigh had even nearsighted males humming Tin-Pan Alley's hit tune *Roll 'Em, Girlies, Roll 'Em*, and America's latter-day puritans issued thunderous predictions of Armageddon. It was fast-and-loose speculation rather than skimpy fashions that caused the bottom to drop out of the Wall Street market in 1929, but hemlines fell, nevertheless, and women began to look around for ways to augment their physical assets.

As though in preparation for the day when the bust would rise again, Mrs. Ida Rosenthal, a farsighted Russian-born retailer of ladies' dresses, went into the business of manufacturing brassieres in 1922. Years of fitting and design resulted in a cupped "uplift" bra, which was marketed under the now-familiar name Maidenform. Other dreamers and doers got in the uplift line; in 1935, Warner's brought forth a new concept: brassieres with alphabetical cup sizes, A, B, C and D.

In the late Thirties, the uplift bra was responsible for the rise of a busty new breed of Hollywood star, of whom Lana Turner was most prominent as the much-photographed "sweater girl." For the A-cup girl who aspired to film-star proportions, false bosoms called Gay Deceivers were available.

Depression winters had established a seasonal fad for knitted, knee-length drawers, called woollies, snuggies and teddies. But on the eve of World War Two, the American female's wardrobe of undergarments had pretty much settled into a pattern of brassiere, panties, girdle and slip. From the waist down, the elasticized girdle reigned supreme—despite the fact that it obliterated the natural cleavage of the nates and produced a "uniform posterior bulge" that one post–World War Two critic called the "mono-buttock."

The peacetime cutback in parachute production released vast quantities of nylon for the manufacture of hosiery and brief underpants—the potential fanciness of which was underscored when U. S. tennis star Gussie Moran flaunted "briefs with white lace showing" at the staid Wimbledon tournament in 1949. In so doing, Gorgeous Gussie started a fad for decorative derrières that made the Wimbledon matches a carnival of sightly underpants. Players vied to outdo one another with briefs of shocking pink and 18-kt. gold, as spectators struggled to keep their eyes on the ball. Leopardskin, mink trimming and even a Confederate flag had bedecked the lady competitors' bottoms by the time Wimbledon officials called a halt to the fancy-pants era in 1962.

In the bra business, old hands credit the sky-high ideal of the late Forties and Fifties to the aeronautical-engineering savvy the moviemaking zillionaire Howard Hughes applied to the construction of a bra for Jane Russell to wear in his saga of cowboys and cleavage, *The Outlaw*. Calculated to make the most of every last micromillimeter of mammary allure, the *Outlaw* bra extended the uplift principle to the point where the breasts resembled the nose cones on ballistic missiles. Other prominent Hollywood figures helped popularize the pointy style, and women all over the Western world dreamed of acquiring the new American look. "A good bra is a beauty must," the British readers of *Good Taste* were told. "All American women know—beauty begins with the bra." Breasting the high-rise tide in 1964, California's Rudi Gernreich created a world-wide sensation with a topless bathing suit and a transparent blouse—modeled without a bra.

The Gernreich showing threatened the very foundations of the billion-dollar undergarment industry. Manufacturers moaned and foundered; all was chaos and flux. Until, that is, Exquisite Form "took the bull by the horns" and recruited Gernreich—the creator of the 20th Century topless mode—to design a chimerical No-Bra bra!

To satisfy the habitual undie hunger of American women, Exquisite Form went on the market with a series of see-through follow-ups: the No Side bra ("Rudi's newest. Essential for the new porthole fashions. . . ."), the No Back ("It's all front. No back. . . ."), the All-in-None ("Rudi's one-piece masterpiece with a deep plunging front. . . . Works under anything. . . ."). Amid all the transparent Nos, there was even an opaque Maybe—for indecisive teens, who weren't sure they could measure up.

But surely there is no need to brief the present audience of readers on the sort of thing that has been going on —and coming off—since the Sixties. Counterculture street fashions, coupled with women's lib, gave underthings short shrift. The new unfettered feeling found favor even among establishment females, and the undie rip-off spread. What does the future promise? Who can honestly say? Within five years, a single string may be the thing. Or space-age corsets. Or AM/FM bustles—rear-end radios that will play music and give weather reports 24 hours a day. The cyclical nature of fashion is such that the future of ladies' mentionables would seem to lie somewhere in the past. But, as the designers and executives of the Treo Company learned in 1965, it doesn't pay for a girdle manufacturer to push any patriotic associations with the nation's history.

"'STARS 'N STRIPES' GIRDLE BANNED ON D. A. R. PROTEST," *The New York Times* announced in a firmly molded headline that s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-d across two columns. As described in the story, the girdle had "eight blue stars on a white background, and red and white vertical stripes." Treo had distributed about 3000 to stores before the Daughters of the American Revolution demanded that the Stars 'n Stripes girdle, which they felt was desecrating the American flag, "be withdrawn from sale."

Now, none of us would like to see our nation's flag confused with a panty girdle. But without having seen what they look like—and without ever wanting to —it's fairly safe to say that the D. A. R. ladies' underduds could be run up the flagpole any time. Traffic might grind to a halt, people might stop and gawk. A few might even feel compelled to doff their hats in respect. But I venture to say that nobody—but *n-o-b-o-d-y*—in his right mind would salute.

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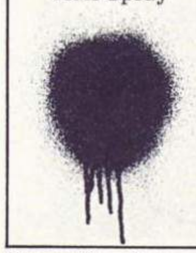	
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RAPTURE OF THE DEEP

(continued from page 82)

know the profundities of anything, beginning with himself.

"Doesn't Sag Harbor have a phone I could use?"

Squinting, Philip Ogden proceeded full throttle ahead, toward open water.

Hard of hearing, reflected Brian. Must be taking me to his house, on Shelter Island.

But they were leaving Shelter Island well off to port, and where the hell were they going?

Brian began to feel uneasy. Was he in danger?

And then the sheer ludicrousness of that thought coming to him on this morning—perhaps the yacht might sink! he might *drown*!—forced him to behold himself for the first time in all his full fatuousness. He leaned back in his seat next to the captain's, crossed his arms on his chest and, bemused and stupefied by the endless quirks of this human animal, himself, awaited events.

They sliced ahead, apparently bound for the open sea, perhaps for the upper Amazon right now. Then the captain veered to port and drew near a very small place called Plum Island.

"Go forward and drop the anchor," he ordered.

Brian found the big, old-fashioned anchor on a coil of rope in the bow and heaved it over the side. The captain cut the engine. Returning to the wheelhouse, Brian remarked dryly, "I don't see too many phones around here."

Ogden eyed him and then walked out of the wheelhouse and along the little deck to the door of the on-deck cabin. They both went inside.

The cabin was fitted out with a bunk and a big walnut desk and nautical instruments and logs and navigational books; several of the cats lay here and there. And there was a ship-to-shore telephone.

"I could have phoned from that boatyard." It was perhaps tactless to point that out, but the vestiges of the vodka were still active.

The captain looked at him and then said, "What number did you want?"

So you wanted company for a short cruise in return for letting me use your phone, Brian reflected. I don't blame you. It's a lonely world.

He gave Ogden the number of the magazine's editorial office in New York, and, when the connection had been made, Brian took the phone.

"Give me the editor," he said to the switchboard.

The editor, Billy Murcheson, kept him waiting, as usual, which was infuriating in this special instance. Finally, he got through.

"Where the hell are you?" Billy demanded without preliminaries. "That Dixiecrat Senator's people have called here twice."

"I'm on a yacht at sea."

"What?"

"I said I'm aboard a yacht called the Taurus Dolores, which we are . . . we are *victualing* for our expedition to the upper Amazon." The captain's chin-jutting smile was set in satisfaction.

"I didn't know you woke up drunk on Monday mornings. Oh. The divorce. Now, listen——"

"No. You listen. Why didn't I get the Washington bureau? I was first in line."

In his voice of wriest irritability, Billy replied, "I'm not going to discuss the magazine's editorial decisions with you this way."

"Yes you are. Or else I quit."

Silence reigned across the waters of Gardiners Bay. Had they been cut off?

"Billy?"

Billy's voice eventually resumed, in a gruff but dubious tone. "I don't respond very well to threats, Brian." Clearly, he was disturbed. After all, Brian's reporting really was competent and based on wide experience, bloodless though it might be. "I know you've been through the wringer with this divorce and . . . I'm sorry, you're tense. You know something? What you need is a vacation! That place you went in the Virgin Islands? What's its name?"

"Caneel Bay," said Brian slowly. But that had been for a honeymoon. He could not imagine what it would be like lying on the sand of those enchanted coves alone. Yes, he could. He would want to kill himself on the spot.

"It's no use, Billy. It's all over. I quit. Sorry not to give you some notice. But I'm very replaceable and there are lots of good reporters out of work these days. You'll have a hundred good people to choose from."

"Now, listen, Brian." Billy's voice was solicitous, but there was also a new tone in it, a calmness, as the truth of Brian's last words sank in. "You're upset and I think you ought to take two weeks off, and then we'll have a talk."

He means that, he's trying to help me, he's really a decent guy at heart, Brian realized. Everyone on the staff detests him simply because he's the boss, the father, to be rebelled against.

His feelings began to mount and take control of him; he was on the brink of breaking down on the ship-to-shore telephone, so he rasped tightly, "I'm quitting. Thanks." And hung up.

"Good-o," said the captain warmly. His eyes twinkled at Brian for a moment. "I did the same thing, seven years ago. That's why I am," he added proudly, "who I am today."

The buccaneer of the upper Amazon, thought Brian.

The captain began to load one of his pipes.

"What did you use to do?" asked Brian.

"Preach."

"Preach?"

"Yes," he repeated, "preach."

Palm Beach, very dry vodka martinis, *Réalités*, a yacht?

After tamping the tobacco in the bowl for a while, Ogden fixed him with a watery blue stare and said, "Ask a lot of questions for a stranger."

"You see, Mr. Ogden, that was a newsmagazine I just resigned from. I'm a reporter, well, journalist, well, foreign correspondent, well, pundit——"

"You're what we used to call 'newspaper fella.' In my congregation, newspaper fellas were just one degree more respectable than fan dancers. So don't give me those fancy names for it."

"Just trying to explain why I ask so many questions. Can't help it. I was trained that way."

"I was trained to shepherd my flock of good Christians in the good Christian life." He sucked loudly on the pipe. "But I got over it!"

"Go ye and do likewise," Brian saw, was the lesson for today.

"Now," the captain went on, "hoist anchor."

"I'd like to make another call, to some garage around here to come and recharge my battery."

The captain was going out the door. "Hoist anchor," he repeated and proceeded to the wheelhouse.

There was nothing for Brian Cooper to do but hoist the anchor. This eccentric had to be humored. The winch had no motor and getting the thing off the bottom was hard and dirty work, and Brian was coatless, tieless and sweaty when it was at last accomplished.

The captain set a course away from the boatyard where Brian had encountered him, heading into Long Island Sound toward Connecticut.

Taking the chair next to him, Brian said as pleasantly as he could, "I'd like to cruise around with you, Philip, but I've got things to do."

"Want to have a talk with ya," the captain yelled over the engine's throb. "Got a proposition for ya."

He's not going to make a *pass* at me, is he?

The man was sturdy but old, and Brian exercised regularly, so he felt sure he could win a fight.

But then that possibility, too, lurched into ludicrousness in the context of his resolve to end his life. Fight to defend his body from sodomy only to deliver it over to suicide. Somehow life was so contradictory that it wasn't worth struggling with. There was no logic or sense in it anywhere. To see that, you had only to decide to end it. Standing thus at the center of the wheel of life, Brian found that in whatever direction he turned, utter absurdity confronted him.

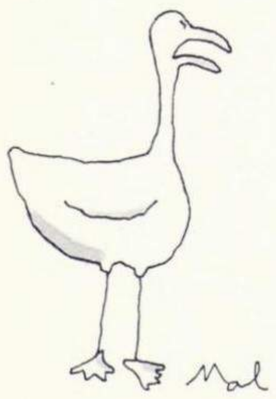
The captain eventually pulled into a small, empty cove on the north coast of Orient Point, cut the engine and then matter-of-factly offered Brian the job of first mate on the Taurus Dolores. One hundred dollars a week was the salary, the duties were general and the eventual joint goal was the upper Amazon.

It broke over Brian that he was being handed a heaven-sent chance to achieve his own personal goal. Nothing in the world would be simpler than to make a suicide look like an accident sailing in this tub all that distance with this raddled old man.

She would not have to feel one twinge of guilt. He stood up. "You know what? I'm going to take you up on that, Phi—— Uh, Captain."

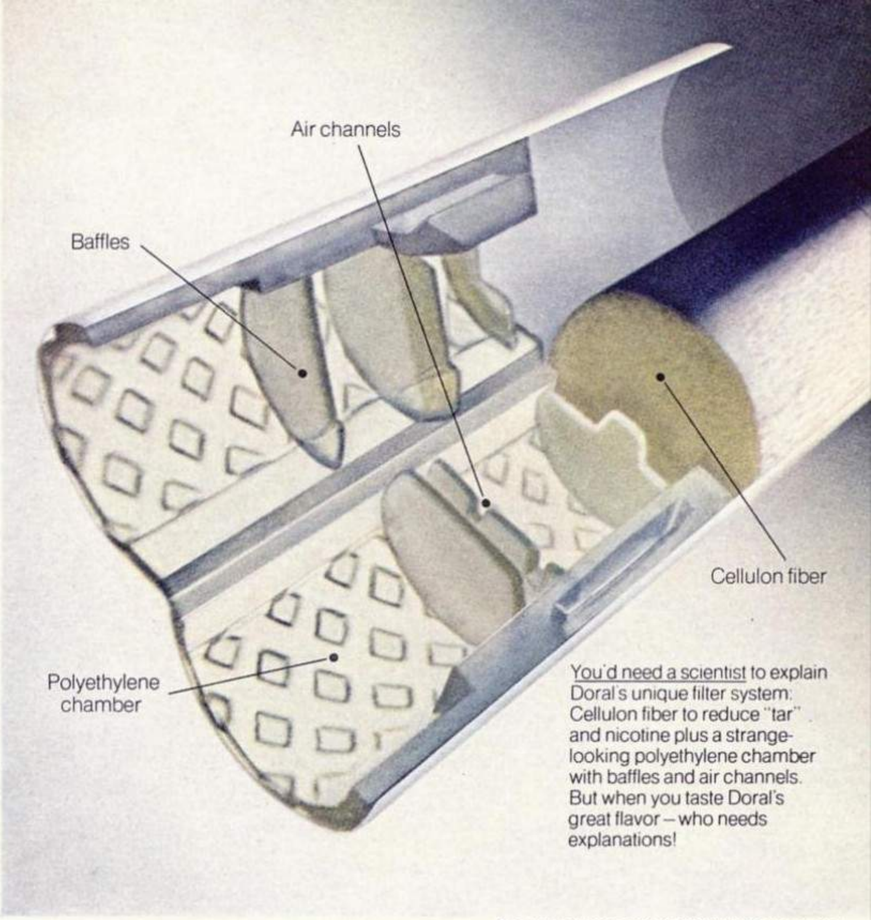
Philip Ogden put the pipe firmly back between his teeth. "Hoist the anchor, Mate!"

They sailed here and there along that



"COON!"

"HONKIE!"



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stretch of coast during the next weeks, up and down Long Island Sound, to Fishers Island, Block Island, and on to Cape Cod, Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. Chappaquiddick Island, with its fatal bridge, was there, right across a narrow stretch of water. Brian considered it and immediately rejected the idea: a grandstand play and a giveaway.

Captain Ogden knew a good deal about boats and navigation, it turned out. Aside from that, he seemed pleased to spend a great deal of time in solitude. Brian's only doubts about becoming first mate had been that he might be bored to death by Ogden, which was not at all the way he wanted to go. Instead, the old man ran the boat efficiently, conversed at mealtimes, tended his cats and spent all other hours in his cabin alone.

Brian, who had been an off-and-on insomniac for years, slept in a little cabin below deck on a very hard and narrow bunk. After all the Hilton Hotel mattresses, this nautical cot turned out to be exactly what he needed: He slept like a child. The confinement of the cot and the cabin suited him; or perhaps it was the lazy rocking of the anchored boat at night, the lisp of the water against the hull. As the weeks passed, Brian concluded that it was the sea itself putting him to sleep, the fact of his being cradled on the vastest and most creative element on earth.

One evening Ogden invited Brian into the captain's cabin for brandy. It was served ceremoniously in large snifters and it was excellent brandy.

The captain, who was already several drinks ahead, sat in a swivel chair next to his desk in the shadowy room. Brian sat in a black-leather wing chair across from him. Cats loitered here and there. The ship rocked faintly.

"How pinko are you?" asked the captain.

Brian made a noncommittal answer, which Ogden seemed to want and expect.

"Can't stand pinkos," the captain went on. "Never could. In the clergy we get a lot of them, half-ass bleeding-heart types. That's why I finally got out of all that and went to sea. Couldn't stand all the pinkos around me, talking about humanity. Too many big words. You ever play squash?"

Brian said he had, and that seemed to make him less pinko in the captain's eyes.

"I had a congregation in New York City," Ogden continued, "like nobody else's. Presidents of big corporations. Celebrities. Socialites. Columnists. TV personalities. Old families. The works. And I gave them what they wanted. You know what they wanted? They wanted me to make the world make sense. Well, I made it make sense for them. How? I told them the truth. You get what you deserve. I must have delivered, I don't know, thousands of sermons. All of them said the same thing in different words. You get what you deserve."

Oh, no, thought Brian.

"And then these new people drifted into the congregation with their radical ideas and they poisoned the water, the water of life, the baptism. Of course, the Kremlin sent them. I was too important, helped keep the country strong too much. They had to get me, so the Red Guard can take over New York City."

Total paranoia, Brian thought. And then he thought: He must have some sense that he's crazy. Why does he go on living?

"Captain, uh, when this happened, this plot, and they, I guess, drove you out of your church, more or less"—a grim nod from Ogden—"weren't you, well, in despair? How were you able to keep on going? Didn't you ever . . . I mean . . . suicide . . . ?"

Scowling at the floor, Ogden then looked up, looked past Brian and grumbled, "I'm no yellow Jap. It's against God's law, *our* true God's law." There was a grim silence, and then Ogden added, "And it's against *my* law, to myself. I am going to occupy my place, my space in life and in nature."

Whether you're bent all out of shape or not, Brian thought wonderingly.

Here was a totally paranoid man. He had to be something like that. Raging individualists always seemed to. But so what? He seemed harmless enough.

Harmless! *Harmless!* Brian wanted to roar with scornful laughter at himself.

"Of course, it was my father," the captain went on. "Never should have died. *He* could have held them off. He would have stared them down and conquered them and *reasserted his authority*. That's what he would have done, that man, my father." And staring into the depths of his brandy, Ogden lapsed into reverie.

Still living under the spell of parents, an old man like that, thought Brian. And something stirred in him deeply. He couldn't locate it. He took a gulp of brandy.

Ten minutes later, with the captain remaining in his reverie, Brian got up and said he'd better go to bed. Ogden waved a listless hand after him.

There was a small lifeboat with an outboard motor aboard the Taurus Dolores. Two days later, it occurred to Brian to test the motor. It wouldn't start. He suggested that it be repaired. The grotesqueness of human nature persisted: a suicide-bent man repairing a lifeboat!

The captain, for some reason, took the suggestion with deep seriousness. He stared at Brian for a long time. Then he said quietly, "Very well."

Brian had it repaired at the boat dock.

The next morning, Captain Ogden ordered him to pump out the bilge. This was the messiest and most menial job Brian had had.

As he was standing in rubber boots in the dirty water, Ogden loomed above him, formidable, gray-haired, weather-beaten. "What are you doing" he asked in a level tone.

Brian stared at him and then said with a half laugh, "Pumping out the *bilge*."

After gazing at him, the captain said evenly, "Are you sure?" Ogden gazed at him some more and then disappeared.

Brian went on pumping. That afternoon they sailed to an empty stretch of Orient Point. They had supper side by side on the counter in the little galley. Captain Ogden did not speak during the meal.

At the end of it, Ogden stood up. "Go to your cabin," he ordered.

"Wh—what?"

"Your cabin. Go there."

Brian shoved his thumbs under his belt. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"You do understand some sort of English, don't you? Or have you radicals abolished that, too?"

He had never directly accused Brian of being a radical before.

I'm not a radical, Brian started to say, and then gave it up. What was the point? He would just humor him.

He passed slowly in front of Ogden, went into his tiny cabin and sat down on the bunk. A second later, the outside key turned in the lock and he was imprisoned.

What an idiot, he thought. Why didn't I dive overboard, or call for help on the ship-to-shore, or at least stay in the open? I knew he was mad. What an idiot I am. Obeying a madman. What does that make me?

A fool, just a fool. Nothing more profound than that.

The tiny, curtained porthole was impossible as an escape route, but he might see a passing boat and yell or signal to it. He pulled the curtain aside, but instead of transparent glass, he saw blackness. He opened the porthole and found that a heavy metal slab had been fixed to the hull outside it. He pushed it, punched it. Unbudgeable. He was completely enclosed in a madman's prison.

"Cooper," came the captain's voice from outside his door.

Taking a breath, Brian answered, "Yes."

"Tell me, Cooper, why do you want to sink my ship?"

"I don't want to sink your ship, Captain."

"I saw you punching a hole in the bottom when you pretended to pump out the bilge. Why did you resent pumping out the bilge so much?"

"I didn't resent it."

"We all have to do unpleasant tasks in

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life. My father often told me that. If you knew what *he* made *me* do! Then you wouldn't have resented pumping at all. That's *nothing*! You know what he made me do? Clean out the cesspool under our outhouse! A living soul . . . a living soul. The kingdoms and the powers under the cesspool in the outhouse." A long silence. "Filth!" Another silence.

"Captain?"

There was no answer.

"Captain Ogden?"

"What?" he answered in a flat, low voice.

"I want to talk to you about my religious feelings."

"Religious feelings," Ogden snorted. "What do *you* know about religious feelings? Any of you. Scum. If *you knew* what the people of *my* day went through mentally in striving to find the one true route to Jesus, you wouldn't try to foist this nonsense about *your* religious feelings on me. *Your* generation has all its *feelings* concentrated in its *private parts*! My generation at least *tried* to find Jesus. And my *father*'s generation . . . well, there they were, there they were. Marvels. Living secure in Jesus . . . living secure. . . ."

Brian examined his fists carefully for no particular reason. The door of the cabin was unbreakable. He went on examining them. "How long are you going to keep me here?" he eventually asked.

"Until the danger has drifted away. If it ever does."

"What danger?" In asking the question, Brian became aware of its stupidity. He was trying to reason with irrationality.

"If it ever does. It doesn't, usually."

"Did you ever play hearts?" asked Brian.

"Hearts? The card game?"

"Yes," said Brian. "I used to play it a lot, with my father."

There was a profound silence. Then the captain asked, "Was he a tall man, your father?"

"Oh, yes. Very tall." He was five feet, six. Ogden had used the past tense in referring to Brian's very alive father. To him, all fathers were dead.

"Did you cheat when you played cards with him?"

At sea in irrationality, Brian hesitated and then said, "Yes, but he caught me at it and punished me and I never did it again."

"But you are trying it with me."

I'm not, he began to protest, and then instinct told him not to. "I need a lot of guidance. I'm very confused——"

The captain muttered in a deep voice, "If you knew what love I could have for a son."

"I'm very confused," was all Brian dared answer.

"Good night!" Ogden yelled and could be heard stumping up the ladder to his cabin.

There had to be a way out. It was just a question of being intelligent enough to discover it. He must remain very calm and clearheaded, not allow himself to panic or even become very nervous.

On the edge of his consciousness he sensed something stirring about himself, and her.

A minute examination of the room disclosed nothing. There was still a way. It was to inveigle Ogden to open the door. The problem thus simplified, Brian pondered how to do that.

"Captain!" he yelled, pounding on the door. "Captain!"

Ogden could be heard coming down the ladder. "What is it?" he said gruffly.

"Captain, I'm sorry. I have to go to the bathroom. I can't go on the floor in here."

There was a heavy silence, and then Ogden muttered, "No, that would be too filthy." Another long silence. "I'm going to let you go to the head in a minute." He pounded up the ladder and soon came back down again.

The key turned in the lock and the door opened. In the tiny dark passage outside, Ogden stood, his eye gazing down the barrel of a rifle aimed at Brian's head.

With coldness closing like a helmet over his skull, Brian realized that the opportunity he had sought to die had arrived.

But his desperation of a few days ago seemed to have disappeared; now he suddenly wanted to live.

Brian's brain then shut down.

He lunged for the barrel of the rifle, shoved it up, the gun went off with a tremendous roar in the confined space as they struggled for it. The man was old but strong, in good condition from life on the sea. He yanked the gun out of Brian's hands, but the space was so confined he could not level the barrel at him and Brian lunged at him again, seizing the barrel and twisting desperately. The man yanked it away again and tried to slam the butt of the gun against Brian's head. Fending that off with his shoulder, Brian forgot the gun and pounded a fist into the man's face. Brian tried to knee him in the groin, missed but caught him on the side of the head with a powerful blow of the elbow. The man hesitated for a split second: Brian snatched the rifle away from him—for that instant, Ogden had seemed to lose his will to possess it—and, stepping back into his cabin, Brian worked the bolt and pointed the reloaded rifle at the old man.

"Now, get up on deck," said Brian, panting.

Looking at the floor and shaking his head—it had all become some silly misunderstanding—Ogden cocked a quizzical look at him and, shaking his head again, climbed slowly up the ladder.

"Lower the lifeboat into the water," ordered Brian.

Ogden slowly began to do so. He said, "I knew you would want to leave the day you had it repaired. That's when I saw your plan. To scuttle the Taurus Dolores and leave on the lifeboat. Who was it," he asked with a tilt of the head, "who sent you?"

"Nobody sent me. All these plots against you are just delusions. You're very sick mentally and you ought to have treatment."

"Oh," a shrug, "treatment. They've tried to treat me. I saw through that. That's just their way of brainwashing me, trying to control me. But you. I could have rescued *you* from them, if you had trusted me."

Brian stood stock-still. You know, he thought to himself, I think you *have* rescued me from them.

Brian stepped down into the boat and, holding the rifle against his shoulder with one hand, started the outboard motor. The captain might have another rifle, but if it came to a shoot-out, Brian would take his chances. The lifeboat began to move away, but the captain remained standing on the deck, watching the departure. Then he raised his hand in what might have been a gesture of blessing. He slowly turned, looking perhaps a little more stooped than before, and went back to his cabin.

Infinitely sorry for him, Brian then decided not to make any complaints or notify anybody, but to leave Philip Ogden to heaven.

The lifeboat chugged slowly across the sheet of black water toward a dock. Brian felt utterly exhausted physically, the first time, it seemed, he had felt that way since his college track-team days. It had always been nervous exhaustion since. At sea he had slept the way he had not slept in a long time, either. He was always hungry these days. He looked around him at the imperturbable nighttime sea.

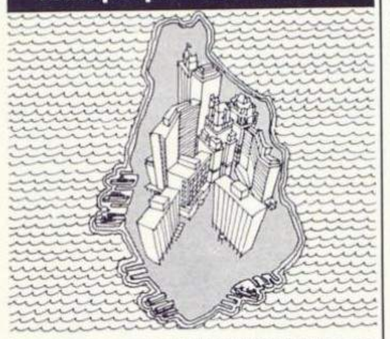
When he was hungry, there was food; when he was exhausted, there was sleep; when he felt sex, there always had been before, and would be again, a partner; when he confronted a problem, there was his intelligence. And he now realized that he was emphatically sane.

He must have a future, a real future, not one like hers but one that would banish the hateful feeling he'd had in the Alfa on the dirt road in the rain, of the eternal vacuum, of no hold on anything.

His hold must be to use what he had and pass it on—the way practically everyone else in the world did—to a descendant, an offspring, an heir.

"And what kind of a day did you have, darling?"

Loews Island.
Some people call it New York.



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THE OLD BULL MOOSE

(continued from page 148)

system west side looked like a go. Jay-D so excited had to get out and pee. High ground on east side. Grove of cottonwood, room to park Old Bull Moose. Found surprise. Flag in clearing, hung from forked tree. Out to investigate. Jordan Marsh brassiere. 38-D. Claimed ground for Gerry mountain tent. Cerulean blue. Zipped shut. Jay-D scratched briquettes on either side of navel. "Dōgged," he said, with reverence. Unzipped tent fly. Looked in. Found another surprise.

• • •

In search of conquest, man lays plans, not willy-nilly. Jay-D collected wood for fire, kindled same inside circle of stones on high ground out of clearing not far from Old Bull Moose. Smoke rose into what was left of light of day. Swallows swooped from crags of Cholla to look in on new arrival. Water burbled on way to place where old chief stood by aspen gate. Coals snapped. Eastern walls of canyon turned color of blood. At last gleaming, coyote barked. Then reduction of perceivable things to six-foot diameter of fire's light. Soup was on. Honor the provider. Large aluminum pot. Odor of onions traceable in smoke drift. Not one but two cups. Not one but two spoons. Two forks, two knives, two plates. Dinty Moore's Beef Stew. Instant pudding. Stereo switched to portable batteries now (*Roll in My Sweet Baby's Arms, Cabin in the Pines, The Great Philadelphia Lawyer, Hot Corn, Cold Corn, The Wreck of the Old 97*). Finally, unmistakably, a splashing in the flood. Jay-D, in orange Sierra jacket now, observable leaning against pack on high ground near fire. Legs stretched out. Bush hat low on brow.

"Howdy, ma'am!"

• • •

Six miles a far piece in daylight through flood carrying Kelty Pack. Perhaps too far, even in redeeming presence at trail's end of onion-scented smoke, reacquaintance, light, warmth, all the verities of home is where the hearth is. Onto high ground then and past our hero, straight ahead to clearing. Not a word. Not an eyeblink. "There yew go," Jay-D said. Got up s'owly to follow. Butt sore from riding Old Moose over Indian roads. Rubbing glutei with flats of hands.

"Obviously, this is *not* going to be my day." Her welcome. Hands and knees on ground in grove now, trying to light fire. Match blowing out in breeze. Whisk of bats in air.

"Now, don't yew waste yore tam on that, yew swate thang," Jay-D said. "Ah got supper in the pot."

Stood up. Faced him.

"*What* did you say?"

"Ah said Ah got supper in the pot—soap, stew and butterscotch. 'Nuff there fer two bulldōggers. Come on 'fore the varmints git it."

"I have no intention of eating with you," she said.

"Yew don't?"

"I certainly do not."

"Dinty Moore's stew, ma'am. Onion soap. . . ."

"I do not wish to hear about it."

Jay-D hooked thumbs in belt. Contemplated while she lit small propane lantern with frosted globe. Gentle light. Soft hiss.

"Ma'am," he said. "Have Ah offended yew?"

"Yes," she replied, "you most certainly have."

"Yew mane comin' up on yew the way Ah did and hittin' the horn lak that?"

Wince from the wench. "Believe me," she said, "that is only part of it."

"And do Ah take it yew thank mah vee-hickle is"—had to rustle up a word—"*over*done?"

"Your 'vee-hickle,' as you say, is obscene."

"Mah hort's in the rat place."

"Is it really?"

"Would Ah have cooked supper fer yew if it warn't? Would Ah?"

"Speaking frankly," she said, "I would be very much inclined to distrust you in all your endeavors."

"*Lord*," Jay-D said.

"Now will you please leave? I am tired and hungry, and I plan to be up very early in the morning. I would also appreciate it if you would turn down that, that——"

"Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs, ma'am."

"Yes. That."

Finished talking, apparently. Hands and knees again. Up to Jay-D to invest encounter with life. Bring things back from the edge.

"Which sad yew figger to clam?"

"*What* did you say?"

"Ah said, which sad yew figger to clam?" Nod of bush hat in direction of Cholla.

Bounced up. Looked at him closely. "How do you know I am going to climb anything?" Not to be answered. Texas thumbs hooked now in back flap pockets of Austrian shorts. "You looked in my tent, didn't you?" Taking the Fifth. "Didn't you?!"

"Well, yas, ma'am, Ah did."

"What *unmitigated* nerve!"

"Yas, ma'am, Ah can see it was *un*warranted."

Her hands on hips. Vein visible on temple. Sweet pulsing thing, carried blood from hort to haid. Glanced around grove. "And my brassiere. . . ."

"Thought it was a flag, ma'am. Attracted mah attention soon as Ah arrived."

"You are des*pic*able!"

Reflex shrug from Jay-D. Instincts honed since 14 suggest new tack is desirable.

"Yew ain't really about tew try and clam that pinnacule by yoreself, are yew?"

"Do you find that upsetting?"

"Ah jest don't thank a girl——"

"You don't."

"No, ma'am."

"You have a remarkable way of never disappointing me."

"Thank yew, ma'am. . . ."

"If you wait around until tomorrow—which I personally hope you do not—you may lose some of your feckless attitudes regarding what I imagine you refer to as 'the opposite sex.'"

"Ma'am, Ah'm not reckless."

"Feckless!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Now, I am faced with an arduous climb. If you have no further recommendations. . . ."

"Ah got one."

"You do."

"Yes, ma'am. Ah'd recommend the west sad."

"You would."

"Yes, ma'am."

Moment of silence. Dawning of new light. Not from lantern.

"Oh, no," she said.

"Ma'am?"

"You're not. . . ."

"Why, shore! Ah come tew clammer her, too!"

• • •

Kachina Canyon. Dark as deep well. Cuticle moon. Night air in April skin-bracer cool. Fire thump, stream burble, bat whisk, breeze rustle, frog rivet. Jay-D Wicker turned in. Old jungle hammock strung from one branch of moose antler across high ground to forked tree from which flag had been struck after sundown. Last cassette played out. Foggy Mountain Boys racked up for night after fourth encore of old favorite (*Po' Rebel Soldier / Long Way from Home*).

"Hail," Jay-D said. Hands on stomach. Enough soup to float side-wheeler, enough stew and butterscotch to sink it. "Had mah smarts, Ah'd of waited till breakfast anyhow. Let her git used tew me. Come up on her slow."

Plan B. Rise early. Beans and bacon. Hot coffee. Some spiritual songs (*Joy Bells, Father's Table Grace, I Saw Mother with God Last Night*). When time right, suggest two can do things easier than one. Strategy. ("Boy, Ah do wish yew'd use yore haid fer somethin' 'sads ah hatrack!") Subtul.

• • •

Coyotes on east rim kindled color of autumn leaves by first light of April sun, howling up an Indian from Lubbock, Texas. Stealthy. Cunning. Out to collect water in bush hat to keep from banging pot. Subtle son of his father creeping 60 yards downwind to fart ("Yew better go aisy on them banes, boy!") Banes in the pot. Bacon in the pan. Wake up Foggy Mountain Boys. Softly! Softly! Just a tad above the beat of a hummingbird's wing ("I'll be going to heaven sometime, sometime / I'll be going to heaven sometime. . . ."). Toward the perimeter. Hort on Sierra sleeve.

"Mornin', ma'am! Rat fan day fer a clam!"

Silence in the sacred grove. All flags struck. Cerulean fly zipped shut tighter than an old buck's mouth. Beauty sleeping.

"Ma'am?"

An answer. Not the stuff of dreams while hung between old antler and forked tree. Nor even virtue rewarded. But distant rising ring (ping-ping) of steel *piton* going into crack in west face of Cholla Rock. Driven with resolution. Straight ahead.

"*Dang it!*" our hero cries. "*She left me at the gate!*"

• • •

Disengage subtleties. Engage action. Flush of temper, even. Sprint across high ground, vault side of Bull Moose, fork oversized pistons to life, give top volume to Scruggs solo (*Flint Hill Special*), engineer four-wheel Wicker breakaway from the high ground on a heading east to west through the flood, skirting south side of red-stone rocket, confirming almost at once the principle that under certain definable circumstances, something has to give—in this case, not antler nor tree fork nor synthetic line capable of resisting 2000-plus pounds of stress but old jungle hammock, weary, perhaps, of so much hanging around, torn in two with a rattling bang, half left fastened to the sacred grove, half flying between legs of Old Moose charging.

Elapsed time from point of departure to point of arrival: 26 seconds. Engine off. Scruggs silenced mid-tune as if by the bow of a fiddle.

"*Ma'am! Ah don't take it kandly yew startin' without me! Yew hair!*"

Measuring from canyon floor 260 feet up Cholla Rock, the first 60 feet angled at 45 degrees, the next 200 at 70 degrees; and at exactly that point, just there precisely, a nicely booted foot moving up from the fourth to the third web step of a four-step *étrier* hung from *piton* recently driven into crack. And from

"I know I'm going to have a baby! I want to know whose baby!"

approximately five feet above that raised foot, give or take an inch or so, a pretty voice coming all that distance down in reply to one of Lubbock's favorite sons:

"*Drop dead! Will you!*"

• • •

Hour one. Jay-D Wicker, Sierra jacket size of beanbag now in pocket of climbing pack (with two 150-foot coils of Perlon rope, one one quarter inch, one three eighths inch, and other miscellanies); black form-fit T-shirt snug over lats, pecs, traps, delts; 16-inch arms abulge from truly herculean effort to gain elevation at faster rate than enemy; bush hat knocked back on first difficult move, held by chin strap; two bandoleers, shoulder to hip, shoulder to hip, each festooned with nuts and wedges, *pitons* and carabiners, *étriers*, lap links, cliff-hangers, crack tacks, bongs, brake bars, daisy chains, copperheads; quick-draw hammer holster low on hip; belt-worn bolt kit, dolt bolt hangers, studs, drills. . . . All standing easily now—although huffing and puffing a little—edge of right Galibier rock shoe on one-eighth-inch flake, 260 feet above the flood, west face, Cholla Rock (hot sun, blue sky, swallows swooping); left hand clipping carabiner into eye of *piton* driven and left by another party earlier that morning (said party hard-hatted and hard at it 360 feet high on same west face, feet wedged in long vertical crack, waist secured to length of web sling looped around chock stone, hands above head, about to drive four-inch bong into same crack above chock stone. Short pants. Long legs.).

"Ma'am!"

"What is it?!"

"Yew left a *pyton* down year!"

Early, tentative blows on bong. Hammer on high (thock-thock).

"Hair!"

"*Please* feel free to use it!"

"Ah intend to!"

Pretty face looking down with, well, a certain disapproval. "I am sure you need *all* the help you can get!"

"Not tall!"

"That's what I tell my kid. 'Hey, Charley!' I tell him. 'Look at me, Charley. I don't need drugs, Charley,' I tell him. 'Just plain living turns me on.' Right? Just plain living."

"Someone else! Almost anyone else I can think of! Would have selected his own route! Would have used his imagination! Would have shown a *modicum* of pride! Would *not* have turned a potentially beautiful climb into an absurd race!"

"Well, how come *yew* snuck up year 'fore sunup?"

Rain of blows on bong (thock-thock, thick-thack, bang-bong-bang). Hostility redirected. Metal to stone. Desert falcons glide from aeries on high to see going out and down small chips once part of wall.

"AND DON'T DROP ROCKS ON MAH HAID!"

"I am," she said, "*exceedingly* sorry."

• • •

Hours two and three. Enemy climbing carefully but well ascends 100 additional feet up long vertical crack, exits finally at start of two-inch ledge extruded horizontally across west face. Enemy traverses this ledge north to south until reaches start of natural chimney. Pauses to glance over shoulder at point high on vertical crack where:

Jay-D Wicker, formerly of Lubbock, Texas, but recently on the road, heroically toils to make up for lost time. Makes it to small but tricky overhanging section of wall, 430 vertical feet above driver's seat of Old Bull Moose, a like distance below final objective (the summit, that is), huffing and puffing, looking over what is in the vernacular of the overreachers "an interesting technical dilemma."

"Ma'am?"

"What is it?"

"Did yew use steps to mount this-year overhang?"

"I did not."

"Yew free-clammed it?"

"I did."

"Whee-oo," Jay-D said. Respectfully.

Moment of silence between these two and all other living things within earshot save the flood that burbled far below, sun bright in its riffles and rills.

"Whee-oo," Jay-D said again.

"If you will reach your left hand to the edge of the overhang. . . ." Said patiently and with kindness, as if to a small but earnest child. "And then move it slowly to the left, you will find a substantial hold."

"M-m-m—rat!"

"On the wall about sixteen inches above the toe of your right shoe and about four inches out from the crack, concealed by a nubbin lip, you will find a solution hole large enough to accommodate your toe and angled in such a way that counterforce can be applied between your left hand and *left* foot."

"M-m-m—rat!"

"This will give you the leverage necessary to circumvent the overhang."

"Ma'am?"

"Circumvent," she said, "the overhang."

"*Lord*," Jay-D said.

"Now that I have solved that problem for you, in addition to leaving *pitons* at several critical points along the way, *plus* doing all the route finding, I am sure you will agree you are no longer handicapped by the early start I had. Do you agree?"

Jay-D, heavily engaged in circumventing the overhang, sweaty face, crimson ears, bulging neck, all orifices tightly puckered, unable to reply.

• • •

Hours four and five. Enemy leaving narrow traversing ledge enters chimney, three feet wide, 125 feet high, places back and hands against close wall, feet against far wall, and ascends by means of a clean, uncomplicated motion. Exits chimney to free-climb additional 100 feet to small sit-down ledge. Drives *piton* into crack on adjacent wall, suspends pack and hard hat from same, shakes out hair, turns, sits, back of denim shirt (sweat-soaked) to wall, legs dangling over ledge. Peers out now and then between small neat bites of cucumber sandwich and slugs of celery tonic to see:

Jay-D Wicker emerge bloodied but unbowed from bout with tiny unseen cactus in last section of chimney. Huffing, puffing, bandoleers arattle (click-click, ching-ching), head down, climbing up, inch by inch, foot by foot, angle of climb 75 degrees, difficulty of climb 5.8 on the six-point Sierra Club scale, elevation above ground 585 feet, 590 feet, 610 feet, 615 feet . . . . . 616 feet . . . . . 617 feet . . . . . 617 feet. . . .

"Are you——" she started to say.

"HAILP!!!"

Airborne. Upside down high above Old Bull Moose, latissimus spread in imitation of eagles but of small use, due to unfavorable ratio between amount to be lifted and amount of lift; folly of *hubris* flashing before eyes ("Boy, yew got yore feet planted smack in mid-air!"). A graceless and apparently endless fall until—no *deus ex machina* here but simply the system at work—he was stopped WHUMP! by *piton* and ten-foot loop of quarter-inch Perlon rope. *Lord! Breath-taking!* Hung by his own petard, all adangle while something echoed unnaturally from canyon wall to canyon wall, a scream. . . . His? . . . Hers?

"Are you all right?" (Right-right-right?)

"Yas!" (Yas-yas-yas!)

"What did you do?" (Do-do-do?)

"Ah fail!" (Ail-ail-ail!)

"Well, I know that!" (At-at-at!)

"Danged flake busted on me!" (On-me-onme-onme!)

"Would you like me to lower a rope?" (Arope-arope-arope?)

"Hail, no!" (Oh-oh-oh!)

"I'm glad there wasn't a tragedy!" (Agedy-agedy-agedy!)

"So my!" (My-my-my!)

• • •

Hours six and seven. The enemy, having in light of certain unexpected and fairly substantial delays in the troop movements of the other side lingered at lunch, savored the sun (which for those who have lost sight of such things has already passed its zenith), eaten a high-protein energy bar, *rises* finally to ascend slowly but with great skill to a ledge exactly 850 feet above the ground and ten feet below the virginal apogee of Cholla Rock, Kachina Canyon, Arizona, U. S. A., where, for the first time, trouble is encountered in form of an expanse of stone angled at 80 degrees, glass-smooth except for small V-shaped crack six inches beyond tips of fingers, even when at great risk to self standing on pack on ledge, denim shirt unbuttoned to improve reach. Struggles—unkind to put it this way—*manfully* for 20 minutes to no avail, when at long last, just below ledge:

Our hero arrives. Huff-huff. Puff-puff. Wondering what is up.

"I am truly sorry to have to say this," she explains. "But I need one of your nuts."

• • •

There follows here a brief explanatory paragraph for benefit of those who have not lately climbed high-angle rock. Rest may proceed directly to subsequent section, where Jay-D Wicker says. . . .

• • •

Definition of nut (and, indirectly, of nutters and nutting): Recent technological innovation in sport of rock-climbing, scorned by purists, perhaps, but hailed by most as aesthetically acceptable breakthrough. Certain distinct advantages over more traditional *piton*. But picture first a common nut, hexagonally shaped, with, say, a three-eighths-inch-diameter hole, originally threaded but threads removed by means of small rat-tailed file. And picture, fixed to this now-smooth-sided hole, a six-inch length of three-sixteenth-inch airplane cable, looped at its lower end. *Used as follows:* Wedge nut in crack on rock face, cable loop hanging down. Clip carabiner to loop. Clip rope (or *étrier*) through carabiner (as in classic climbing technique). *Advantages:* Nuts just as strong as *pitons* but lighter. Easier to place. Easier to remove. *And*, because cable is stiff, nut can be raised to and placed in crack six or eight inches beyond climber's

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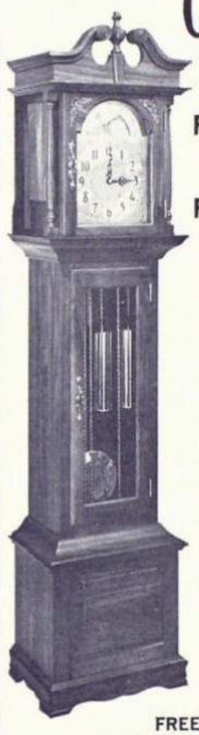

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reach, whereas *piton* cannot. A point that will soon be brought to Jay-D Wicker's attention as he says. . . .

• • •

"Whut fer?"

"If you will raise the brim of your hat," the enemy replied, coolly over right shoulder, "you will see that I have reached a virtually impassable section of wall, *quite* devoid of cracks, nubbins, flakes and other natural aids, *except* for one small V-shaped fissure that lies six or eight inches beyond my reach."

"Ah'll take care of it, ma'am, if yew'll jest step down. . . ."

"I have no intention of 'stepping down.'"

Flourish of temper. Trumpeting of male prerogative.

"Ma'am, if yew ain't e-quipped fer this clam, be daysent and say so! Hair!"

A turning now inch by inch of booted feet on pack on ledge until enemy profiled to wall, looking down.

"*What* did you say?"

"Ah said, if yew ain't *e*-quipped——"

"It is not a matter of my not being equipped! I have a perfectly good bolt kit and am quite capable of fixing a bolt in no more than twelve minutes. However, I am sure you will agree that *inasmuch as* we have managed to ascend this entire rock without using a single bolt, it would be unthinkable to use one now. It would violate the aesthetic of the climb in ways too obvious to mention. A nut will be faster, will serve exactly the same purpose and, once it has served that purpose, can be removed without leaving a trace of our having passed this way." Pause. No reply from hero standing on small holds just below ledge, face level with enemy's pack, uptilted to allow view. "As for my shirt being unbuttoned," she continued, "which seems to have 'attracted your attention,' as you would say, I did that in an attempt to increase my reach. My position at this moment is too precarious to attempt a rebuttoning. I hope the redness around your ears is a result of your exertions and not of some ridiculous postpubescent projection."

"Lord hailp us," Jay-D said.

• • •

And the Lord, who had first helped others (falcons and mice among them) to this high place, did help these two, the first of their kind, who appeared finally up over the edge, hard hat first, followed closely by bush hat second. Moment of illuminating awe: long view out, 1000-foot red canyon walls, snow-rimmed juniper and jack pine, ice-blue sky, westering sun; long view down, 860 feet Old Bull Moose reduced in distance tiny toy, chrome reflecting flood-dazzle; close view summit, size of baseball infield studded with mesquite and, appropriate to image, one diamond-shaped meltwater pool.

"Isn't it wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Isn't it marvelous! Have you ever seen anything so, so, so *ex*quisite!"

No reply from Jay-D Wicker, who stood like a sweat-soaked question mark not far from ultimate edge.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Nothin'."

"Of course there is. You look simply awful."

Silence.

"Well?" she insisted.

"Ah'm *de*-pressed."

"What on earth for? How could you possibly be depressed after as invigorating a climb as we have just had, in the presence of this grandeur?"

"Ah ain't never bin whupped by a fay-male. It don't seem rat."

"I am *not* a 'fay-male,'" she said. "I am a person. The only reason you were 'whupped,' as you say, is that you, having clearly underestimated my ability, *insisted* on turning what might have been a delightful climb into a neurotic sweepstakes——"

"Ah cain't hailp it!" Jay-D blurted. "Ah let down mah sad!"

"Oh, really," she said. "For heaven's sake. The idea that men and women make up opposing sides in some kind of sexual war is not only absurd but also, in light of recent years, anachronistic. Furthermore, there is absolutely *no* justification for raising the climb we have just completed to the level of a metaphor."

Silence then, save the distant and brief scurry of one small unfortunate rodent and a beating of falcon wings.

"Oh, dear," she said.

"Whut?"

"It's just that . . . well . . . life is *so* ephemeral."

Removed hard hat. Shook long hair down. Looked at him. Smiled.

"What's your name?"

"Jay-D Wacker."

"My name is Amanda Barrymore-Fitzgerald. I am a senior at Wheaton College, which is a rather good women's school located in Norton, Massachusetts."

Extended her hand. Briefly, he took it. It was hot. She opened a pack pocket then and got out some soap, not onion but lemon-scented.

"I'm a perfect mess," she said. "You are, too. Shall we 'bite the apple,' as they say?"

"Ma'am?"

"Bathe," she said. "Before descending."

• • •

Large mesquite bush atop 860-foot rock pinnacle deep in canyon, northeastern Arizona. From low branch on close side of bush (our point of view), a familiar flag flying in what has become a warm, satisfying breeze. In diamond-shaped meltwater pool nearby, a being too voluptuous to have sprung from a rib sits, the water rising to point just below her newly soaped navel. She is waiting for a man to join her, a man whom she has only recently met but for whom—and for reasons she really could not have articulated—she has developed a certain fondness. He appears at last, a well-muscled youth, blue eyes, blond hair, altogether naked except for an old bush hat, which he holds by the brim to cover, well, his old bush.

"I don't believe it!" she cries. "Not you! Not the Old Bull Moose of the Woods!"

"Ma'am——"

"Oh, this is priceless!"

"Ma'am, fact is——"

"And they say *we* need liberating!"

He shrugs, letting go the hat brim to gesture helplessly. The hat, in defiance of certain of Newton's laws, not falling to ground but staying in place as if on rack.

"Fact is, ma'am, Ah'm aroused!"

Bright but not unkind laughter from pool fills the rare air there like clatter of coins—no—like stained glass breaking—no—like antic tropical bird. . . .

"Come here," she says. "You silly boy."

• • •

Time passes. It is an interim of exploration, of discovery, of gentleness and liberation; and it is, in spite of experiments to the contrary, a close and private thing that can no more pass through the point of a pen than can a butterfly's wing. In the interest of objectivity and truth, however, we will set down the single line of dialog spoken during the passage of this time (and spoken near the end, and with reverence):

"Lord, ma'am. Did yew learn this at Waitin College?"

• • •

And here at last an anticlimax, a denouement, a tying up of loose ends wrapped in end-of-story rhetoric suitable to the epic structure of the piece (and setting, too, symbolic). A glimpse of the morning after.

Old Noah-Body, Indian chief, alert in coffin by aspen gate, observes through wintry eyes and early April mist one antlered ark advancing on the surface of the flood, complete now with one of this and one of that (Earl Scruggs and Lester Flatt), the Old Bull Moose returning. High ground at last (with help of Lord's wind) and passing under elevated aspen gate in cloud of dust and final Horny-ho-ho. Jay-D Wicker at the walnut wheel and—riding shotgun, shall we say?—the heroine of the tale, tresses secured under borrowed bush hat, Amanda Barrymore-Fitzgerald, to be known affectionately for some time to come as his 'swate thang,' all fading now, music, motion and immutability, not into the west but toward the east, where the sun has risen and spreads its supernal glow across the continent in benign benediction to all created things.

Goodbye, my friends. God bless.

"Impotent? I thought you told me he was important!"

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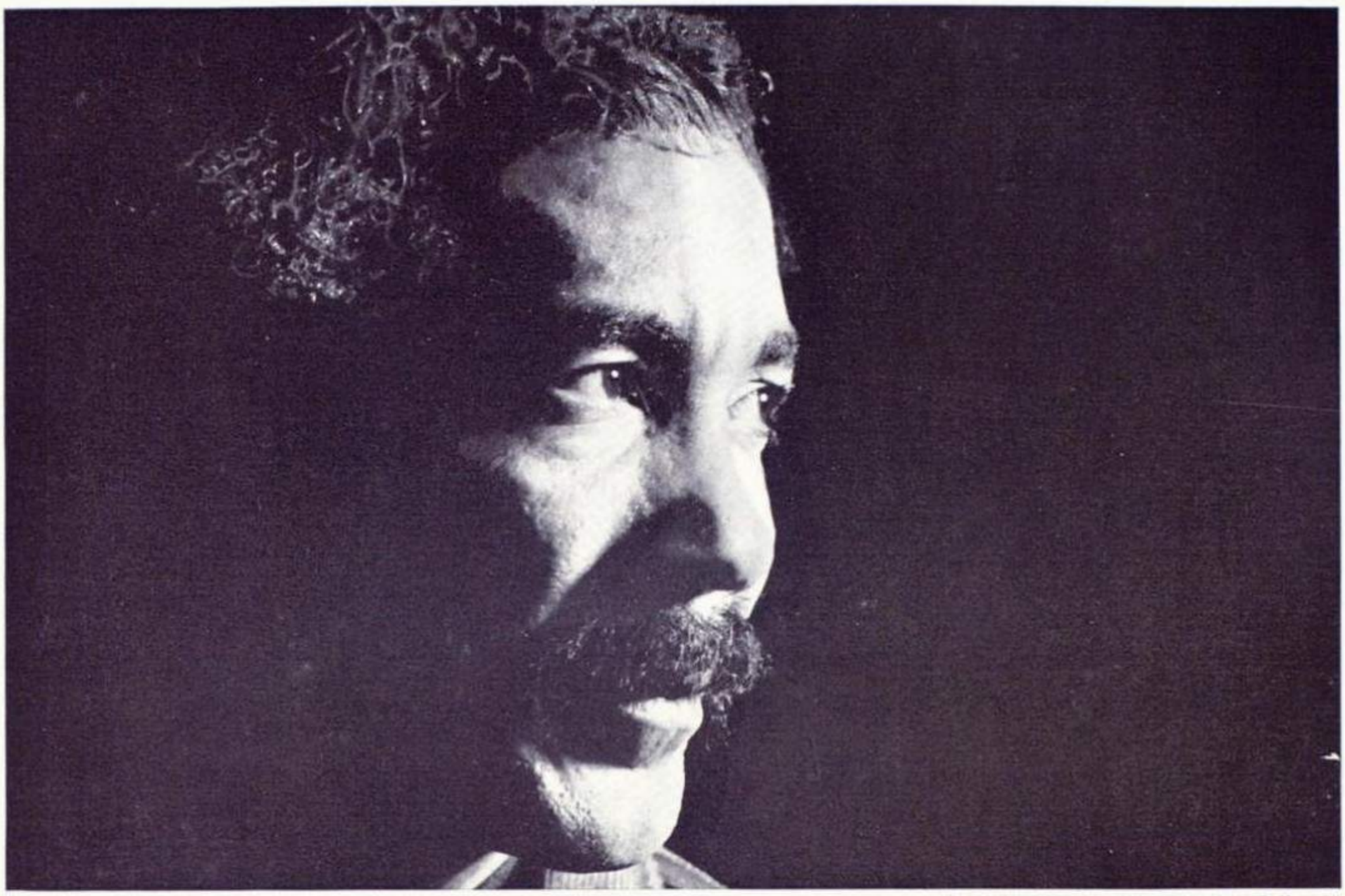

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CHARLES GORDONE

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 45

PROFESSION: Playwright. Actor. Director.

HOBBIES: Writing. More writing.

LAST BOOK READ: "Custer Died for Your Sins"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT:
Awarded a Pulitzer Prize for his play:
"No Place to be Somebody."

QUOTE: "We're all here trying to be somebody, find a place for ourselves . . . well, a lot of the people you hear about today, whether it be in art, politics, whatever . . . these are the people trying to find a place for America. We're a very young country and I don't think we've found out where we're at yet."

PROFILE: Agitated. Proud. Opinionated. He has energy to expend. His ability to articulate ideas will add immeasurably to the literature of self-identification for the black Americans.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"

Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop goes only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides. ***Dewar's never varies.***